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DEEP WATER DAYS



YANKEE MERCHANTMEN CARRIED THE NAME OF SALEM, AND THE AMERICAN FLAG,
TO THE MOST REMOTE CORNERS OF THE EARTH



DEEP WATER DAYS

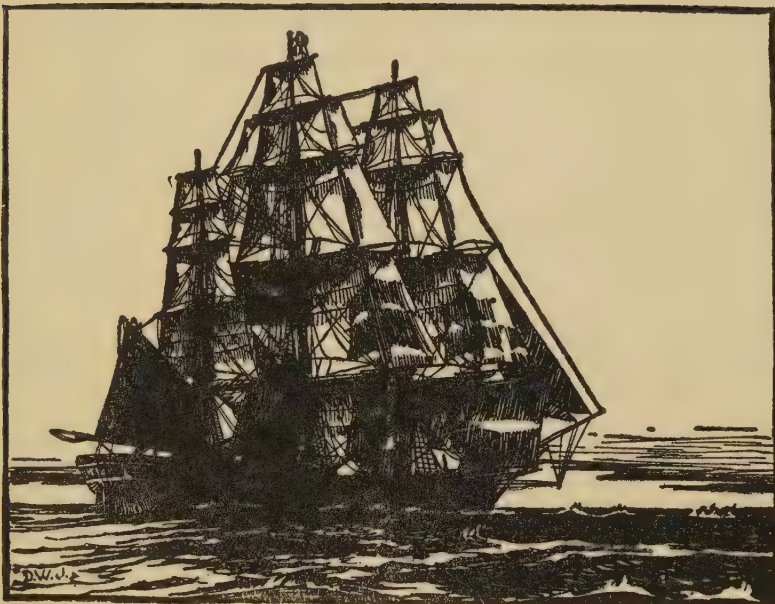
Edited by OLIVER G. SWAN



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*Over the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!*

—BYRON

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ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR

YANKEE MERCHANTMEN CARRIED THE NAME OF SALEM, AND THE AMERICAN FLAG,
TO THE MOST REMOTE CORNERS OF THE EARTH

Painted by Charles Hargens

frontispiece

THE SUPERCARGO WAS SENT OUT NOT ONLY TO CARRY ON THE BUSINESS OF THE
VOYAGE, BUT TO STUDY FOREIGN MARKETS AND TO LEARN FOREIGN WAYS OF DOING
BUSINESS

Painted by Frank E. Schoonover

facing page 48

THE FLAMES LEAPED INTO THE RIGGING, BURNING THE NEW TAR IN FAT FLARES.
THE MOST WONDERFUL SET OF SPARS IN THE WORLD BLAZED LIKE TORCHES

Painted by Charles Hargens

facing page 113

EVERY ROPE-YARN SEEMED STRETCHED TO THE UTMOST, AND EVERY THREAD OF CAN-
VAS. THE SHIP SPRANG THROUGH THE WATER LIKE A THING POSSESSED

Painted by Stanley M. Arthurs

facing page 128

IN AN INSTANT THERE WAS A WATERQUAKE AROUND US, A SEETHING MASS OF WHITE
WATER, WITH HEADS, FLUKES, AND FINS IN EVERY DIRECTION

Painted by Charles Hargens

facing page 193

NOT ONE IN FIFTY OF THE ACTUAL DISASTERS AND DEATHS BY CASUALTIES IN THE
FISHERY EVER FINDS A PUBLIC RECORD AT HOME

Painted by Frank E. Schoonover

facing page 208





THE BLACK AND WHITE DRAWINGS IN THIS BOOK HAVE BEEN
EXECUTED BY THE FOLLOWING ARTISTS:



Richard H. Rodgers
Clayton E. Jenkins

Staats Cotsworth, H. Rodolph Pott
and William C. Blood

DeWitt W. Jayne
James Reid





*Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died,
In the broad river ebbcd and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.*

—LONGFELLOW

DEEP WATER DAYS

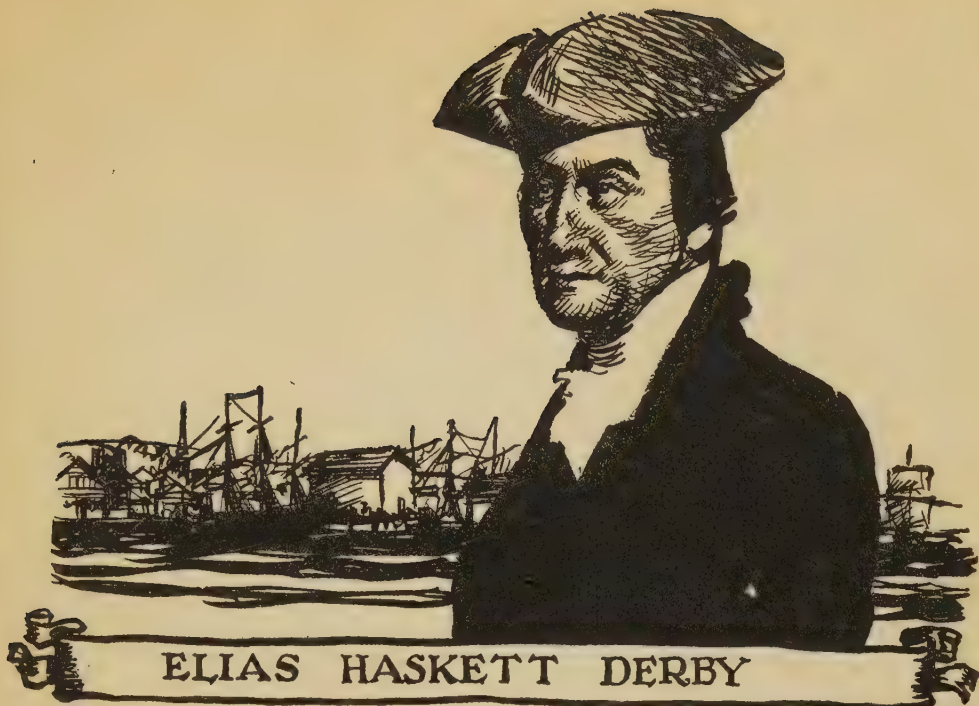


Part I

MERCHANTMEN AND TRADERS



Iron Men and Wooden Ships



ELIAS HASKETT DERBY

A SALT OF OLD SALEM

Elias Haskett Derby

By IRVIN ANTHONY

I

★ **T** HE *Three Brothers* loitered in the outer harbor, becalmed. Over her stern lifted the sheer rock of Baker's Island, sloping away to the southward, where the breakers whitened on the shoals. Over her bows waited Salem in plain view; Salem, where cocked hats and knee breeches mingled with the varnished leathern hats and pumps of sailor men.

She was named for his three sons by Captain Richard Derby. There was Richard Junior, the eldest, a boy with a fine head and a clear mind. There was Elias Haskett Derby of more deliberate mold, a boy who saw visions and dreamed dreams, and there was John, whose love was entirely given to ships and the ways of seamen. John and Richard were long used to sea voyages, and were well on

the road to commanding in their own right, but the *Three Brothers* was bringing home Elias Haskett Derby from his first taste of sea ways.

At eight bells the flood tide served to carry the schooner close in, but it was not until sunset that a wind breath set her gear softly creaking. A ripple appeared beneath her forefoot as the sails filled lazily. She moved at last. The town broke from a blur into separate houses. Below the tangle of their masts, reared against the sky, the score of vessels at the water front grew clear to the sight, each different from its neighbor. In an hour the schooner would dock. Captain Michael Driver called the men aft to draw bits of rope yarn from his clenched fist. Once in port the ship would need a caretaker to stay aboard for the night. The four men who drew the shorter bits of yarn were to have shore leave for the night. A sea-weary crew it was that felt the *Three Brothers* snub gently against the wharf timbers as she slid silently into her berth, while the sheaves in the blocks sang as the last bit of canvas, the foresail, came to deck and was smothered into stops.

When the lines were passed and the craft secured, Joseph leaped ashore and set off upon deviltry of his own. Daccorretta smiled, and hurried away over the cobble stones to his friend, the Italian wine seller. John Yoemens, old John, clumped off stolidly with his presents for his fiancée. He had been fifteen years a-wooing, a grim man and slow. Last of the four fortunate men, Elias Haskett Derby, threw a leg across the schooner's rail and felt the earth good to his feet. Captain Michael Driver hailed him and they walked up together; the man to inform Captain Charles Derby that his schooner was in; the boy to enjoy his first home-coming. John Bowman was left alone to his anchor watch.

To be seventeen on a spring night in Salem of 1758 was to be on the crest of life. Seventeen was an age when heavy work and full duty began. Boys no older served as mates or were in command of Salem schooners and ketches. There was no nonsense about the prim old town nor its ships. Stiff craft they, often fifty tons of honest oak and spruce, hand riven, patiently wrought. They went to Virginia, to Carolina, to the Indies and even to the Western Islands as they called the Azores and Madeiras.

To insure a cargo to the Madeiras cost a tenth of its whole value.

If a British man-of-war did not board a vessel and impress half its crew, some English privateer cruising off the coast was likely to need a prize and would snap up a colonial vessel for some fancied breach of law. All down "hurricane alley" the ships were likely to be lost by gales, and pirates lurked near many of the ports the laden craft touched. Once across the Atlantic, the gauntlet of French privateers, none too particular as to the nationality of their prizes, had to be run before the cargo could reach its destination. Even Spanish and Portuguese ships preyed upon them at times. A hazardous trade, surely, beset by many dangers. Yet the town had thriven upon just such boldly taken risks. It was a place of hard heads, and set mouths. Such mingled thrift and bravado shamed a youth of seventeen into looking for a man's task, and Elias Derby was seventeen and a native Salem lad. He walked homeward beside Captain Michael proudly.

The day had turned to dusk. There were lights within the rugged, straight-lined houses. Men passed in and out, sailor men with tattooed wrists opened doors, and rested a hand upon the jambs while they blinked after the ended day. Some were drunk, or stupid, or sullen at having soon to go to sea. Others, newly come to land, were filled with the zest of the change. Folk came out of the shops, their purchases tied into a bundle handkerchief—the accepted way to carry parcels in Salem. Young Derby felt the bustle of shore life as a pleasing thing, promising as it did a dream within every window, a home-coming after a hard bitten round of sea life.

Turning a corner he passed the school of Miss Eliza Ann. There he had learned his alphabet by having it picked out, letter by letter, with a brass pin, by way of a pointer. Eliza Ann had been a determined, fearsome woman. He had feared that brass pin in her hands. But he had dreaded more her removing her wig. This she did when excited, or lost in study. At such times she flung it to the floor ruthlessly. Then her piercing black eyes, topped by her smooth and ivory tinted baldness, would look him quite through, subduing him to silent confusion. She was too learned to be truly feminine, a fine linguist, and a sound mathematician. He would like to see her again now that he had been to sea, for she had a globe with the seas done in deep, deep blue and the cities in golden points. He wanted to look at it again, to talk to her about winds and cur-

rents. She would be a great deal older, no doubt, but he felt sure that she would take his visit kindly.

Then they came to the Derby home, an old house time-tried and worn. Cheerful fires waited under the throats of the two large chimneys, offering dryness, and a warmth better than the damp stuffiness in the cabin of the *Three Brothers*. Hearths and cupboards the house had in abundance. The rooms were lined with cupboards: long, narrow ones beside the fireplaces, low, chubby recesses above. They lurked behind the wainscoting, pretending to be the solid wall, while all the time they concealed in their depths a motley lot of firearms. There was a jolly pair under the window seats, a China cupboard filled with French ware, heavy plates, surprisingly thin at the edges, and in the kitchen, lockers of all fashions and shapes about the red-tiled hearth. Even in the hallway were the paneled cloak closets, set with black iron on their whiteness.

Captain Driver was at his shoulder when the maid answered the brusque tap of the knocker. She let out a little cry of surprise at the sight of them and led them into a room with a fireplace all aglow. Young Derby's three sisters, his mother and father, and Samuel Gardiner were there. Gardiner had been graduated from Harvard and had been at sea ever since. There was some rivalry between the two that made the meeting a little stiff, but that passed off nicely. Elias stood in awe of his quiet-faced father. For his mother he had only affection, and her delight in him shone upon her face. She was used to having her men come home from the sea, and she made little fuss about him. It was the way of the slow Salem blood, but he knew her heart and was pleased. His sisters said nothing either; it was not fitting that they should speak out in the presence of their elders. To be too forward was not the way of Salem youth. Instead they moved back from the fire as Elias' mother made room for him beside her. Captain Driver spoke.

"Young Elias on hand, Captain Richard. I told you I'd bring him home. We have just docked the *Three Brothers* half an hour ago."

He was a sly fellow with a good tongue for trade. A thick man he was, and a good one in a fight, but better at nosing in and out of strange ports among islands where few ships called. It was his peculiar usefulness to Captain Richard.

"From what port?" asked Gardiner. He was inclined to be a little superior toward this lad two years his junior.

"St. Martin, Barbadoes and elsewhere," said Elias Derby.

"I'm just home from Gibraltar myself. The Spanish coasts are unhealthy for Salem ships. We fell in with two *Teriffa* boats loaded with Barbary men, and we fought. They got a drubbing, I'll tell you."

"You went out as an officer?"

"A seaman."

Captain Michael winked at the elder Derby. He caught the drift of the young Derby's course.

"Listen to the youngsters, Richard. Sharp ones, these."

"They need to be sharp. Sea going doesn't change for Colony ships. It's the English, or the French, or the sea itself. I marvel a cargo ever comes home safely. Yet it's a fine way of life."

He sounded a little sad. Captain Richard had left the sea within the year. He had swallowed the anchor, and settled himself to handle his little fleet of ships as a merchant. Other men, such as Captain Michael, would sail in them, wringing scant fortune for themselves out of the two-fisted trade, while he waited at home for news of his venture. The father looked into the fire thinking of the hazards his second son had but begun to experience.

"Good voyage, Elias?" he asked.

Elias looked toward Captain Driver. He was the one to answer that. The father was a stern figure sitting straight in his chair, calm, emotionless, waiting for an answer. Captain Driver nodded at Elias as if commanding him to speak, to tell of his life on the *Three Brothers*. The boy smiled. He would take the measure of Gardiner's boast. He too had been to sea. Beginning with a "You know, sir," directed at his father he told his tale.

A small schooner of fifty-six tons, the *Three Brothers*. Four men, the captain, and young Elias to man her. A sweet hull, fast and tight, with a small rig; a mere handful of canvas so to speak, but not built to fight a vessel of any weight.

The boy glanced at his father so remote, so cool, but listening intently, and the visible interest made his words take fire. . . .

The *Three Brothers* stood down for the West Indies. Navigation was crude but ready. Captain Driver had just measured the

sun as four fingers high and knew they were straight for the well-known passage into the islands, Hole in the Wall, when they sighted a Frenchman. She rose upon them rapidly, a sloop-of-war of twenty guns, too heavy for them to fight. There was nothing to do but crack on every rag they had to get among the Indies. They headed down for St. Martin first. When the wind was heavy they held their own in the chase, but in light airs there was no keeping to the front. A "scout horn," a leather pocket on a pole, was rigged, and water was thrown on the sails, that, so wetted, they might use the fickle wind, but the sloop gave them a mean two days of it. She had no better mission than hounding down the Salem craft. Captain Driver never left the deck, and the crew slept little if at all. . . .

The Frenchman gained, and began to fire an occasional bow chaser. The barren height of St. Martin came into view, its thousand feet of lift thrust up out of the sea. Half Dutch, half French it offered more danger, since they could not gain enough lead to make for the Dutch roads. So the *Three Brothers* held on toward St. Eustatius, completely Dutch; a high island, flattened on the top into a plateau, and on the western end jutting up into a mountain peak. It promised safety, a sure asylum. Four leagues off there seemed a great strait dividing the island, but Captain Driver knew it to be a deception, caused by the lands before the higher reaches being under the horizon, drowned shores. They pushed on toward safety. Then the wind failed and both vessels lay becalmed, many gun shots apart. The Frenchman lowered her boats to board. With the glass, men could be seen going down into them, armed men, by the glitter of their weapons; and eager, judging by the quick beat of the flashing oars when they had cast off. They rowed doggedly, and when they had cut down the distance between the vessels by half, a light air filled the sails of the *Three Brothers* and she stirred; then she slipped through the water with a beam wind. The boats went back to the Frenchman, but the *Three Brothers* made good her lead and reached St. Eustatius in safety.

St. Eustatius, "The Golden Rock," was a free port and Captain Driver sent Elias ashore to buy a Dutch registry for his ship, thus placing her, for the time, under the Dutch flag. The harbor was a forest of masts, six hundred sails if there was one. Elias obeyed his orders to the letter, losing no time in the accomplishment of his

mission. When he came back on board, from the shadow of the warehouses, Captain Driver took him down into the cabin. There he made the first entry of the voyage in the account book.

To the purchase of Dutch registry: two fees. 5 shillings to clerk.

20 shillings to——

Sum 25 shillings

Then he hid the book under the floor, slipped the plank back into place, sent the boats ashore for water, and went with them to pick up what trade he could carry home. The Frenchman passed the harbor, wore ship and made off toward St. Martin. In a week the *Three Brothers* stood out, a Dutch vessel now, ready to meet English and French alike without fear.

Over the sea flew the Salem ship. The weather was more fair than foul, and the sea seldom more rough than enough to give her life. Now she quivered under foot, now lurching ahead, down a round-backed swell, a safe voyage and a fast one, with not a sail passed close to, let alone spoken. It was a fine passage, but the topsails of first one and then another man-of-war came above the horizon. Captain Driver held counsel with himself. A Dutch registry was good, but avoiding contact with foreign vessels was better. He changed his course for Spain. The longest way home seemed the safest. His orders left him free to use his discretion, and besides, he needed more trade in the hold. The threatening ships vanished. The days wore on: the tiny ship sighted no more sails, and the wind was kind.

Spain at last came up out of the sea, a flat cape with two sharp angles and on the east corner a round tower. To the right of the land were high, sandy cliffs, but there were none to the left. Captain Driver was elated at the land fall, but he pushed on north and west for Cadiz to get away from Cape Trafalgar. It had a bad name, that point, where the currents thickened the water by their steady rile. Southwest gales blew four and five days at a time, throwing the ship, that mistook its reckoning, upon the sharp coast of Spain. It was worth while for these reasons alone to hasten to Cadiz. In addition, fresh food waited there: poultry, fruits, rabbits and pigeons. In addition enough credit to the name of Derby was available there to make trade possible. Cadiz was the port for Captain Driver.

Out of Cadiz, truly homeward bound at last they crossed the northern ocean, exchanging blue seas for grey, and warm winds for the chill of Newfoundland Bank fog. Driving south in the spring, in the midst of dying ice bergs, their speed was retarded, but they chanced collision and drove on, until, one morning, in a hole in the fog they crossed a British frigate. She let fire a gun, and another, and a third; this last shotted, so the *Three Brothers* came up into



the wind before the man-of-war should let fly her broadside and blow them out of the water. The fog lifted, as if to forbid any hope of escape by flight. Although a nasty lump of sea was running the Englishman lowered a boat. Captain Driver met her at his own gangway. A lieutenant climbed over the rail.

"Why do you board a Dutch vessel on the high seas?" challenged Captain Michael boldly, meeting the glance of the officer fairly.

"That bowsprit of yours never saw Amsterdam. You are a colonial, and His Majesty requires four men of you for his navy."

"I am Dutch in registry. I can prove it if you will glance at my papers."

"Your tongue is English. I know my business, sir. Muster your crew aft and we'll end the matter."

Captain Driver had no way out. There was fire in his eye and he went very white, but he sent Elias forward to bring the men aft.

"Give me the men you wish to be rid of. They're a good lot," said the lieutenant and then as he saw they were only five in all, "What, no more crew than this?"

But Captain Driver did not accept his effort to conciliate by tone, by phrase.

"Every man I have is here," he said.

"Pick out who goes with me," ordered the Englishman.

"I refuse."

"Come, come, you are wasting my time. I'll spare you the trouble, then."

He chose the biggest man of the lot, Charles Crojik by name, and Mr. Dean, the mate.

"You can't take him. He's my mate," objected Captain Driver.

"Can't is a hard word, captain. You had your choice and would not take it. Over the side, my man."

Mr. Dean obeyed with what grace he might. There was no time to parley with the frigate laying all aback, very eager to misconstrue any resistance.

"You may proceed now. Remember me to Salem when you get in."

There was silence when Elias ended. His father was flushed and angry; it was an old story, but all the more bitter to swallow.

"You came home without a mate?" asked the elder Derby.

"Oh, no, I served in his place."

Elias looked triumphantly at Gardiner with boyish pride.

"Captain Driver appointed me."

His voice was a little stiff with pride. Gardiner saw the point. He coughed, he rose. He must be going. It was getting late. He regretted he could not stay but he must bid them good-night.

It was eight o'clock. Mistress Derby left the room with the girls. The maid was bringing in a tray, punctual to the minute. There were tumblers, a lemon, a silver nutmeg grater, a silver knife, a decanter of rum, and hot water.

"Ha," said Captain Michael Driver, "I think he should have his rum, since he has been an officer."

Richard Derby spread a blue and white handkerchief upon his knees and began to cut up the lemon. A portion of sugar was put in each tumbler, a bit of lemon, and a shower of nutmeg, followed by rum and hot water.

"The colonies for the seas, and the seas for the colonies," said Captain Driver eyeing his glass longingly from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"Michael, that's sedition," said Richard Derby with a wry smile.

"Good hanging, then," declared Captain Michael testily.

The warmth of the drink filled Elias with a glow of contentment. Life was good, the firelight pleasant. It was marvellous, this home-coming. But no sooner had he given himself to the luxury of the moment than he thought of his ship-mates being hazed and bullied as pressed men usually were in the British navy. Mr. Dean had been a good sort. He was angry, thinking of the good fellow, angry with a surging wealth of feeling. The colonies for the sea! Good, good! But he suddenly remembered his mother. He wanted a word with her, for in the morning he would have to be off to the *Three Brothers* early, before the house was astir. He left the men. Stopping for a moment at his jacket, where it hung in the hall, he got a package and took it up to his mother in her room.

"Mother."

She was pleased that he had thought of her when he had so much else with which to occupy his mind. She unwrapped the parcel slowly, prolonging the moment of joy.

"I got it from a Frenchman lying in Cadiz," he said bashfully.

It was a fan in light blue silk; a little marquis in silver and pink offered a rose to a dainty marquise in puffs and patches, and beyond, three nymphs, arms entwined, danced a minuet, the whole bordered by garlands and roses, and small, dainty figures.

"It is beautiful, Elias," she cried.

"I hoped you would like it, mother," he said, confused, "Good-night."

"Good-night, and thank you. You will find an extra coverlet on your bed in case you need it," then, suddenly remembering that he

was still her boy, in spite of all this rushing change of new-found manhood, "Wait," she called after him.

In a few minutes she was back from the cupboard with a blue jar, all bound in wicker, and a fork.

"Take it up with you," she said, "And have what you will."

He did, and when he was safe abed he jabbed the fork into one of the sticks of candied ginger, and drew it out of the jar. That jar was his mother's treasure. He knew he was grown up now. No more an allotted ration: the whole jar was for him, if he wanted it; he had never been so trusted before. The fiery confection bit his tongue pleasantly. The good, corded bed was a luxury to his bones. There was no motion, no sound save the rustle of the trees beyond the windows. He gave himself to the strange comfort without a thought of the months of ceaseless activity. There would be no watches to stand in the night. Lazily dreaming of the journeys of the blue ginger jar, he felt his blood grow quiet, while his eye called up the strange ships and caravans that had brought it out of the east. That was a trade to which he must sometime turn; new places and new ways, marvels unknown brought home to Salem. He blew out the two candles.

Below, by the fire, Captain Michael and Captain Richard were talking of him.

"I think he's ripe for command, with a good mate."

Captain Richard was smiling; it was good to hear praise of his son.

"Young Richard and John will do for the vessels. This lad is more crafty. He may handle many ships at one time. We'll make him a merchant if the French and British leave us the ships with which to do it. There's power to play with, Michael, not one ship, but many."

"Still the sea ——"

"Is not so wonderful for the lad as the counting house. I know my boy."

"That is of course for you to say," said Captain Michael a little brusquely, getting up to go. Ruffled he seemed, and disappointed.

But Captain Richard would not let him go feeling as he did.

"Michael, there will be better days for Salem ships than these. We may not live to see it, but I know. We venture well enough,

but it will take a good man to reap the fruits of our hard work. Elias is the man who can do it, with the help of God. Let us have another hot rum before you go, it will keep out the chill on your way back."

He had put his hand on the heavy shoulder of the other. He was usually a man of few words, and Captain Michael had caught his thought, had seen his vision. He laughed, and took up his glass.

"Ha! To the merchant, then."

"To the merchant," said the father, very straight and serious.

II

Elias Derby reached manhood in the counting house. He came to fear for his own ships as his father had pondered upon the probable fate of the *Three Brothers*, and to worry about the fate of his own men. Of course, he began frugally, nursing his fortunes. From the profits of one sloop he acquired another sloop, and together they bought him a schooner. The delay and danger at the hands of the French grew gradually less. When their war with the English had ended, the French had no longer any excuse for interfering with American ships, but the British were more annoying than ever. Did not the colonies belong to them? Could they not do with their own as they chose? Law after law was passed to hinder colonial ships from competing with ships from the mother land. To obey them meant ruin to Salem merchants, and to disobey meant annoyance, delay, loss of cargoes and often of the ship itself. Feeling ran high, words grew loud, and hatred became quiet and bitter, but there was no change in the viewpoint of the English merchants. They still had laws and more laws passed. They used their navy more and more to enforce the tightening restrictions. By the time the war between England and France had ended in 1763, Elias Derby had moved into his own new home of rugged bulk, four great chimneys, and a beautiful doorway. He was making, more than ever, a stubborn fight for success. Sloops and schooners were well enough, but the Derbys could not resist the hazard of owning a brigantine. *Nep-tune* was her name, and the crew were shipped for the round trip and were given the first month's pay in advance. She was expensive to operate. The master was paid £3 a month and the able seamen

£2.8.0, or nearly as much. That heaven's blessing, the cook, drew £1.6.8 and the ship's boy £1.4.0. The *Neptune* was smart and profitable, and was very well fitted to the West India trade. Elias chanced her success and won. His father gradually relinquished his affairs and looked forward to the day when he would be able to sit back to take his old age quietly. But that was not to be. So long as England merely made impossible laws, Salem was not greatly disturbed; but when, in 1774, an effort to enforce them, at the expense of the colonies, was made, there was a different story to tell. Old Richard Derby, as a member of the Massachusetts council, and a leader against the forces of General Gage sent to seize arms at Salem, defied authority. After the battle of Lexington, John Derby in his fast vessel, the *Quero*, carried the colonial story of the fight to London. The Derbys were in the newly launched rebellion hand and glove. The younger Richard served in the provincial congress while the colonies were deciding what to do and how to do it. Trade went on quietly for a time, and the family fleet still came and went under the watchful eyes of Elias Haskett Derby, who by this time owned seven sloops and schooners in his own right. Then war began to touch him. He lost the *Jamaica Packet* to the British by capture, and within a year two other craft of his little fleet had been similarly taken. He was all but ruined in a breath. But it was no time for mourning. He gathered up what means he could and fitted out his *Sturdy Beggar* and sent her out as his first privateer.

In 1776 the colonies got together long enough to frame their Declaration of Independence and within the year Salem changed its habits completely. Instead of quiet merchantmen coming and going, the vessels were emptied of their cargoes and in place of molasses, or rice, or lumber, guns were put on board. Men, a hundred where there had been twenty,—twenty-five in a vessel like the *Sturdy Beggar* that in peace time might have used seven—now manned the decks. The *Sturdy Beggar*, herself, was staunch, but of only ninety tons burden, one of the first privateers to be commissioned in Massachusetts. Almost at once Salem port changed to a place of intense and unceasing activity. Instead of ships of burden, used to fighting their way when necessary, every craft was armed to the teeth, prepared to go against the enemy for profit.

New Salem had commenced. To the squeal and roar of fife and

drum the recruiting began. Salem ships had been manned by Salem men, but more were needed now than the town possessed. As soon as carpenters had cut the extra gun ports, and decked-in holds to make space to swing hammocks, the crews went on board. Mixed with Salem men were strangers; unknown bearded men, often with a glint in their eyes, and a deep sea roll, moving silently about the old streets. Adventurers they were, ready to go out for prize money. Of the best of stuff, they rivalled that sprinkling of youth from the merchant families, old stock of the port, well educated, carefully reared. They had signed on not so much for prize money as to out-face the government which had struck at their families' business, making honest trade at first difficult, and then impossible. They were men who had a grudge to settle.

Seamen, or landsmen, all went to work. Men drilled with pike, musket and cutlass. The new guns were cast loose: carronades, long nines and sixes. Commands were given, breechings slackened and tautened, charges rammed home and drawn, bores sponged, and ball hustled up from the improvised magazines, all in mimic warfare. And in the evenings, through the streets sounded the heavy tread of determined men, loud voices, and a measure of excited laughter, little known to the peace time Salem. The privateersmen had their own talk of rumored captains, and tales of wilder days, far down the seas. They had articles, much like those of true pirates, defining terms of service and fixing rewards for injuries in the line of duty. An arm or leg, lost in an engagement, entitled the loser to four thousand dollars, an eye was valued at two thousand, and a damaged joint at one. Detected pilfries lost the offender all share in prize money, and the same penalty overtook "disturbers of the peace" and cowards. There was much talk, some of it wild, but the privateersmen at last slipped away to sea, some to return with prizes, some to return without even their own slight ships, and many to come back no more. In that first year more than a hundred sailed. The resistance to the British afloat was in their hands. They were beginning a work that resulted in the capture of more than eight hundred vessels of British register, each with a cargo to sell.

Elias Derby worked day and night, equipping, manning, building new vessels. He had to barter for cordage, for timbers and planks, for canvas. It would have been an impossible task, but

Salem had gone to war behind him. By good fortune and care he came to own in whole or part twenty-five ships. When the people of Salem could not complete some vessel because of the shortness of funds, he gave the last few hundred pounds to launch another vessel at the throat of the British merchant marine. They would capture his schooners in peace time, they would break up colonial trade; well, have at them then! So he worked tirelessly for the cause.

Now a privateer had but one purpose: to fight and take an enemy vessel wherever met. They were not craft of burden. They had enough to do to carry their complement of men and the tons of provisions essential to supporting them. In addition to these rather irregular craft Congress granted "letters of marque" to merchant vessels who could use them as authority for attacking British vessels and capturing them when the occasion offered. To be successful these ships had to be large enough to be well fought, fast enough to maneuver well, and yet at the same time not built for fighting alone.

Elias Derby found that the war had driven prices so high, and made so great a shortage of necessities of all sorts that he, in the late years of the war, ceased sending out privateers, and instead built larger vessels and sent them out under "letters of marque." A vessel so sent was heavily armed, but in addition carried a cargo to an assigned port. She would attack and take a prize where possible, but she depended primarily upon trade for success. With rum at eight dollars a gallon, coffee at five dollars a pound, hose at nine dollars a pair and ordinary French cloth at twenty-two dollars a yard, there was profit in such business, even considering its risks. Derby realized this, but even more he knew that the colonies must have some commodities from foreign ports. A vessel with "letters of marque" served the colonies as a carrier and the Derby fortunes as a fighting unit, preying upon British commerce. Many a ship brought home her captured consorts in her train, with prize crews on board them. Often they were sold in Dutch and French ports for what they would bring. The profits were like the riches, huge, but uncertain, but there was a spell of daring in it all. As the war went on the naval strength of the colonies dwindled to a mere half dozen ships, but the privateers and "letters of marque" increased to more than four hundred and captured nearly double their weight in British ships.

The late ships of Mr. Derby grew to be very large, the largest of their day to make the port of Salem. From a beginning of fifty ton sloops and schooners, he had fought his way into ownership of four ships, each of about three hundred tons, powerful fighters, good carriers. Proudest of them all was the *Grand Turk*. She carried twenty-two guns and had a handsome bow and a clean run aft. She was launched in 1781 and a great share of Elias Derby's heart was given to her. A fine ship, sound and sweet, fair for a fight, and swift when she had to be. There was never but one like Derby's *Grand Turk*.

At last the war ended. Great Britain's shipping had suffered although her navy had smothered the little American fleet effectively. Benjamin Franklin said, "The war of the revolution has been fought, but the war of independence is yet to come." King George meant nothing to the colonists any longer. In his place Salem had King Derby, who had built the new town for its people. Derby wharf had led the way for others. Derby Street had taken on a deep water, seafaring flavor quite different from any that the earlier, hard-bitten little port had known. There was now a swagger about the seamen. They had pride in their success, and the town gloried in them, but peace threatened all that. Would the quiet of peace see a relapse into short coastal voyages? Where were the profits of the privateers to be equalled? How could trade, ordinary and usual, equal in profits the days when the captor gained not the cargo merely, but the ship captured as well? These were the questions which met Elias Derby at every turn. He had four great ships, too large to enter colonial trade, carrying burdens too great to make even the West Indian or the Western Island trade profitable. They were expensive to operate. Where should he find goods in sufficient quantities to be entrusted to them, to fill their holds to the hatches and let them keep their hard won glory?

Not only the Derby fortunes hung by a hair, but the welfare of all Salem waited upon this fateful peace. Richard Derby, the father, died in 1783 and Richard Jr. had died during the war. John Derby was busy building up interests of his own which ultimately led him away from Salem. Elias Derby had then beside the *Grand Turk* and the handsome and fast ship called the *Astrea*, the *Light Horse* and the *Haskett and John*, as well as three brigs, *Henry*, *Cato* and

Three Sisters. The prospects were not bright, and the losses of such a fleet could be enormous.

Even while he looked about him there came help. A young American came home with news of the North Pacific. His name was Ledyard. He had been with Captain Cook, Captain James Cook of England, who had been killed by kanakas in Hawaii. Ledyard published his own chart of the Pacific together with his journal of the voyage. He had as his dream the opening of a fur trade with the northwestern wilds of America, but he was held to be queer and over-optimistic. Nevertheless, John Derby joined several New York merchants to send out the *Columbia* to undertake this trade. The voyage was to be by way of Cape Horn. Elias Derby saw an even greater vision. The *Columbia* was only two thirds the size of any of his four great ships. He would send his own vessels around Good Hope. He would try cutting in upon the British trade and follow them out to the ends of the world. As a first venture in long voyages he sent the *Light Horse* to St. Petersburg for hemp and iron; then he sent his favorite, the *Grand Turk* to the Cape of Good Hope. This voyage was a feeler, an attempt to enter the tea trade as a second carrier, but no British vessel would break her cargo at Table Bay to trans-ship to America and the first dream of Derby ended askew. But the rebuff made him only the more stubborn; he would meet his competitors in open fight.

He took his best ship, the *Grand Turk*, and a good captain, Ebenezer West, and he gave all Salem a chance to share in the voyage. The thing was a gamble. He could give his captain precise orders, but they had to end with a request that he would do "that which seems good to you." Captain West had no light task. It was his duty to barter and trade cunningly with the various "adventures" put aboard under his care. An "adventure" might consist of ten dollars with orders to buy for it two shawls, and a green vase, not over twenty inches high. Or, it might be almost anything. One's relatives, boys and girls, spinster ladies of frugal habits, and brides who knew nothing of investment, asked the captains to do completely impossible things for them. Each adventure added excitement to a sailing day. Each investor felt his ship was going out to bring back fortune and the touch of far away things.

From the day when Captain West sailed over the sea rim, drop-

ping down out of sight, they would hear nothing of the adventures, and Captain Derby would know nothing of his ship and cargo for months. The gossip of the old port would thrive upon a thousand rumors, and freezing weather would come and go and come again while they wondered how their efforts had fared. In two years they might hear; then, or never was the general rule.

In two years the *Grand Turk* came home. She had been to China and she brought back silks, and nankeens, and tea gotten from the eastern *hongs*, or warehouses, direct, not trans-shipped out of other vessels from Table Bay, or the Madeiras, or St. Helena, the great base of the English East India Company. Ledyard's stories of the east were true. Elias Derby's vision had not proved an idle dream. He had opened a regular trade with China. Even while the British, knowing that without the stations of the East India Company they could not have carried on trade with China, were congratulating themselves that the Americans could not trade with the east direct, Captain West had solved the riddle. Courage and fortitude were necessary. The voyage was long and hard, but the *Grand Turk* had found her way to fortune, adventures and all.

Derby had rivals soon, and to spare, but he invested more than ships in the new undertaking of eastern trade. Elias Haskett Derby, Jr., his eldest son, now grown to manhood, was sent to Harvard College. The days to come would be the days of larger things, so when the boy had been graduated his father sent him first to England and then to France. In England he studied what he could of British methods in eastern trade. That ended, he went to France to acquire languages, that he might be able to meet his competitors with the scales tipped in his favor. His education ended with his establishing his father's interest in India in no uncertain fashion. By thoroughness and application after several years residence, he profited in learning more of the East at first hand than any other American of his day. He took out of eastern trade the haphazard element of luck, and thereby strengthened the house of Derby, building up definite connections with India so that trade was assured when the ships had gotten out there. The *Peggy*, one of the later Derby fleet, brought home the first Bombay and Calcutta cotton to reach Salem. It was the Derby ships that carried the name Salem even down the

farther Indian coast to Bangkok, around the thousand miles of the Malay Peninsula. It was the Derbys who saved Salem her prosperity, won in the war by establishing a solid trade with the East.

The town had changed since that night young Elias had come home out of the *Three Brothers*. It was then a severe, hard place, graceless and without laughter. Life was stiff, and prim, and repressed. To be young was difficult; to be old a mournful business. Something new had come to Salem; the East had touched the town. It began at the water front. Derby wharf was there now, with its ships and warehouses. There were stored tea, ivory, pepper, muslins, and silks to pay the colonial vessels that brought to Salem flour, food



stuffs, tobacco and iron. Ships lay often two abreast, lifted bowsprits over the street, spidery lines lacing and interlacing along the wharf face. There was a curious smell compounded of cellar mould, a hint of cheese, a dash of tobacco and green cabbage, a strange scent of camphor, a suspicion of snuff.

The streets were agog with merchants and seamen. Pilots ashore, owners and underwriters, buyers and sellers, all the strange sorts that are natural to water front towns had flooded Salem. Merchandise was as wonderful. The shops boasted gin, cheese and steel from Amsterdam. There was nutmeg, mace and cinnamon to be had,

raisins, almonds and sweet wine. Housewives had hidden away a reserve of macaroni and vermicelli straight from Leghorn. That aristocrat of Salem candy, the Gibraltar, could be bought, a flinty-hearted confection of two flavors, lemon for youth and peppermint for old age. Black jack, its rival was a more friendly sweet: maple syrup, brown sugar, butter, the whole burned in cooking, purposely to give it the proper taste.

Precious baubles, brought home by sailors, were everywhere. Fans of carved sandalwood inlaid with pearl and silver, white feathered Chinese fans, tea chests full of dull blue clay beads, things of Hindu rites, Nautch dances—and women of dusky throats. Chinese picture books, mandarins walking calmly across the rice paper heavens. Parrots, usually ragged and battered from late sea voyaging, glowered from perches, shrieked hoarsely in derisive laughter.

King Derby, and his wealth gave Salem the courage to laugh a little at life. The sombre days before the war, when all was serious, and grave, were over. The merchant planned a home of elegance, on the model of proud English town houses, with grounds and a stable, and iron fence about it all. At the very top was a cupola of glass, opening to the four corners of heaven where a man might sweep the horizon for sails, and almost beneath it were the ship yards where the adze and mallet strokes rang all day long. A grace had come into life, pleasant festivity, and social charm at the very doors of the ship yards.

It was there that step by step the Derby ships grew, ships that were symbolical of the new Salem. Their owner had an eye for a good model. By long contact, he had a rule of thumb knowledge to help his instinct, which was very sound. Once in a blue moon there come such men, who can read by the eye this tumble home, that flare in the bows, this dead rise amidship; who know in their hearts when a yard is too long, or a mast not raked enough. All that Derby knew, without serving the long apprenticeship at sea common to his day. It was in his blood, out of that older, sterner Salem, newly founded in the wilderness.

Close by, too, were the dusky sail lofts, with cobwebbed windows, but polished floors, where men sat sewing honestly, putting strength into their work that ships might pass safely through the

snorting 'westers off the Horn. The smell of new canvas and tar were sweet together. The whole town had gone seafaring in earnest. Curios and instruments waited at the marine shops. Some ancestor of Sol Gibbs sat surrounded by quadrants, compasses and venerable time pieces. Antique chronometers ticked patiently upon the dusty shelves, waiting for the return of their owners, whose bones had bleached for years on lonely island beaches. Bold faces and confident manners gave an air of health to these shops, shipmasters coming in with strange things from far ports, or choosing a new thermometer, or barometer, gamming all the while, explaining their baldness by a tale of a South Sea gale that blew out their hair, roots and all, or giving a solemn warning to some landsman against the Old Man of Zanzibar.

Not content to rest with all this, which was so much of his making, Elias Haskett Derby still eyed the farther reaches of the world for new opportunities. Captain Carnes went out to the East Indies, discovered that wild pepper could be taken for the asking, and for the next half century an average of four ships a year sailed in his track, and Sumatra became a household word in the town. India, China and Java were already familiar to New England. Derby looked about him for a new venture and turned to the farther Pacific. He had a ship, the *Astrea*, the fastest of all the Derby craft. She had crossed the ocean to England in sixteen days. She was gotten ready and set out for a rumored, but unknown port, half the world away, and her owner, now long used to such vigils, waited patiently, following this shot into the dark in his imagination, thinking fondly of it when the rain lashed the windows of his new Derby mansion. She had good men in her. Nathaniel Bowditch had gone in her as supercargo, and before the voyage had ended the great teacher of navigation had all twelve men of her crew able to find the longitude of the ship by the method of lunar distances. The *Astrea* found the city of Manila, and she was the first American ship to enter the harbor. Manila then was a city of three or four miles circumference, backed by the Philippine wilderness. The *Astrea* got pepper there, and sugar and indigo, a fine cargo that paid \$24,000 in duties to the young government. Manila became a Derby port, solid, like his other undertakings yet found on the original daring

of seeking a place known only to rumor; a name, a windy breath, a will-o'-the-wisp lost in the shadowy Pacific.

The next year, 1789, found revolutionary France at war with the United States. The privateers were not slow in getting to sea. Men, who, as boys had fought the British in the American Revolution recalled the profits of the bloody business and forgot its perils. Prize money was there for any who could take it. The heart of Elias Derby was touched by the fire of memory. He was close to sixty by then, and men aged rapidly in the colonies of his day. Life had not been easy for him, yet he rose to this last urge.

He began his last venture. He had learned in the American Revolution that a letter of marque was more profitable than a privateer's commission. The former could do all that a privateersman could, and in addition, she could carry a cargo to a war-bound port, close to the enemy, where prices were sure to be high. Perhaps he knew it was his last play, rounding out as it did his busy, courageous life. First he picked his son, Elias Haskett Derby, Jr., to lead the adventure. Even the Derby interests could not hope to place a fleet on the sea able to meet the French fleet with equal force the whole sea's width from home. Therefore he wisely built a single compromise ship, a vessel that could fight well, that could sail fast, and that could carry a reasonably large cargo. She was named the *Mount Vernon*. About one hundred feet long, she was manned by fifty men, and armed with twenty guns. The father provided well for the son. It was right that a Derby should command her, but one's son is precious; Elias Derby watched the growth of his scheme like a jealous hawk. Material, workmanship, lading, instructions, all were letter perfect. The old man's youth rose through his eagerness, flaming feebly, and he worked hard, perhaps beyond his strength, sparing neither time nor vigor to clear the *Mount Vernon* in perfect sort for the dangerous voyage.

Then he sat and watched his son sail out over the sea line, dropping below its flatness, and leaving him to his accustomed portion, the waiting, though this time he could ill restrain his eagerness. His eyes would rove to the sea, and his heart quickened in spite of him when he thought of the tempests, the attacks, the dirty nights, with water on deck and the booming seas trying to shatter the flying ship. He wished the end would come quickly. He longed for news of the

safe arrival of the *Mount Vernon*, but he knew it was war time. He might hear nothing until the ship carried home her own letters.

The *Mount Vernon* had headed for Cape St. Vincent and she reeled off the passage in sixteen days, which was very good considering her lading and her added burden of guns. She carried sugar, and coffee, and she was ready to fight her way against any resistance she might meet.

He did not live to see the *Mount Vernon* come home. She was in the Mediterranean when the end came to him. His son, in command, wrote from Gibraltar, but the letter came too late. Falling, as it did, into the hands of his father's executors it told its own story of seamanlike behavior, of authority intelligently used and well placed, and of true Derby spirit.

The *Mount Vernon* had fallen in with fifty French sail, a fleet disguised as British men-of-war, a great crescent of them that spread like a net before the Derby ship. Young Derby chose his opening, engaged a solitary ship, and fought his way past before the fleet could close upon him. She was chased by a "lateener," a Frenchman who had to be met. The two fought at close range. So short was the distance between the vessels that six pound grape shot was used to clear the decks of the enemy, crowded with its hundred men. There was not time to board. Such tactics might become a man-of-war, but the *Mount Vernon* had her cargo to consider. Young Derby refused to come to hand to hand fighting, and made good his way toward the Mediterranean. At Gibraltar he visited Admiral Nelson, and his tact and address won from that notable a safe conduct as far as Constantinople, should his trade carry him so far. He must have impressed the famous British officer greatly to have been so honored, but Nelson was, after all, always Nelson, and never a stickler for the stuffy prejudices of naval officers against modest merchant captains.

This voyage netted the estate of Elias Haskett Derby a clear \$100,000 of profit. The old merchant's judgment had been sound to the last effort. He left a son able to keep the sea, and to him he entrusted the glory of Salem. His ships had unlocked the east, had made the seas into highways for American vessels. His estate was slightly more than \$1,000,000, the largest fortune of the United States in 1799, all of it the fruit of chances wisely taken, honest dar-

ing upon a sound basis. He left the name Derby to Salem, as a beacon to his townsmen, to guide them toward the amazing East, and he left Salem to the world that grew almost at once to recognize the thrift and energy of its legacy.



MAN OVERBOARD!

By RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

MONDAY, November 19th, 18—. This was a black day in our calendar. At seven o'clock in the morning, it being our watch below, we were aroused from a sound sleep by the cry of "All hands ahoy! a man overboard!" This unwonted cry sent a thrill through the heart of every one, and hurrying on deck we found the vessel hove flat aback, with all her studding-sails set; for the boy who was at the helm left it to throw something overboard, and the carpenter, who was an old sailor, knowing that the wind was light, put the helm down and hove her aback. The watch on deck was lowering away the quarter-boat, and I got on deck just in time to heave myself into her as she was leaving the side; but it was not until out upon the wide Pacific, in our little boat, that I knew whom we had lost. It was George Ballmer, a young English sailor, who was prized by the officers as an active and willing seaman, and by the crew as a lively, hearty fellow, and a good shipmate. He was going aloft to fit a strap around the main top-mast-head, for ringtail halyards, and had the strap and block, a coil of halyards, and a marline-spike about his neck. He fell from the starboard futtock shrouds, and not knowing how to swim, and being heavily dressed, with all those things round his neck, he probably sank immediately. We pulled astern, in the direction in which he fell, and though we knew there was no hope of saving him, yet no one wished to speak of returning, and we rowed about for nearly an hour, without the hope of doing anything, but unwilling to acknowledge to ourselves that we must give him up. At length we turned the boat's head and made towards the vessel.

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. A man dies on shore; his body remains with his friends, and "the

mourners go about the streets"; but when a man falls overboard at sea and is lost, there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which gives it an air of awful mystery. A man dies on shore—you follow his body to the grave, and a stone marks the spot. You are often prepared for the event. There is always something which helps you to realize it when it happens, and to recall it when it has passed. A man is shot down by your side in battle, and the mangled body remains an *object*, and a *real evidence*; but at sea, the man is near you—at your side—you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone, and nothing but a vacancy marks his loss. Then, too, at sea—to use a homely and expressive phrase—you *miss* a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark, upon the wide, wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn. It is like losing a limb. There are no new faces or new scenes to fill up the gap. There is always an empty berth in the forecabin and one man wanting when the small night watch is mustered. There is one less to take the wheel, and one less to lay out with you upon the yard. You miss his form, and the sound of his voice, for habit had made them almost necessary to you, and each of your senses feel the loss.

All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time. There is more kindness shown by the officers to the crew, and by the crew to one another. There is more quietness and seriousness. The oath and the loud laugh are gone. The officers are more watchful and the crew go more carefully aloft. The lost man is seldom mentioned, or is dismissed with a sailor's rude eulogy—"Well, poor George is gone! His cruise is up soon! He knew his work, and did his duty, and was a good shipmate."

Then usually follows some allusion to another world, for sailors are almost all believers; but their notions and opinions are unfixed and at loose ends. They say,—“God won't be hard upon the poor fellow,” and seldom get beyond the common phrase which seems to imply that their sufferings and hard treatment here will excuse them hereafter,—“*To work hard, live hard, die hard, and go to hell after all, would be hard indeed!*” Our cook, a simple-hearted old African, who had been through a good deal in his day, and was rather seri-

ously inclined, always going to church twice a day when on shore, and reading his Bible on a Sunday in the galley, talked to the crew about spending their Sabbaths badly, and told them that they might go as suddenly as George had, and be as little prepared.

Yet a sailor's life is at best but a mixture of a little good with much evil, and a little pleasure with much pain. The beautiful is linked with the revolting, the sublime with the commonplace, and the solemn with the ludicrous.

We had hardly returned on board with our sad report, before an auction was held of the poor man's clothes. The captain had first, however, called all hands aft and asked them if they were satisfied that everything had been done to save the man, and if they thought there was any use in remaining there longer. The crew all said that it was in vain, for the man did not know how to swim, and was very heavily dressed. So we then filled away and kept her off to her course.

The laws regulating navigation make the captain answerable for the effects of a sailor who dies during the voyage, and it is either a law or a universal custom, established for convenience, that the captain should immediately hold an auction of his things, in which they are bid off by the sailors, and the sums which they give are deducted from their wages at the end of the voyage. In this way the trouble and risk of keeping his things through the voyage are avoided, and the clothes are usually sold for more than they would be worth on shore. Accordingly, we had no sooner got the ship before the wind, than his chest was brought up upon the forecastle, and the sale began. The jackets and trousers in which we had seen him dressed but a few days before, were exposed and bid off while the life was hardly out of his body, and his chest was taken aft and used as a store-chest, so that there was nothing left which could be called *his*. Sailors have an unwillingness to wear a dead man's clothes during the same voyage, and they seldom do so unless they are in absolute want.

As is usual after a death, many stories were told about George. Some had heard him say that he repented never having learned to swim, and that he knew that he should meet his death by drowning. Another said that he never knew any good to come of a voyage made against the will, and the deceased man shipped and spent his advance

and was afterwards very unwilling to go, but not being able to refund, was obliged to sail with us. A boy, too, who had become quite attached to him, said that George talked to him during most of the watch on the night before, about his mother and family at home, and this was the first time that he had mentioned the subject during the voyage.

The night after this event, when I went to the galley to get a light, I found the cook inclined to be talkative, so I sat down on the spars, and gave him an opportunity to hold a yarn. I was the more inclined to do so, as I found that he was full of the superstitions once more common among seamen, and which the recent death had waked up in his mind. He talked about George's having spoken of his friends, and said he believed few men died without having a warning of it, which he supported by a great many stories of dreams, and the usual behavior of men before death. From this he went on to other superstitions, the Flying Dutchman, etc., and talked rather mysteriously, having something evidently on his mind. At length he put his head out of the galley and looked carefully about to see if any one was within hearing, and being satisfied on that point, asked me in a low tone—

"I say! you know what countryman 'e carpenter be?"

"Yes," said I; "he's a German."

"What kind of a German?" said the cook.

"He belongs to Bremen," said I.

"Are you sure o'dat?" said he.

I satisfied him on that point by saying that he could speak no language but the German and English.

"I'm plaguy glad o'dat," said the cook. "I was mighty 'fraid he was a Finn. I tell you what, I been plaguy civil to that man all the voyage."

I asked him the reason of this, and found that he was fully possessed with the notion that Finns are wizards, and especially have power over winds and storms. I tried to reason with him about it, but he had the best of all arguments, that from experience, at hand, and was not to be moved. He had been in a vessel at the Sandwich Islands, in which the sail-maker was a Finn, and could do anything he was of a mind to. This sail-maker kept a junk bottle in his berth, which was always just half full of rum, though he got drunk upon

it nearly every day. He had seen him sit for hours together, talking to this bottle, which he stood up before him on the table. The same man cut his throat in his berth, and everybody said he was possessed.

He had heard of ships, too, beating up the gulf of Finland against a head wind, and having a ship heave a sight astern, overhaul and pass them, with as fair a wind as could blow, and all studding-sails out, and find she was from Finland.

"Oh ho!" said he; "I've seen too much of them men to want to see 'em 'board a ship. If they can't have their own way, they'll play the devil with you."

As I still doubted, he said he would leave it to John, who was the oldest seaman aboard, and would know, if anybody did. John, to be sure, was the oldest, and at the same time the most ignorant, man in the ship; but I consented to have him called. The cook stated the matter to him, and John, as I anticipated, sided with the cook, and said that he himself had been in a ship where they had a head wind for a fortnight, and the captain found out at last that one of the men, whom he had had some hard words with a short time before, was a Finn, and immediately told him if he didn't stop the head wind he would shut him down in the fore peak. The Finn would not give in, and the captain shut him down in the fore peak, and would not give him anything to eat. The Finn held out for a day and a half, when he could not stand it any longer, and did something or other which brought the wind round again, and they let him up.

"There," said the cook, "what do you think o'dat?"

I told him I had no doubt it was true, and that it would have been odd if the wind had not changed in fifteen days, Finn or no Finn.

"Oh," says he, "go 'way! You think, 'cause you been to college, you know better than anybody. You know better than them as 'as seen it with their own eyes. You wait till you've been to sea as long as I have, and you'll know."

THE SUPERCARGO

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

IN MEMORIAL HALL at Harvard College hang several portraits of rich colonial merchants, of the time before the American Revolution. They wear bright-colored silk coats and breeches, long brocaded-satin vests, and gay silk caps set a little askew on their shaven heads.

These men were the Astors and the Rockefellers of their time. They did not, however, confine themselves to one line of business; they bought produce wherever they could find it,—wood-ashes, pig iron, timber, salt fish and furs,—and sent it overseas. They imported hardware, broadcloth and silks, silverware and china, and more Madeira wine than was good for the community. They built or bought ships, loaded them, picked their captains, and sent them cruising for West India goods, or slaves, or linens, or whatever cargo they could get. One of those rich merchants was John Hancock, president of the Continental Congress and first signer of the Declaration of Independence; of the same type was Robert Morris, the patriot financier of the Revolution.

When the Americans were still colonists, they had no direct trade with the other side of the world, but in 1784 Robert Morris and others fitted out the ship *Empress of China*, and sent her eastward to Canton. That was the beginning of the East India trade, which was carried on in American-built wooden ships for nearly a century. The East India merchants no longer wore silk, but they bought quantities of it, and some of the great fortunes of the time were made by their firms.

Strong and able as were these East India merchants, they could not be both on land and at sea; they had to find safe and bold men to sail their ships and to bring home their cargoes. To meet this

need there arose that splendid company of American sea-captains which for a century carried the flag of the United States into almost every port of the world. Theirs was an adventurous life. Away from home one, two or three years, they incurred the dangers of shipwreck, of pirates, of mutiny, and till 1815, of capture by the French or English privateers and cruisers.

In many cases, especially on the short voyages to the West Indies and Europe, the captains were also the business managers; for



they not only paid the running expenses of the ship, but bought and sold the cargoes, under instructions from the owners. Some of them were the younger members of the great ship-owning families, who had been sent to sea to learn business as well as navigation.

From the very beginning of the East India trade, however, the usual practice was to send along with the ship a so-called supercargo or business agent. Hundreds of young men made long voyages, carried large sums in specie, sold the outward cargo, and bought a return cargo. The profit of the owner depended to a considerable degree on the shrewdness and honesty of the supercargo, who was his trusted representative. Often the supercargo was the son or nephew of one of the owners, sent out not only to carry on the busi-

ness of the voyage, but to study foreign markets and to learn foreign ways of doing business.

It is astonishing how early some of these young fellows began their service. When Robert B. Forbes, later a great merchant, was thirteen years old, he was one day hanging about some of his uncle's ships at Central Wharf, Boston. When his uncle said, "Well, Ben, which of these ships do you intend to go in?" he forthwith chose the *Canton Packet*. A family friend gave him this advice: "Always go straight forward, and if you meet the devil, cut him in two, and go between the pieces." With this counsel, a chest of new clothes, and some tinware as a private speculation, the boy went to sea before the mast.

Two years later, when the ship was unloading in Hamburg, he was, as he proudly declared, made "supercargo of a lighter." At least, he watched the unloading. Then, hiring some rooms, he set up a shop, in order to sell a thousand dollars' worth of goods which some of the family had put in his charge. At the age of seventeen he was second mate of a ship, and called "Mr. Forbes" by the captain; before he was twenty he was captain of the *Levant*, two hundred and sixty-four tons.

Another of the same family, John Murray Forbes, went out to China in 1830, when he was seventeen years old, became a clerk in the great house of Russell & Company, and a favorite of the Chinese comprador, or manager, of the firm, who, he says, "before I was eighteen years old, used to order me to charter one or more entire ships at a time and load them . . . and at one time I had as much as half a million dollars thus afloat."

Returning to America to visit and get married, Forbes was offered the post of supercargo of the ship *Logan*, returned to China, and was there admitted to the firm of Russell & Company, and made a fortune.

The need for both skilful captains and hard-headed supercargoes grew out of the conditions at that time. As most of the Asiatic waters were not then charted, it required prudent yet daring navigation to sail them; and with every precaution many ships were lost.

Then in the port of India, the Spice Islands, and China there were for a long time no American and few European firms, consequently business had to be done with the native merchants, who had



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peculiar ways of carrying on trade. In China, for example, there was, down to the first treaty with the United States in 1844, a very elaborate and puzzling system of trade, which could be used only by a man who knew his business well.

No trade was permitted at any Chinese port except Canton, with its lower port of Whampoa, about fourteen miles down the river. As soon as it arrived, each ship had to find a Chinese merchant who would act as *fiador*, or surety; and also a comprador, or agent for the purchaser of supplies—both of whom had to be fed. Then the trade had to be carried on with the *cohong*, or trust of about a dozen Chinese merchants. The *hoppo*, or collector of the customs, had to be well paid; and an interpreter was absolutely necessary.

Samuel Shaw, the first supercargo to reach China, was nevertheless impressed with the usual honesty of the Chinese. He wrote: "The Chinese traders are in their manners open and free, they have great command of their own temper, and watch narrowly that of others."

There was an elaborate arrangement and association of the foreigners in Canton. Shaw found there Dutch, Spaniards, Germans, Swedes, French and English. The nation that had the largest trade was England, through the East India Company, which kept up a considerable establishment in Canton.

The English practice was to send out boys fourteen or fifteen years old, who were made "writers," at a salary of five hundred dollars a year and all expenses paid; who after five years became "supercargoes," and were paid by commission on the business, which was so profitable that the head supercargo made about thirty-five thousand dollars a year in gold. These men were really not supercargoes at all in the American sense, but rather agents or factors. Shaw found actual supercargoes, however, on French, Spanish, and some English ships.

None of the Europeans, whether resident or temporary visitors, were ever allowed to enter the Chinese city; and when the shipping season was over, they all had to go to the Portuguese port of Macao, a hundred miles down the river.

A stay at Canton was not all fun nor all business; it was very unhealthy; the river abounded in pirates and murderers; and every now and then there was a row with the authorities on shore. While

Shaw was in Canton, a brother supercargo on the English ship *Lady Hughes* was suddenly seized by the Chinese authorities because a few days before, when some Chinese were leaving the ship, a salute was fired and a Chinaman was killed.

The gunner who fired the fatal shot had been sent down the river to Whampoa, and the Chinese seemed determined to execute the supercargo in his place. Every ship in the harbor, including Shaw's ship, the *Empress of China*, sent an armed boat to demand the return of the supercargo, but they could get him only by giving up the gunner, who was executed by the Chinese.

The supercargo was needed, not only in the Eastern ports, but on the long and intricate voyages which American ships often undertook to out-of-the-way ports. Commerce was often a matter of guesswork. A sea-captain would report, for example, that there was a demand for four-pound cannon in India, and the next ship would carry out cannon, only to discover that nobody would buy them. It was the business of the supercargo to find a market for the cargo, and to pick up return freights. The ship *John Jay* of Providence was out on one voyage more than two years, and visited perhaps a dozen ports. In such a case much depended on the business ability of the supercargo.

On a voyage the supercargo had nothing to do with the navigation of the ship or the discipline of the men. He berthed in the cabin, could stand watch if he liked, and often took observations; but he had plenty of time on his hands, and one supercargo, Nathaniel Bowditch, worked out mathematical problems and translated abstruse foreign books. The owners usually directed the outward voyage, but were obliged to leave a good deal to the discretion of the supercargo. He could designate the ports to visit, hire wharves and warehouses, buy a cargo, borrow and pay money, and in general, act as the representative of the firm.

It was usual for the owners to give the supercargo a set of written instructions, telling him what merchants to deal with, how to pay for goods, what grades of sugar and tea to buy, what kind of silk goods to order. Often they gave him discretion to change the voyage and to vary the cargo, but added such hints as those of Brown & Ives in 1787 to their supercargo, John Bowers: "Economy is necessary; keep factory and other expenses as low as possible." "This

ship must be perfectly full." "Don't you venture among the islands, as others have done."

For his services the supercargo was paid in three ways: by a lump sum, by a monthly salary, and by a "privilege" to trade. The supercargo of the *John Jay* on one voyage received three thousand dollars, which in that day was as much as the salary of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. That was an unusual chance; a supercargo was doing well who drew fifty dollars a month, besides his living, and had a privilege of six tons under deck—that is, the right to carry goods of his own that would fit into a given cargo space.

The captain and mates almost always had a privilege—a favor which sometimes was extended even to sailors. A shrewd supercargo could cram goods to the value of two thousand dollars into his space, and if he were lucky, might bring home in exchange goods that would give him a profit of two or three thousand dollars.

It was the day of large profits. The ship *George Washington*, of which the supercargo was Captain Samuel Ward, carried from Providence, in 1787, a cargo valued at about twenty-six thousand dollars in specie, in addition to the sum needed for the moderate expenses of the nineteen months' voyage. The return voyage was valued at ninety-nine thousand dollars. The ship *Ann and Hope*, in 1800, unloaded a cargo worth three hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars, of which probably two hundred thousand dollars was profit.

In the next few years there were cases like that of Captain Carnes in the little brig *Royal*, one hundred and thirty tons, with a crew of ten men; he was the first man to load pepper in Sumatra, and he brought back a cargo which returned a profit of seven hundred per cent to the owners. In another case, an investment of fifty thousand dollars brought back a cargo worth two hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars.

One of the most successful of all the East India ships was the *George* of Salem, owned by Captain Joseph Peabody, who built and named a ship for every one of his boys and girls. This craft was hardly larger than a fishing-schooner of these days. She was one hundred and eleven feet long, twenty-seven feet beam, thirteen feet six inches hold, and registered three hundred and twenty-eight

tons—about two hundred and twenty-eight tons by modern measurement. Yet this little ship made twenty-one voyages, and carried during that period eight different supercargoes, of whom one was Samuel Endicott.

Many supercargoes became famous sea-captains; many others entered the firms by which they were employed, and became owners. Samuel Shaw, supercargo of the first voyage to China, on his return was made consul to Canton, as was later Samuel Snow, first supercargo of the *John Jay*.

Many of these men kept elaborate journals, especially if they were members of the celebrated Marine Society of Salem, which required its members to send in a journal at the end of each voyage.

Samuel Shaw, on the *Empress of China*, left New York, February, 1784, and reëntered the Narrows in May, 1785, after a voyage of over thirty-two thousand miles. He wrote a letter to Congress with attracted great attention, and led to the fitting out of several ships—one of them the *Hope*, in which he went out again as supercargo. This voyage may serve as an example of the ordinary trip to China. The ship touched at the Cape Verde Islands,—others often touched at the Azores,—then bore down southeastward round Africa to Cape Town, then straight northeastward to the Strait of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, stopped at Batavia, the great eastern port of the Dutch, and sailed thence nearly northward to Canton.

A remarkable supercargo was Nathaniel Bowditch, who went out for the first time on the ship *Astrea* in 1796. Soon after, he began work on a guide for seamen, and ten years later published the first edition of "Bowditch's Practical Navigator," which has been used by thousands of sailors, and which, in revised editions, is still a standard work.

Sometimes supercargoes penetrated to very curious and out-of-the-way places. Mr. Putnam, captain's clerk of the Salem ship *Marmion* in 1810, helped to buy a cargo at Saigon, in Cochin China. There, he says, the party was visited by several women, who "hovered around us with marks of eager curiosity and open mouths. . . . We were informed by Pasqual, our host, that they were merchants . . . and desired to know what merchandise we were in pursuit of, what price we intended to give for sugar and other articles."

He very soon discovered that no business could be done unless a valuable present was made to the governor; and accordingly he sent him "Four gold lamps, four elegant cut-glass decanters, a pair of pistols, some glasses and tumblers, perfumery, cordials, spirits, and a handsome ornamented box." They saw the royal elephants, bought fowls at fifty cents a dozen, were crowded and handled by the dirty natives, talked with an Italian missionary clothed like the natives, were cheated, oppressed and stoned by the populace; but they hung on until they got a cargo.

Another captain's clerk, on the ship *Margaret*, had an experience shared by only one other American ship. The *Margaret* was chartered in 1801 by the Dutch East India Company to take the annual cargo of goods which the Japanese allowed to enter Japan. The ship entered the port of Nagasaki, and the officers were allowed to go on shore, and to partake of a Japanese dinner of "pork, fowls, *meso*, eggs, boiled fish, sweetmeats, cake and various fruits." They went to a temple and a tea-house, and like modern visitors to Japan were amazed at the number of children that they saw on the streets.

The supercargo has long since been superseded by the telegraph cable; it is not necessary to send out an agent with a ship, since there are firms in nearly all the ports who will act as agents; and instructions are cabled from the owner's offices. It is all done on a grand scale now; all the Eastern goods brought to America in the year of largest trade before 1850 could probably now be carried in a single year by one great steamship.

Nowadays business is done more quickly and more cheaply, and merchants no longer get their training by the practical method of sailing to foreign lands and doing business there. The man who a hundred years ago would have been a supercargo now sits at a desk and dictates letters. He has an easier life, but who would not rather sail with Samuel Shaw and John Murray Forbes among the pepper islands and the pirates and the pearl-fishers?



THE SKIPPER

By C. FOX SMITH



ROUGH old nut,
A tough old nut
Of a skipper:
But the right stuff,
Sure enough,
For a racing clipper.


Stiff and sturdy and five foot seven—
Cares for nobody under heaven;
All a-taut-o from truck to keel,
Will like iron and nerves like steel:
Loves his old packet better 'n his life,
Loves her like sweetheart, or child, or wife:
Runs down the easting under all she'll carry,
Hates taking sail off her worse 'n Old Harry!

When winds are baffling, or Trades are slack,
Or she's beating to windward tack and tack,
And the most she's logging is nine or ten,
He's the devil and all to live with then.
He curses the watch and he rows the mates,
Gives steward the jumps till he smashes the plates
And nibbles his nails, and damns the weather,
And wishes the lot at the deuce together.

But oh! it's a different sort of a tale
When the seventeenth knot is over the rail,
With the Forties roaring their blooming best,
And the big seas galloping out of the West,
And the packet rolling her lee-rail under
And shipping it green with a noise like thunder,
And the galley's swamped, and the half-deck's drowned,
And the pots and the kettles are swimming around,
And she's romping through with all she'll stand—
Oh, everything in the garden's grand!
He'll walk the poop, and he'll whistle and sing
As happy and proud as a blooming king,
And he licks his chops, the hoary old sinner,
Like the cabin cat when there's fish for dinner,
And says, as he holds by the weather shrouds
And squints aloft at the hurrying clouds:
"Mister, I reckon it's time, about,
We shook them reefs in her topsails out!"

THE DARING VOYAGE OF JOSHUA BARNEY

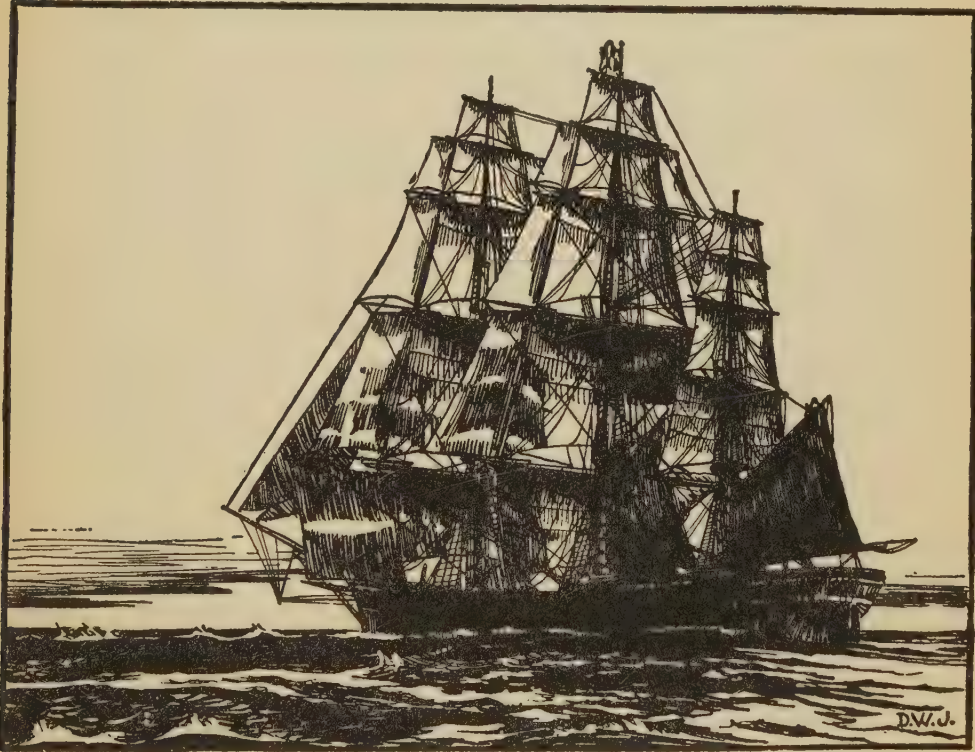
By MARY BARNEY

★  HERE is perhaps no disposition altogether so frigid in its nature, particularly in the outset of life, as not to be susceptible of some glow of enthusiasm in the anticipations, which the recollection of home produces, on the return trip from a first voyage to distant, foreign lands. If the youthful adventurer has left behind him parents, brothers and sisters—companions and friends of his childhood—he feels certain that his return will be welcomed with a kiss of affection; that he will find attentive and delighted listeners to his tales of wonder; that every “peril of waters, winds and rocks,” which he has encountered—and every marvel which he has seen or heard—will have its charm as he recounts it to the beloved circle at home. Half the enjoyment of every wanderer consists in the anticipated pleasure of telling what he has seen, when he returns.

Joshua Barney, just thirteen, home from his first voyage indulged in all these anticipations, with a warmth of feeling proportioned to the natural fervor of his character. Eager as he had shown himself to quit the paternal roof, he was nevertheless tenderly attached to every member of his family, and he looked forward to the moment when he should again embrace them, with a light and joyous heart. In five minutes after he had jumped on shore from the Dublin ship, he was on the well remembered road to the farm at Bare Creek. But young Barney had scarcely time to exchange greetings with his early companions, or to revisit the haunts of his childhood, before he was recalled to his nautical duties. Captain Drysdale to whom he had been apprenticed, had been appointed to the command of a large ship, within a few days after his arrival—she was then ready to take in a cargo; and the services of his young brother-in-law were too

useful, on such an occasion, to be dispensed with by one whose feelings were always under the command of his interest.

For three years, until the close of the year 1774, little of note occurred to Joshua Barney. Several voyages were made, to Cadiz, Genoa, Liverpool, and other ports in Europe, in all of which his scholastic attainments were kept in constant exercise: he kept the



logbook, corrected all the calculations, and had charge of all the ship's accounts, in addition to his nautical labors, and thus fortunately for him passed but little idle time. After the first of these voyages, he was found to have acquired so much proficiency in all the duties of a seaman, that he was advanced to the rank of second mate, with the approbation of the owners, though he was at the time but fourteen years old. It appears, however, that he was not permitted to enjoy the emoluments attached to his rank, which went into the pockets of his avaricious and surly master. But of this,

Barney had certainly no right to complain, since, if we are not mistaken, it is the universal custom for masters to receive the wages earned by their apprentices, though a portion of it may sometimes be given up as a matter of favor and encouragement; and he would probably not have thought the fact worth recording, if he had been treated in other respects with kindness or common civility—but, notwithstanding the great profit which in more than one sense Captain Drysdale derived from his services, his conduct towards his young brother-in-law (to use his own words) “was always very severe and brutal.” It rarely happens otherwise, where family connections enter into the additional relation of master and apprentice—the one generally expects a greater degree of indulgence than strict justice will admit, while the other, perhaps, too often exercises his double authority with a double portion of rigor, to avoid the censure of partiality from other apprentices. But as Barney was not the only individual on board Drysdale’s ship, who found occasion to complain of his tyranny and ill treatment, we have no right to believe that his character of the man is overcharged or prejudiced. Drysdale’s temper was no doubt naturally violent and despotic, and the command of a ship is proverbially apt to render the gentlest temper a little savage.

On the 22nd of December, 1774, Captain Drysdale, sailed from Baltimore, with a valuable cargo of wheat, for Nice, then a dependency of the Kingdom of Sardinia. The ship had scarcely cleared the Capes of Virginia before she sprung a leak, and upon examination it was discovered that her pump-well had sustained a serious damage, which it would be impossible to repair at sea. This determined the captain to put back, and run the ship into Norfolk. Here it became necessary, so rapidly did the leak increase, to discharge a portion of the cargo. Such a disaster, at the commencement of a voyage, was enough to discompose the calmest nature; and we may well suppose, that it did not fail to have its fullest effect upon the irritability of Captain Drysdale. Whether any blame of neglect or oversight was justly imputable to either of the mates, or whether the occurrence was one of those latent and mysterious operations of Providence by which human destiny is governed, it appears that the ire of the captain, with or without cause, fell upon the first mate:—this officer, it seems, was not of a disposition to bear reproof, in the

rough and insulting language in which it was the pleasure of the captain to deal it out; he retorted; a quarrel ensued; and the result was that the first mate left the ship. His place was not supplied—the ship went to sea—a few days afterwards Captain Drysdale was taken ill, and died in a week—and our young apprentice was thus left, on the midst of the wide Atlantic, to his own untried, unassisted, energies.

The responsibility attached to the government and guardianship of a large crew, a valuable cargo, and a leaky ship, is, under the most favorable circumstances, one of awful consideration: the most callous and experienced commander, suddenly and unexpectedly thrown upon his sole resources, where the care, and the toil, and the accountability had before been shared with others, would hardly maintain a perfect tranquillity, on such an occasion. But all these sources of anxiety and perturbation now pressed upon the bosom of a lad not yet sixteen years of age! To minds of ordinary grasp and expansion, the situation to which young Barney was placed would have been appalling: the novelty and magnitude of the charge would have been overwhelming. There was not another individual on board above the rank, or ordinary character, of a common sailor—would have benefited him, on any exigency beyond the immediate not one with whom he could consult, or associate; or whose advice sphere of a seaman's labors:—the ship was old, and, notwithstanding the recent repairs made upon her at Norfolk, still leaked to an alarming degree. But Barney was neither dismayed by the additional weight of care and responsibility which thus devolved upon him, nor depressed by the perilous condition of the ship; he neither shrunk from the one, nor gave way to despondence at the contemplation of the other. On the contrary, his courage rose with the occasion; with a noble daring, worthy of his future fame, he assumed the command of the ship on the instant; and determined at every hazard, to pursue the voyage originally marked out for his deceased master. The crew (who were probably deceived, by an appearance of maturity and a manliness of deportment and action much above his years, into a belief that he was much older than he really was), submitted to his orders with a respectful alacrity of obedience—which is not always yielded even to age and experience, particularly under the loose discipline of the merchant service; and testified by

their conduct on all occasions the most implicit confidence in his nautical skill and qualifications. If the crew had been differently composed, and there had been among them any who could have fancied themselves intellectually superior or equal to the stripling who assumed the sole direction of all, it is hardly to be questioned that his authority would have been disputed, the propriety of his orders canvassed, comparisons of competency made, and his command in the end controlled, or himself perhaps deposed. But all were alike conscious of inferiority, and the principle of self-preservation operated upon each to render the subordination complete.

The first care of the young commander was, of course, to pay the accustomed funeral honors to the remains of his deceased captain and brother-in-law. To suppose that he felt any inordinate grief at the death of one who had never treated him with kindness, would be absurd and unnatural; but he remembered that the deceased had been the husband of his sister, and as he committed the body to the deep, he dropped a tear of heartfelt sympathy for an event that made her a widow.—This melancholy duty over, he began to look to the condition of the ship; every thought brought with it new dangers—the leak increased so rapidly that incessant labors at the pumps was found insufficient to keep her free, and it became necessary, in addition, to employ several of the hands in the constant toil of bailing with buckets from the fore-peak and after-run. To add to their perils, as they entered the passage into the Mediterranean, a severe gale came on and the struggling ship heaved and groaned, like some living, agonized monster, as she labored to mount the swell—opposing waves at every moment threatening to engulf her in their yawning abyss; and the stoutest heart on board began to look at each recurring surge with less and less of hope.

To attempt to gain the port of Nice, even should they weather the storm, with a ship in such condition, would have been an act of madness—Gibraltar was within sight and offered the only hope of safety. Barney therefore determined to bear up for that port, which by the blessing of Providence they reached, after infinite distress and suffering, at the critical moment of their fate—in one hour more, the ship must inevitably have gone down. The moment he thought it possible for him to gain the shore in his boat, he ordered it lowered down, and with four of his men proceeded to seek such aid as the

emergency required. He had hardly rowed beyond hail of the ship, when he perceived that those left on board had hoisted a signal of distress, and that she was visibly sinking. This determined him to change his original purpose, and instead of proceeding to the landing, he boarded several of the ships that were lying in the harbor, and making his situation known, procured immediate assistance to be sent to his men. Thus assuring their present safety, he steered again for the shore, where he found access to the proper authorities, and obtained permission to bring his ship into the King's Dock.

Having happily accomplished these initial measures towards providing for the safety of his charge, he next made application to the Vice-Admiralty Court, by petition, to appoint a commission of survey on the ship. The prayer of the petition was granted without difficulty; and upon the report of the surveyors, the Court subsequently ordered a part of the cargo to be discharged. It appeared, fortunately, upon the further examination which this enabled the surveyors to make, that the cargo had sustained very little damage; but as to the ship, it was found that very extensive repairs would be necessary, to put her in a fit condition to pursue her voyage—and that several months would probably be consumed in the work.

Here then was another call upon the mental energies of our youthful commander:—the danger to life excepted, the dilemma in which he was now called upon to act, was more calculated to perplex and dismay him than the worst he had yet encountered. He was in a foreign port, surrounded by entire strangers, who might be interested in giving him wrong advice: he appeared as commander of a ship on the roll of which he was rated as an "apprentice," and with nothing but the log-book, which was in his own writing, to exhibit in confirmation of his claim; he was totally ignorant of the character of the owners at home, and equally unacquainted with that of the consignees abroad;—with a cargo liable to perish from the leak in the vessel, on the one hand; or in danger of being swallowed up in the expense of stopping that leak, on the other. What to decide? should he remain inactive until he could write home and receive orders? or should he act for himself, and add to the weight of accountability already upon his shoulders by incurring a heavy debt? And again; if he decided to venture upon the expense, and delay of repairs, would it be best to discharge his crew, in whom he

had confidence and who had proved by their conduct that they reposed equal confidence in him, and take the risk of shipping another when they should be wanted, who might not prove to be so submissive and obedient—or retain them, at whatever cost?—These were important matters of deliberation, and as puzzling as they were important, to one of so little experience. His final decision was probably that which the soundest judgment and discretion would have made, in like circumstances; but it is hardly to be doubted, that he owed his immunity from censure less to the good sense of his decision, than to the good fortune which stamped it with the sanction of ultimate success.

When he had taken this resolution, it became necessary to seek the acquaintance of some commercial house, who might be willing upon the only security which he could offer, to make the advances that would be required to pay for the repairs and the support of himself and crew. He called for this purpose upon the respectable firm of "Murray and Son," and having given them a true account of his troubles and embarrassments, finished by asking them to become his bankers. With a kind and friendly promptitude that evinced the benevolence of their character, these gentlemen at once expressed their willingness to help him through his difficulties, and to make all required advances; and as a commencement of their agency, the junior partner accompanied him forthwith to place the ship in the hands of the proper workmen. Thus was one heavy load of anxiety taken from his mind.

With all the industry and diligence that could be exerted by the carpenters, overlooked as they were by the constant vigilance of Barney, three months expired before the ship was pronounced ready for sea. The advances made by Messrs Murray and Son during this time, amounted to seven hundred pounds sterling—an enormous sum in those days, and likely to hang with the weight of a millstone around the neck of the unauthorized prodigal, if he should live to present himself before the American owners! But it was too late now to hang back—the thing was done; and all that remained, was to complete his security to the merchants. He executed Bond to the Messrs Murray, according to agreement, making it "payable ten days after arrival at Nice," and the renovated ship was delivered up to him.

Notwithstanding the friendly readiness with which Messrs. Murray and Son had opened their purse to the young stranger, and accepted the security offered for reimbursement, there was probably some slight apprehension on their part, seeing that the advances had far exceeded the original calculations of either party,—an apprehension which was certainly very natural and excusable under the circumstances, and which was not at all inconsistent with the purest character of benevolence—that it might not be altogether safe or prudent to trust the ship out of their sight, in the hands of one so young and legally irresponsible. Whether from this apprehension, however, or some other motive wholly connected with the transaction, Mr. Murray, Junior, proposed to take passage with Barney to Nice—an arrangement with which, in whatever it originated, the latter was not only content, but in the highest degree gratified and delighted, as it insured to him the continued society of an accomplished gentleman, and promised the further benefit of a proper introduction to the merchants at Nice to whom his cargo was consigned and belonged.

Thus were the first perils and difficulties of the voyage overcome; and, with a lightened heart, exulting in the victory over hazards and obstacles to which most inexperienced youths would have succumbed in despair, our captain, (we may now certainly give him that title, for no man ever more richly merited it) accompanied by his friend Mr. Murray, took leave of Gibraltar, and stood for his original port of destination. On arriving at Nice, it was unexpectedly found that the ship's draught was too great for the depth of water in the harbor, and they were compelled to put into Villa Franco, a small port two miles to the eastward. Here the two gentlemen landed, and proceeded immediately to visit the owners of the cargo at Nice. They were politely received, and Barney took care before he left them to procure their assumption of the payment of his Bond at the time specified, and thus relieve his ship from the obligation of the Bond. The merchants made no difficulty whatever in giving their promise; and in full reliance upon their good faith, and believing that all his difficulties were now surmounted, Barney returned to his ship, and began forthwith to discharge, and send round in lighters, so much of the cargo as was sufficient to reduce the ship's draught, and enable her to take him to Nice. By the time

this purpose was accomplished the "ten days after arrival" had elapsed; and following Shylock's advice to "look to his Bond," though not a shadow of doubt had crossed his mind as to the honorable character of those with whom he had to deal, he called upon the merchants "merely to make inquiry." But how was he astonished, disappointed, and chagrined, to learn, that instead of redeeming the pledge they had made to him with such readiness and



apparent sincerity, they not only had not paid, but peremptorily refused to pay, a single penny of the money!

These dealers in quirks and quibbles had, probably, in the progress of the "ten days," consulted their men of law, and had been advised by them, that neither they nor the ship could be legally held responsible for the contracts of a minor and apprentice. But such law, if such law there were, formed no part of the code by which young Barney had resolved to regulate his intercourse with the

world. He could not understand the subtleties of distinction between law and justice: he regarded his word to Mr. Murray to the full as binding him as the most legally unexceptionable bond: he had given what he honestly intended to be an available security upon the ship's cargo; and so long as he was recognized as the master, he would consider her as liable for the debt contracted—and upon the failure of other means of payment, he would instantly have delivered her up to Mr. Murray without subjecting him to the trouble of a process at law. But while he felt thus bound in honor and gratitude to see the Gibraltar firm repaid for their disinterested kindness, he was at the same time too proud of his command to give up the ship, without some effort to compel the faithless merchants to a performance of their promise. With this view, when he left the counting-house of the merchants, he hastened back to his ship, shut down the hatches, and refused to deliver another grain of the wheat, until the bond should be paid and his bond cancelled. In vain did the merchants plead, remonstrate, and menace; his resolution was not to be shaken:—he was summoned to appear before the Governor of the district, and this high dignitary, with all the arrogance of his authority, commanded him *instantly* to resume the suspended delivery of his cargo, “or dread the consequences!” But the frowns and threats of man had no power to intimidate the lion heart of Joshua Barney. He stood as firm and unsubdued before His Excellency, as he had done before the merchants, and persisted with equal steadiness in his refusal to deliver any more of the cargo, until the claim of Mr. Murray should be satisfied. The Governor was highly incensed at thus being bearded and defied in the very fortress of his power, and ordered the presumptuous stripling to quit his presence.—Barney very composedly retired; but on reaching the bottom of the stairs which led from the chamber of audience, he found himself rather unexpectedly surrounded by a guard of soldiers, who arrested and dragged him off without ceremony to prison.

Such a termination of his adventures had not entered into the calculations of Barney; but nevertheless, the horrors of a dungeon did not for a moment weaken the courage, or depress the spirits, of this dauntless and intrepid youth. After a few hours of solitary reflection, however, he began to perceive the little utility there would

be in continuing a contest, powerless and unsupported as he was, against the whole authority of a city, military, and municipal, the executive officer of which had given evidence that he acted from the impulse of passion, and was restrained by no respect either for the laws of nations or the rights of hospitality. It was plain, even to his inexperience, that his incarceration was the arbitrary act of an individual, not likely to be moved by any suggestion of reason or humanity, and who might extend its term to any indefinite period which his own despotic will or caprice might determine to be expedient: it was equally certain, that, so long as he remained in prison he could not hope to accomplish his desire of justice, either to his owners, to his friend Mr. Murray, or to himself. It further occurred to him as not at all improbable, that a Governor thus disposed to play the tyrant, might seize upon the pretext of his obstinacy to commit the still greater outrage of confiscating the ship—an apprehension which affected him more than any fear of danger to himself. He thought that, under all the circumstances, it would be no dereliction of the principles of honor or morality to resort to a little dissimulation, for the purpose of effecting his liberation. He had been told, when thus thrust into prison, that his release would be the immediate consequence of his assenting to an unconditional delivery of the cargo: he believed that an assent so given, upon compulsion, could not in conscience be considered as binding a moment after he should be freed from restraint;—and in short, he argued himself into the persuasion, that he would be perfectly justifiable in putting on a show of submission, which he was as far as ever from intending to realize when he should be once more in a situation to resist. He, accordingly, caused it to be communicated to the officer who held him in charge, that he was ready to yield the point in contest and accept his liberty upon the terms offered: his prison door was immediately opened and he was told that he was free.

Being once more upon the deck of his ship—upon his own territory and within his own castle, as it may be said—he changed his tone of submission, proclaimed that he no longer felt himself bound to observe the condition of release which necessity had forced him to accept, and reasserted his determination to hold the cargo until his bond was paid according to promise, or until superior force compelled him to relinquish it. Short as had been his intercourse with

the world, and little as he knew of international customs and courtesies, he was well aware that, if any outrage were committed against him while he stood upon the deck of his ship, under the protection of his flag (the British) which he had taken care to hoist the moment he got on board—the insult would be regarded as a national affair; and he did not believe that the Governor, reckless and impetuous as he had shown himself, would venture to incur the probable consequence of such an issue. But he was mistaken in the character of the Governor: this haughty representative of his Sardinian majesty was either too short-sighted to see the risk, or too madly daring to fear it—upon being informed of the persuasive contumacy of the young commander, he despatched an officer, with a strong military accompaniment, on board, with orders to break up the hatches, proceed to discharge the cargo and remain on board until the whole was unladen. If Barney's means had equalled his will to resist this arbitrary and outrageous procedure, it cannot be doubted that there would have been a severe struggle for victory; but not only did the soldiers greatly outnumber his crew, but the latter were entirely unarmed, and every way unprepared to enter into contest with a military force. He, therefore, gave the officer to understand, that he should consider his vessel as *captured* by a superior, lawless force, and should abandon her; but, added he, "I shall leave my colors flying, that there may be no pretence hereafter of ignorance as to the *nation* to which this insult has been offered." The officer looked astonished, and disclaimed all intention to take possession; but, without further parley, Barney called his crew together and retired from the ship. He boarded one of the English vessels in the harbor, obtained for his men a kind and hospitable reception on board, until he should be able to provide for them, and then landed, to seek out his only friend, Mr. Murray.

If any reader should feel disposed to censure the conduct of young Barney as rash, imprudent, obstinate, and, in the affair of his release from prison, insincere, we pray him to remember that he wanted yet several months of being sixteen years old!—that the predicaments in which he was placed were beset with difficulties—and that the course which, in every instance he adopted, was that which was most likely to bring personal vexation and trouble upon himself, and least likely to injure the interests of which he was

guardian for others. The correspondents of his American owners, the persons from whom he had the best right to expect friendship and advice, were his adversaries and accusers—their influence seemed to be paramount—and in short, every occurrence tended to convince him, that he must either quietly submit to the grossest injustice and imposition, or rely solely on his own energies.

Mr. Murray, who had by this time begun to feel an interest in what was passing far beyond any which the jeopardy of his bond could have excited, received his young friend at his lodgings with every demonstration of sincere regard and sympathy; and when Barney announced his determination to set out forthwith for Milan, in order to lay a representation of the whole affair before the British Ambassador at the Court of Sardinia, Mr. Murray at once proposed to accompany him, to aid him with his advice and purse, so far as either might become necessary. Nothing could have been more grateful to the feelings of Barney than his friendly proposal; for, although he wanted no further financial assistance, and had already decided in his own mind upon the method of appeal to the English minister, still, to have the agreeable company of his friend on an occasion of journey so entirely novel to him, was a pleasure which he had scarcely dared to promise himself, and for which he did not fail to express himself in suitable terms of acknowledgment. They had no preparations to make for the journey, and at an early hour next morning they were on the road to the Italian capital.

Sir William Lynch was, at this period, his Britannic Majesty's representative at the Court of Sardinia—a gentleman not less distinguished for courtesy and urbanity of demeanor, than for the boldness, promptitude and energy of his diplomacy. To this able minister our travellers found no difficulty in obtaining immediate access. Barney, being the party complainant, took upon himself the task of explaining the circumstances which had led to this trespass upon the Baronet's time and attention. He did this in plain, unstudied terms; and, more from an unaffected indifference to all considerations merely personal, than from any preconceived purpose of more effectually enlisting the feelings of the minister, he passed slightly over the outrage committed against himself and expatiated with great warmth on the insult offered to the English flag. The fiery indignation of the young narrator, as he proceeded in describ-

ing the invasion of his ship by the soldiery, communicated itself to Sir William; and on the same day, this prompt and efficient minister addressed the proper remonstrance to His Sardinian Majesty. Three days afterwards—such was the stirring effect of his mode of negotiation—he caused it to be communicated to Barney that he might return to Nice, as measures had already been taken to arrange everything there to his satisfaction!

It was not without some misgivings as to the likelihood of finding the minister's promises so speedily realized, that the two friends began to retrace their road to Nice. They could hardly believe that any influence could be so powerful as to accomplish so much in so short a time; but even before they reached their journey's end, their incredulity was converted into the profoundest admiration of Sir William's power. For, at the distance of two leagues before Nice, they were met by the offending Governor and his suite, literally cap in hand, who were anxiously expecting their return, ready to make any atonement that might be demanded! The change in the demeanor of His Excellency was ludicrous in the extreme, and Barney could scarcely refrain from laughing in his face at his endeavors to conciliate him whom, but a few days before, he had as a "presumptuous stripling" dismissed from his presence. He began to entertain a high respect for the arts of diplomacy and the peculiar talents of Sir William Lynch.

Within an hour after his return to Nice, his bond to the Messrs. Murray was discharged, the full amount of his freight paid, and the whole expenses of his journey to Milan reimbursed. The Governor paid him a formal visit on board his ship, apologized again and again for the trouble he had caused him, and offered to pay him any sum he chose to demand, by way of satisfaction for the few hours' imprisonment which he had been made to suffer. But the young American spurned the idea of pecuniary indemnity for his individual wrongs, and created great surprise in the Governor by what was thought to be the "unexampled generosity of his acknowledgment, that all his injuries had already been amply redressed." This contemptible magistrate, and royal deputy, however, was unable to comprehend the spirit that could profess to be satisfied with mere words, when the more solid apology of ducats and piastres awaited his option, and fearing, perhaps, that something more terrible than

the rebuke which he had already received from his royal master still remained behind, to be called down upon his head at the pleasure of this extraordinary youth whose character he had so widely mistaken, he humbled himself to solicit a written acknowledgment, that all causes of complaint were removed. This, Barney saw no reason to refuse; and during the few days that he afterwards remained at Nice, the Governor continued to be profuse in his attentions and offers of service.

All his affairs being now happily arranged, Barney was soon ready to prosecute his voyage. The story of his dispute, with, and triumph over, the merchants and Governor of Nice, had for several days been the talk of the city gossips, and before his departure he received visits of compliment and congratulation from all the English captains in the port. Such remarks of distinction had seldom been shown to any master of a merchant vessel, young or old; but they excited no emotion of vanity in the naturally lofty and independent spirit of Barney; he had no idea that he had done anything more than ought to have been expected of every man in the same situation, and he would have been far from regarding it as a compliment to have been told that less was expected from him. Every moment that he could spare from the calls of duty, was passed with his friend Mr. Murray, who, though many years his senior, had from their first interview treated him as an equal, and to this circumstance may be attributed the fondness of Barney for his society, and the lasting advantages he derived from his instructive conversation. The attachment which they formed for each other on this occasion, was never interrupted. Mr. Murray, though he had no longer any business to detain him at Nice; delayed his departure until his young friend was ready to sail; they then took an affectionate leave of each other, and weighed anchor almost at the same moment for their respective destinations.

The orders under which Barney acted, carried him from Nice to Alicant, in Spain, where he arrived some time in the month of June, 1775—and, as if Providence had designed that his first voyage as commander should be signalized by every variety of incident that could most effectually try his temper, his courage, and his skill, the moment of his arrival was that in which his Catholic Majesty was fitting out his memorable expedition against Algiers. The subse-

quence was that Barney shared the fate of every other master of a vessel then in the port of Alicant, English as well as others; that is, he was detained and employed in the service of the expedition. The army, consisting of nearly thirty thousand men, under the command of the unfortunate Irish General, the Count O'Reilly, were for the most part already embarked. Six line-of-battle-ships, double that number of frigates, and galliots, xebecs, bombs and other armed vessels of various descriptions, amounting in the whole to fifty-one—with three hundred and forty-four transports, all under the command of Admiral Don Pedro de Castijon—constituted the fleet destined to convey and cooperate with the land forces; and the whole together formed one of the most splendid and formidable martial arrays, that Europe had ever before witnessed. It had been often remarked that no sight in the world is more animating than a large ship, with all her canvas spread to the breeze: the dullest spirit is roused at beholding the mighty fabric moving upon the face of the waters as if endued with life and sensation: what then must have been the effect upon the heart of a young mariner, whose every pulse throbbed with professional enthusiasm, as he viewed for the first time, under full sail, nearly four hundred of these ocean castles, all gorgeously decked with the pomp and circumstance of glorious war! It was a sight which he could never forget; and he would have regarded even the chance of seeing it—much more that of sharing, in however humble a degree, its anticipated honors—as cheaply purchased by far greater personal inconveniences than anyone could derive from a few days' or weeks' detention. But what a difference was there between the going forth and the coming back of this proud and magnificent armada!

On the day previous to the sailing of the fleet, there was a grand ceremonial in the church of San Francisco, and prayers were offered for the success of the expedition—after which the Count O'Reilly delivered an oration, which was of course unintelligible to Barney, who had only yet picked up a few Spanish words, in his limited intercourse with the natives of Alicant. It was received, however, with marks of applause by a crowded audience, and everybody seemed already to envy the laurels, which nobody doubted the commander-in-chief would gather from the Moors he was going to exterminate! The result of the expedition is well known—instead

of returning with the expected crown of victory, the unhappy Count came back to receive the curses of a disappointed, disgraced and infuriated country. The historical details of this great blot upon the chivalry of Spain are for the most part confused and contradictory, all the officers of rank engaged in it being alternately censured and excused, according to the personal feelings of the writer;—that there were egregious blunders committed in the mode of attack, is beyond all question; but by whom, will in all probability never be truly known.

When Barney reached Alicant, one of the first things he heard was that a serious disagreement existed between the Count O'Reilly and the Spanish Admiral Don Pedro de Castijon; of its causes nothing was said, but it seemed to be the general impression, that they sailed from Alicant with a mutual determination to work the ruin of each other—at least it can hardly be doubted, that, with the heads of the two branches of the armament thus at variance, there could be no concerted plan of cooperation, and without that, it was impossible that a successful disembarkation could be made, in the face of an expecting enemy.

It was on the 1st of July that the fleet anchored in the Bay of Algiers, and here they lay, in full view of an enemy more than four times their number, until the 7th, before any attempt was made to effect a landing. The interval, according to a rumor which prevailed throughout the fleet, was spent in a succession of disgraceful controversies between the principal officers, as to the proper point and mode of attack. On the day mentioned, the launches, with about one third of the troops on board, made a movement towards the shore; but, being unsupported by the naval force, they returned to their transports, having accomplished nothing by the demonstration but to prepare the enemy for their future reception. Another, and final effort was made on the succeeding morning, the galleys and some of the ships of war making a simultaneous movement to cover the disembarkation; and if ever troops were led to the slaughter, without even a *forlorn hope* of escape, it was on this occasion. The enemy covered the extensive plain that rose from the beach at the point of landing, in number exceeding, at the lowest calculation, one hundred thousand, the greater part of which were cavalry, and all ready to show the Moorish welcome to unbidden guests. The

several divisions of Spanish troops, without waiting to be supported, or even to form on the beach as they landed, and displaying more bravery than prudence and discipline, moved on in rapid, confused and eager march to the unequal and fatal contest. They were met by the Moorish horses, within less than musket shot from the beach, and repulsed at every charge with tremendous slaughter. The Spaniards fought with the desperate valor of devoted men; but what could human courage effect against the overwhelming disparity of force that everywhere surrounded them! By the time the last boats had touched the beach with the troops which had been destined as a part of the first column of attack, the disorder was inextricable; and such was the unbroken and irresistible impetuosity of the Moorish cavalry, that all attempts to repair the first error of the Spanish assailants were found to be ineffectual. The victory of the Moors was already complete; the Spaniards were driven back upon their boats in the extreme disorder and confusion, and so vigorously were they pursued by the mounted Moors, that many of them were cut down in the very act of jumping into the launches. To bring off their dead, or even to take care of their wounded, was therefore not thought of; and the discomfited, abased, and mortified survivors, after returning to their ships, had the additional shame and horror of witnessing a sight that must have preyed upon their hearts to the hour of death—their killed *and wounded* companions, that were left upon the field of battle, were thrown together in undistinguishable piles and burned before their eyes!

The fleet returned immediately to Alicante, and the ships that had been pressed into the service as transports were discharged. Barney's business at this port was soon concluded, and he took his departure for Baltimore—leaving the exasperated community of Alicante, denouncing the bitterest vengeance upon the unfortunate Count O'Reilly and pouring out execrations upon every officer, by turns, who had the misfortune to belong to such an expedition, from which they had expected such different, such glorious results. As he passed the Straits of Gibraltar, Barney could not resist the opportunity of paying his high respects to the Murrays—he passed a night with them of the highest social enjoyment; and the next morning at an early hour, he turned his back upon the far famed columns of Hercules, and once more took his course upon the broad Atlantic.

He entered the Chesapeake Bay on the 1st of October, and was soon afterwards boarded by an officer from the British sloop of war *Kingfisher*, who, after searching his ship and taking possession of all the letters and the few arms that were found on board, gave him the exciting information that his countrymen were in a state of rebellion, and that two battles had already been fought, at Lexington, and Bunker Hill. Barney literally devoured this news, and was scarcely restrained by the presence of His Majesty's loyal officers, and gaping mouths of the *Kingfisher*, from making such an exhibition of his own rebellious spirit as would in all probability have subjected him to detention, at least, if not to severe punishment; but fortunately for him, his discretion prevailed, and he was permitted to proceed. He had been too little at home from his twelfth year, to hear much of the rumbling which so long preceded the great political storm now at hand; and if the idea of a revolution had ever entered his mind, it was as of some far distant future event the glories of which might have been faintly shadowed to his youthful fancy, but never with such distinctness, even in his wildest dream of ambition, as to leave the impression of his own participation. But here it was,—just beginning to develop its teeming dangers and honors, at the very moment that he himself was bursting into the first vigor of youth, and panting for opportunities of distinction. Could it be true? And would he indeed have a chance of drawing a sword in the service of his country? If he could have added wings to his ship, or fleetness to the breeze that was wafting her gently along the smooth surface of the Chesapeake, the days that intervened before he stood upon the shore of his native city would have been converted into minutes—so eager was he to hear a confirmation of the news. When at last he landed, and saw and heard on every hand the din of preparation, and listened to the groups of old and young as they recounted at corners and public places the story of his country's wrongs, and the long catalogue of British tyranny and injustice, his heart grew big, his whole frame dilated—he felt himself already a *Commodore!*—and glowing with the pride of this anticipated promotion, he suddenly, and unannounced, presented himself in the counting-house of the plain, plodding, sour old merchant, who owned the good ship, *Sidney*. The old gentleman raised his eyes from the ledger (the mysterious pages of which he was in-

tently studying,) and fixed them with an inquisitive stare upon the young intruder. "Who are *you*, sir?" at length escaped from him, in a tone of surly impatience. "I am Joshua Barney, master of your ship, just arrived!" "Master of my ship, are you, sir? And how dare *you*, sir, an *apprentice boy*, presume to take command of a ship of *mine*?" The apprentice boy turned upon him a look of calm disdain, and throwing upon the desk before him the ship's papers and other documents of the voyage which he had brought in his hand. "Read these!" said he, and without further reply walked to the window, where he amused himself in looking at the various individuals that passed to and fro. The merchant in the meantime took up the bundle of papers, pulled down his spectacles from the top of his head, and was soon profoundly interested in the perusal. The operation was slow—time wore away, and Barney's patience began to wear with it: he had counted every brick in the opposite house, and read every sign, backwards and forwards, as far as he could see them up and down the street—he coughed—walked to the fire—trod upon the toes of the great watch-dog that lay stretched before it, and knocked down the poker. Everything has its end—the last paper was at length read, and carefully refolded: the old gentleman lifted his spectacles once more above his forehead, and rising from his seat with an agility that little belonged to his ordinary motions, he advanced to the young seaman, seized his hand, and giving it a hearty shake with both his own, exclaimed, "*Captain* Barney, you are welcome home, sir! I am *glad* to see you! I congratulate you heartily upon your safe return! your conduct meets my cordial approbation, sir, and I am proud to find that I have so deserving a young man in my employ. Take a seat, sir; we shall see what's to be done immediately!" The compellation with which the venerable merchant commenced this flattering address, was more soothing than all the rest of the compliment:—to be called "*captain*," by one who had the legitimate right to bestow such titles, was indeed an honor to be prized; it wiped away all remembrance of his insulting reception, and when the business of the interview was finished, he made his retiring bow in the firm persuasion that John Smith was one of the first merchants in the world!

Thus ended this truly eventful voyage—the ship had been absent nearly nine months, during the last eight of which Barney had been

her commander, though at the moment of his arrival but sixteen years and three months old. He had already gone through scenes, and triumphed over difficulties, such as occur to few seamen in the course of a long life spent in navigation. If he had not always acted with the prudence that belongs only to experience he had at least on no occasion failed to show that he possessed the requisite courage and perseverance to follow to its consummation the course he believed to be proper, to defend the interests entrusted to him, and to maintain his own rights; and if success in enterprise be the test of merit or of talents, he had abundant reason to be conscious of eminent desert.



NAVIGATION



By CAPTAIN FELIX RIESENBERG

40492

NAVIGATION is one of those all-embracing words capable of a half dozen applications hit or miss. The landman seldom has the slightest notion of what it means, in its strict seagoing application. To the youngster going to sea, in the deck division of the business, it is the great barrier to preferment. A lad must have education and brains enough to become a navigator, or his way toward the bridge is forever barred. In the old days when mutinies were still in vogue, the first question, among the mutineers, was that of having a navigator enlisted with the scoundrels. Hundreds of good sea stories hinge upon this vital point. "After we take her, who can bring her into port?"

Navigation sets up an intelligence test for the men at sea. It demands a certain minimum of brains. The result has been that a great many men have become navigators and, finding the thing a science of tremendous fascination, they have perfected themselves and have even extended their research into other fields. I have met poor grammarians who were good navigators, but I have never met a good navigator who was not an exceptionally intelligent man.

There are many "captains" who are not navigators, who cannot

locate themselves at sea, once out of sight of land and left to their own devices. It is the one science in which no margin whatever is left for the faker. You know your beans, or you do not. All of this brings us to the point where we may consider navigation as a great developer of character.

In almost every other profession a man may safely differ from his colleagues in many points of practice. One doctor will prescribe salts and another will advise and even insist upon pale pills. It makes little difference, or if it does only one patient is killed at a time, and the doctor has a chance to name the cause of the disaster himself. The navigator, on the other hand, rides with the disaster, and he is certain to be definitely blamed if anything goes wrong and he survives.

It is an applied science full of thrilling situations, of action and of great glowing satisfactions, of rewards beyond the price list on life's strange bill of fare. One of my cherished memories is a certain ex-meridian of the planet Jupiter, picked out of a rift in the clouds on a wild run south from Coronel to Cape Pillar. I had the mid-watch. We were bucking a sou'wester, plunging into heavy seas, deep-laden with sugar and bunkers, and depending upon dead reckoning for our position.

According to our reckoning we were to the north of Pillar and would haul in for the western entrance of Magellan at day-break. I picked off the star shortly after midnight. Calculations gave me Jupiter near the meridian. I worked the sight and got a latitude well south of our supposed location. I worked it again and called Captain McDonald.

"Work it again, Mister," he advised.

"Same result, Captain."

"That puts us mighty far south; off the shores of Desolation Island. Well? Well?" He thought a while and then changed course to the northeast. Just before daybreak we sighted the light winking dead ahead.

Perhaps, if we had not got the fix, we would have drawn in, heading southeast, after daybreak, running down toward a very foul and poorly charted coast, the weather rather hazy and seas high. Ships have done this sort of thing and have discovered rocks that have never been reported.

I was a tremendous enthusiast, in my youth, on the subject of navigation. John D. McDonald, later an admiral, was my first instructor in the science, on the old *St. Mary's*. I saw the smart navigators of the transatlantic lanes working as they do today. I served with a great navigator, the late Captain George Morrison, of the old steamship *Texan*, an old-timer who measured lunar distances and kept a navigation log that was a work of art. Once I got a bearing of the planet Mercury; we were off the coast of Brazil, and the old man was as pleased as if we had picked up a half hundred-weight of ambergris.

The adjusting of a magnetic compass was always a bugbear to the youngster at sea. Once I bought an old *Admiralty Manual* on this abstruse subject and nearly got brain fever trying to understand it. One of our engineers, a first assistant who dabbled in the calculus, claimed he could follow the mathematics. "But can you adjust a compass?" I asked, and he had to admit he could not.

New things have come into navigation; all are only new applications of the discovery of that immortal American shipmaster, Captain Thomas H. Sumner, who deduced the principle of the line of position in 1837, and published his great advance in navigation to the world. The world is dotted with monuments to men of far lesser fame.



A TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE IN 1815

By WASHINGTON IRVING

IN TRAVELING by land there is a continuity of scene, and a connected succession of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthening chain" at each remove of our pilgrimage; but the chain is unbroken; we can trace it back link by link; and we feel that the last of them grapples us to home. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes—a gulf, subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, that makes distance palpable, and return precarious.

Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation, before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all that was most dear to me in life; what vicissitudes might occur in it—what changes might take place in me before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence; or when he may return; or whether it may be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?

I said, that at sea all is vacancy; I should correct the expression. To one given to day dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-

railing or climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea;—to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon; fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own;—to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols; shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus, slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me: of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth, and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention; that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge, and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked, for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew?

Their struggle has long been over—they have gone down amidst

the roar of the tempest—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship; what prayers offered up at the desired fire-side of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known, is that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more!”

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp, in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain:

“As I was once sailing,” said he, “in a fine, stout ship, across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead, even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing smacks which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of ‘a sail a-head!’—it was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with a broadside toward us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amid-ships. The force, the size, the weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the

wind. The blast that bore it to our ears, swept us all out of all farther hearing. I shall never forget the cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal-guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never saw or heard anything of them more."

I confess the stories, for a time, put an end to all my fine fancies. The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning that quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance, or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water; her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but the dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funereal wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulk-heads, as the ship labored in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the side of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey; the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favoring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled, and careening gaily over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant, she appears—how she seems to lord it over the deep! I might fill a

volume with the reveries of a sea voyage; for with me it is almost a continual reverie—but it is time to get to shore.

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast-head. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time, until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains towering into the clouds! all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass-plots. I saw the mouldering ruin of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill—all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favorable, that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relations. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognize each other. I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanor. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated; when I heard a faint voice call her name.—It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade, but of late his illness had so increased that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might

see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognize him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features: it read, at once, a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.



BOUND HOMEWARD FROM THE HORN

By RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

IT IS usual, in voyages round the Cape from the Pacific, to keep to the eastward of the Falkland Islands; but as it had now set in a strong, steady, and clear south-wester, with every prospect of its lasting, and we had enough of high latitudes, the captain determined to stand immediately toward the northward, running inside the Falkland Islands. Accordingly, when the wheel was relieved at eight o'clock, the order was given to keep her due north, and all hands were turned up to square away the yards and make sail. In a moment, the news ran through the ship that the captain was keeping her off, with her nose straight for Boston, and Cape Horn over her taffrail. It was a moment of enthusiasm. Everyone was on the alert, and even two sick men turned out to lend a hand at the halyards. The wind was now due southwest, and blowing a gale to which a vessel close hauled could have shown no more than a single close-reefed sail; but as we were going before it, we could carry on. Accordingly, hands were sent aloft, and a reef shaken out of the topsails, and the reefed fore-sail set. When we came to mast-head the topsail yards, with all hands at the halyards, we struck up "Cheerily, men," with a chorus which might have been heard halfway to Staten Land. Under her increased sail, the ship drove on through the water. Yet she could bear it well; and the captain sang out from the quarterdeck—"Another reef out of that fore topsail, and give it to her!" Two hands sprang aloft; the frozen reef-points and earings were cast adrift, the halyards manned, and the sail gave out her increased canvas to the gale. All hands were kept on deck to watch the effect of the change. It was as much as she could well carry, and with a heavy sea astern, it took two men at the wheel to steer her. She flung the foam from her bows; the spray breaking aft as far as the gangway. She was going at a pro-



digious rate. Still, everything held. Preventer braces were reeved and hauled taut; tackles got upon the backstays; and each thing done to keep all snug and strong. The captain walked the deck at a rapid stride, looked aloft at the sails, and then to windward; the mate stood in the gangway, rubbing his hands, and talking aloud to the ship—"Hurrah, old bucket! the Boston girls have got hold of the towrope!" and the like; and we were on the forecastle, looking to see how the spars stood it, and guessing the rate at which she was going,—when the captain called out,—“Mr. Brown, get up the topmast studding sail! What she can’t carry she may drag!” The mate looked a moment; but he would let no one before him in daring. He sprang forward, “Hurrah, men! rig out the topmast studding-sail boom! Lay aloft, and I’ll send the rigging up to you!”—We sprang aloft into the top; lowered a girt-line down, by which we hauled up the rigging; rove the tacks and halyards; ran out the

boom and lashed it fast, and sent down the lower halyards, as a preventer. It was a clear starlit night, cold and blowing; but everybody worked with a will. Some, indeed, looked as though they thought the "old man" was mad, but no one said a word. We had had a new top-mast studding-sail made with a reef in it,—a thing hardly ever heard of, and which the sailors had ridiculed a good deal, saying that when it was time to reef a studding-sail, it was time to take it in. But we found a use for it now; for, there being a reef in the topsail, the studding-sail could not be set without one in it also. To be sure, a studding-sail with reefed topsails was rather a new thing; yet there was some reason in it, for if we carried that away, we should lose only a sail and a boom; but a whole topsail might have carried away the mast and all.

While we were aloft, the sail had been gotten out, bent to the yard, reefed, and ready for hoisting. Waiting for a good opportunity, the halyards were manned and the yard hoisted fairly up to the block; but when the mate came to shake the catspaw out of the downhaul, and we began to boom-end the sail, it took the ship to her center. The boom buckled up and bent like a whip-stick, and we looked every moment to see something go; but, being of the short, tough upland spruce, it bent like a whalebone, and nothing could break it. The carpenter said it was the best stick he had ever seen. The strength of all hands soon brought the tack to the boom-end, and the sheet was trimmed down, and the preventer and the weather brace hauled taut to take off the strain. Every rope-yarn seemed stretched to the utmost, and every thread of canvas; and with this sail added to her, the ship sprang through the water like a thing possessed. The sail being nearly all forward, it lifted her out of the water, and she seemed actually to jump from sea to sea. From the time her keel was laid, she had never been so driven; and had it been life or death with everyone of us, she could not have borne another stitch of canvas.

Finding that she would bear the sail, the hands were sent below, and our watch remained on deck. Two men at the wheel had as much as they could do to keep her within three points of her course, for she steered as wild as a young colt. The mate walked the deck, looking at the sails, and then over the side to see the foam fly by her,—slapping his hands upon his thighs and talking to the ship—"Hur-

rah, you jade, you've got the scent!—you know where you're going!" And when she leaped over the seas, and almost out of the water, and trembled to her very keel, the spars and masts snapping and creaking,—“There she goes!—There she goes,—handsomely!—As long as she cracks she holds!”—While we stood with the rigging laid down fair for letting go, and ready to take in sail and clear away, if anything went. At four bells we hove the log, and she was going eleven knots fairly; and had it not been from the sea from aft which sent the chip home, and threw her continually off her course, the log would have shown her to have been going much faster. I went to the wheel with a young fellow from the Kennebec, who was a good helmsman; and for two hours we had our hands full. A few minutes showed us that our monkey-jackets must come off; and cold as it was, we stood in our shirt-sleeves, in a perspiration; and we were glad to have it eight bells, and the wheel relieved. We turned in and slept as well as we could, though the sea made a constant roar under her bows, and washed over the forecastle like a small cataract.

At four o'clock, we were called again. The same sail was still on the vessel, and the gale, if there was any change, had increased a little. No attempt was made to take the studding-sail in; and, indeed, it was too late now. If we had started anything toward taking in, either tack or halyards, it would have blown to pieces, and carried something away with it. The only way now was to let everything stand, and if the gale went down, well and good, if not, something must go—the weakest stick or rope first—and then we could get in. For more than an hour she was driven on at such a rate that she seemed actually to crowd the sea into a heap before her; and the water poured over the sprit-sail yard as if it were a dam. Toward daybreak the gale abated a little, and she was just beginning to go more easily along, relieved of the pressure, when Mr. Brown, determined to give her no respite, and depending upon the wind's subsiding as the sun rose, told us to get along the lower studding-sail. This was an immense sail, and held wind enough to last a Dutchman a week,—hove-to. It was soon ready, the boom topped up, preventer guys rove, and the idlers called to man the halyards; yet such was still the force of the gale, that we were nearly an hour setting the sail; carried away the overhaul in doing it, and came very near snapping off the swinging boom. No sooner was it set than

the ship tore on again like one that was mad, and began to steer as wild as a hawk. The men at the wheel were puffing and blowing at their work, and the helm was going hard up and hard down, constantly. Add to this, the gale did not lessen as the day came on, but the sun rose in the clouds. A sudden lurch threw the man from the weather wheel across the deck and against the side. The mate sprang to the wheel, and the man, regaining his feet, seized the spokes, and they hove the wheel up just in time to save her from broaching to; though nearly half the studding-sail went under water; and as she came to, the boom stood up at an angle of forty-five degrees. She had evidently more on her than she could bear; yet it was in vain to try to take her in—the clewline was not strong enough; and they were thinking of cutting away, when another wide yaw and a come-to, snapped the guys, and the swinging boom came in, with a crash, against the lower rigging. The outhaul block gave away, and the top-mast studding-sail boom bent in a manner which I never supposed a stick could bend. I had my eye on it when the guys parted, and it made one spring and buckled up so as to form nearly half a circle, and sprang out again to its shape. The clewline gave away at the first pull; the cleat to which the halyards were belayed was wrenched off, and the sail blew round the sprit-sail yard and head guys, which gave us a bad job to get in. A half hour served to clear all away, and she was suffered to drive on with her top-mast studding-sail set, it being as much as she could stagger under.

During all this day and the next night, we went on under the same sail, the gale blowing with undiminished force, two men at the wheel all the time; watch and watch, and nothing to do but to steer and look out for the ship, and be blown along.

By noon of the next day, Sunday, July 24th, we were in latitude $50^{\circ} 27' S.$, longitude $62^{\circ} 13' W.$, having made four degrees of latitude in the last twenty-four hours. Being now to the northward of the Falkland Islands, the ship was kept off, northeast, for the equator; and with her head for the equator, and Cape Horn over her taffrail, she went gloriously on; every heave of the sea leaving the Cape astern, and every hour bringing us nearer to home, and to warm weather. Many a time, when blocked up in the ice, with everything dismal and discouraging about us, had we said,—if we were only fairly round, and standing north on the other side, we should ask

for no more:—and now we had it all, with a clear sea, and as much wind as a sailor could pray for. If the best part of a voyage is the last part, surely we had all now that the ship seemed as glad as any of us at getting out of her confinement. At each change of the watch, those coming on deck asked those going below—"How does she go along?" and got for answer, the rate, and the customary addition—"Aye! and the Boston girls have had hold of the tow-rope all the watch, and can't haul the slack in!" Each day the sun rose higher in the horizon, and the nights grew shorter; and at coming on deck each morning, there was a sensible change in the temperature. The ice, too, began to melt from off the rigging and spars, and, except a little which remained in the tops and round the hounds of the lower masts, was soon gone. As we left the gale behind us the reefs were taken out of the topsails, and sail made as fast as she could bear it; and every time all hands were sent to the halyards, a song was called for, and we hoisted away with a will.

Sail after sail was added, as we drew into fine weather; and in one week after leaving Cape Horn, the long top-gallant masts were got up, top-gallant and royal yards crossed, and the ship restored to her fair proportions.

The Southern Cross we saw no more after the first night; the Magellan Clouds settled lower and lower in the horizon; and so great was our change of latitude each succeeding night, that we sank some constellation in the south, and raised another in the northern horizon.

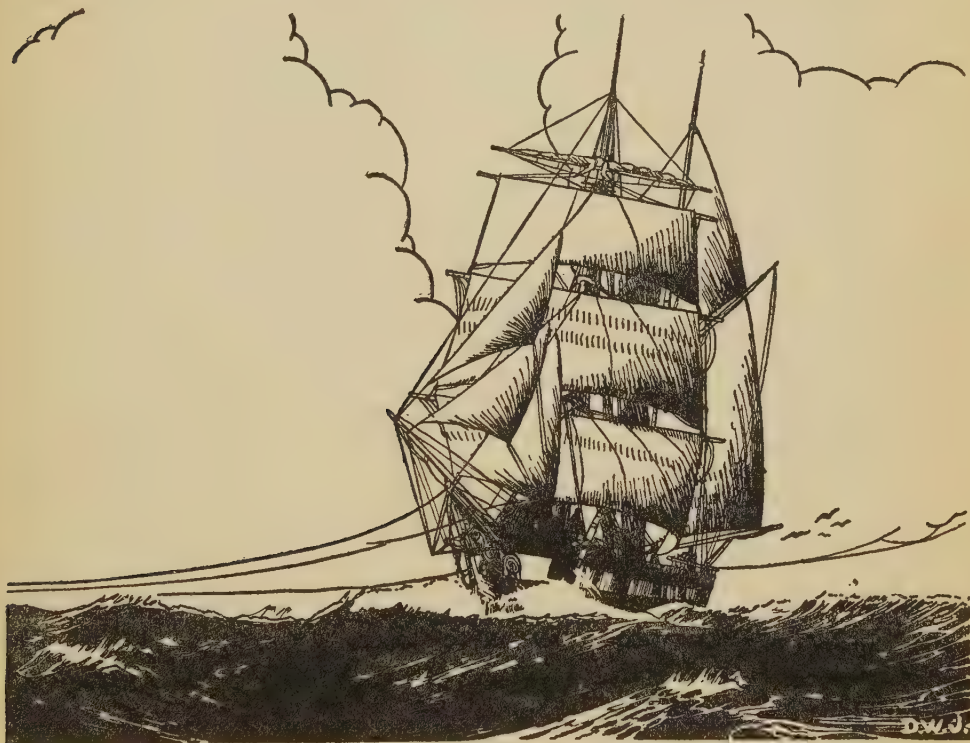
At noon, on Sunday, July 31st, we were in lat. $36^{\circ} 41'$ S., long. $38^{\circ} 08'$ W.; having traversed the distance of two thousand miles, allowing for changes of course, in nine days. A thousand miles in four days and a half!

Soon after eight o'clock, the appearance of the ship gave evidence that this was the first Sunday we had yet had in fine weather. As the sun came up clear, with the promise of a fair, warm day, and, as usual on Sunday, there was no work going on, all hands turned-to upon clearing out the fore-castle. The wet and soiled clothes which had accumulated there during the past month, were brought up on deck; the chests moved; brooms, buckets of water, swabs, scrubbing-brushes, and scrapers carried down, and applied, until the fore-castle floor was as white as chalk, and everything neat

and in order. The bedding from the berths was then spread on deck, and dried and aired; the deck-tub filled with water, and a grand washing begun on all the clothes which were brought up. Shirts, frocks, drawers, trousers, jackets, stockings, of every shape and color, wet and dirty—many of them moldy from having been lying a long time wet in a foul corner—these were all washed and scrubbed out, and finally towed overboard for half an hour; and then made fast in the rigging to dry. Wet boots and shoes were spread out to dry in sunny places on decks; and the whole ship looked like a back yard on a washing day. After we had done with our clothes, we began upon our own persons. A little fresh water, which we had saved from our allowance, was put in buckets, and, with soap and towels, we had what sailors call a fresh-water wash. The same bucket, to be sure, had to go through several hands, and was spoken for by one after another, but as we rinsed off in salt water, pure from the ocean, and the fresh was used only to start the accumulated grime and blackness of five weeks, it was held of little consequence. We soaped down and scrubbed one another with towels and pieces of canvas, stripping to it; and then, getting into the head, threw buckets of water upon each other. After this, came shaving, and combing, and brushing; and when, having spent the first part of the day in this way, we sat down on the forecastle, in the afternoon, with clean duck trousers, and shirts on, washed, and shaved and combed, and looking a dozen shades lighter for it, reading, sewing and talking at our ease, with a clear sky and warm sun over our heads, a steady breeze over the larboard quarter, studding-sails out alow and aloft, and all the flying kites abroad—we felt that we had got back into the pleasantest part of a sailor's life. At sun-down the clothes were all taken down from the rigging—clean and dry—and stowed neatly away in our chests; and our south-westerns, thick boots, guernsey frocks, and other accompaniments of bad weather, put out of the way, we hoped for the rest of the voyage, as we expected to come upon the coast early in the autumn.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the beauty of a ship under full sail, there are very few who have ever seen a ship, literally, under all her sail. A ship coming in or going out of port, with her ordinary sails, and perhaps two or three studding-sails, is commonly said to be under full sail; but a ship never has all her sail

upon her, except when she has a light, steady breeze, very nearly, but not quite, dead aft, and so regular that it can be trusted, and is likely to last for some time. Then, with all her sails, light and heavy, and studding-sails, on each side, alow and aloft, she is the most glorious moving object in the world. Such a sight, very few, even some who have been at sea a good deal, have ever beheld; for



from the deck of your own vessel you cannot see her, as you would a separate object.

One night, while we were in these tropics, I went out to the end of the flying-jib-boom, upon some duty, and, having finished it, turned round, and lay over the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight before me. Being so far from the deck, I could look at the ship, as at a separate vessel;—and, there rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvas, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost,

as it seemed in the indistinct night air, to the clouds. The sea was as still as an inland lake; the light trade-wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern; the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem; and the sails were spread out, wide and high;—the two lower studding-sails stretching, on each side, far beyond the deck; the top-mast studding-sails, like wings to the topsails; the top-gallant studding-sails spreading fearlessly out above them; still higher, the two royal studding-sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string; and, highest of all, the little skysail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars, and to be out of reach of human hand. So quiet, too, was the sea, and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured marble, they could not have been more motionless. Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvas; not even a quivering of the extreme edges of the sail—so perfectly were they distended by the breeze. I was so lost in the sight, that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me, until he said (for he, too, rough old man-of-war's-man as he was, had been gazing at the show), half to himself, still looking at the marble sails—"How quietly they do their work!"

The fine weather brought work with it, as the ship was to be put in order for coming into port. This may give a landsman some notion of what is done on board ship.—All the first part of a passage is spent in getting a ship ready for sea, and the last part in getting her ready for port. She is, as sailors say, like a lady's watch, always out of repair. The new, strong sails, which we had up off Cape Horn, were to be sent down, and the old set, which were still serviceable in fine weather, to be bent in their place; all the rigging to be set up, fore and aft; the masts stayed; the standing rigging to be tarred down; lower and top-mast rigging rattled down, fore and aft; the ship scraped, inside and out, and painted; decks varnished; new and neat knots, seizings and coverings to be fitted; and every part put in order, to look well to the owner's eye, on coming into Boston. This, of course, was a long matter; and all hands were kept on deck at work for the whole of each day, during the rest of the voyage. Sailors call this hard usage; but the ship must be in crack order, and "we're homeward bound" was the answer to everything.

We went on for several days, employed in this way, nothing re-

markable occurring; and, at the latter part of the week, fell in with the south-east trades, blowing about east-south-east, which brought them nearly two points abaft our beam. These blew strong and steady, so that we hardly started a rope, until we were beyond their latitude. The first day of "all hands," one of those little incidents occurred, which are nothing in themselves, but are great matters in the eyes of a ship's company, as they serve to break the monotony of a voyage, and afford conversation to the crew for days afterwards. These small matters, too, are often interesting, as they show the customs and state of feeling on shipboard.

In merchant's vessels, the captain gives his orders, as to the ship's work, to the mate, in a general way, and leaves the execution of them, with the particular ordering, to him. This has become so fixed a custom, that it is like a law, and is never infringed upon by a wise master, unless his mate is no seaman; in which case, the captain must often oversee things for himself. This, however, could not be said of our chief mate; and he was very jealous of any encroachment upon the borders of his authority.

On Monday morning, the captain told him to stay the fore top-mast plumb. He accordingly came forward, turned all hands to, with tackles on the stays and backstays, coming up with the seizings, hauling here, belaying there, and full of business, standing between the knight-heads to sight the mast,—when the captain came forward, and also began to give orders. This made confusion, and the mate, finding that he was all aback, left his place and went aft, saying to the captain—

"If you come forward, sir, I'll go aft. One is enough on the fore-castle."

This produced a reply and another fierce answer; and the words flew; fists were doubled up, and things looked threatening.

"I'm master of this ship."

"Yet, sir, and I'm mate of her, and know my place! My place is forward, and yours is aft!"

"My place is where I choose! I command the whole ship, and you are mate only as long as I choose!"

"Say the word, Capt. T., and I'm done! I can do a man's work aboard! I didn't come through the cabin window! If I'm not mate, I can be man," etc.

This was all fun for us, who stood by, winking at each other, and

enjoying the contest between the higher powers. The captain took the mate aft; and they had a long talk, which ended in the mate's returning to his duty. The captain had broken through a custom, which is a part of the common law of a ship, and without reason; for he knew that his mate was a sailor, and needed no help from him; and the mate was excusable for being angry. Yet he was wrong, and the captain was right. Whatever the captain does he is right, *ipso facto*, and any opposition to it is wrong, on board ship; and every officer and man knows this when he signs the ship's articles. It is a part of the contract. Yet there has grown up in merchant vessels a series of customs, which have become a well understood system, and have almost the force of prescriptive law. To be sure, all power is in the captain, and the officers hold their authority only during his will; and the men are liable to be called upon for any service; yet, by breaking in upon these usages, many difficulties have occurred on board ship, and even come into courts of justice, which are perfectly unintelligible to any one not acquainted with the universal nature and force of these customs. Many a provocation has been offered, and a system of petty oppression pursued towards men, the force and meaning of which would appear as nothing to strangers, and doubtless do appear so to many "longshore" juries and judges.

The next little diversion was a battle on the forecabin, one afternoon, between the mate and the steward. They had been on bad terms the whole voyage; and had threatened a rupture several times. This afternoon, the mate asked him for a tumbler of water, and he refused to get it for him, saying that he had waited upon nobody but the captain; and here he had the custom on his side. But in answering, he left off "the handle to the mate's name." This enraged the mate, who called him a "black soger"; and at it they went, clenching, striking, and rolling over and over; while we stood by, looking on, and enjoying the fun. The darky tried to butt him, but the mate got him down, and held him, the steward singing out, "Let me go, Mr. Brown, or there'll be blood spilt!" In the midst of this, the captain came on deck, separated them, took the steward aft, and gave him a half a dozen with the rope's end. The steward tried to justify himself; but he had been heard to talk of spilling blood, and that was enough to earn him his flogging; and the captain did not choose to inquire any further.

BOUND COASTWISE

By RALPH D. PAINE

ONE thinks of the old merchant marine in terms of the clipper ship and distant ports. The coasting trade has been overlooked in song and story; yet, since the year 1859, its fleets have always been larger and more important than the American deep-water commerce nor have decay and misfortune overtaken them. It is a traffic which flourished from the beginning, ingeniously adapting itself to new conditions, unchecked by war, and surviving with splendid vigor, under steam and sail, in this modern era.

The seafaring pioneers won their way from port to port of the tempestuous Atlantic coast to tiny ketches, sloops, and shallops when the voyage of five hundred miles from New England to Virginia was a prolonged and hazardous adventure. Fog and shoals and lee shores beset these coastwise sailors, and shipwrecks were pitifully frequent. In no Hall of Fame will you find the name of Captain Andrew Robinson of Gloucester, but he was nevertheless an illustrious benefactor and deserves a place among the most useful Americans. His invention was the Yankee schooner of fore-and-aft rig, and he gave this type of vessel its name. Seaworthy, fast, and easily handled, adapted for use in the early eighteenth century when inland transportation was almost impossible, the schooner carried on trade between the colonies and was an important factor in the growth of the fisheries.

Before the Revolution the first New England schooners were beating up to the Grand Bank of Newfoundland after cod and halibut. They were of no more than fifty tons' burden, too small for their task but manned by fishermen of surpassing hardihood. Marblehead was then the foremost fishing port with two hundred brigs

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and schooners on the offshore banks. But to Gloucester belongs the glory of sending the first schooner to the Grand Bank. From these two rock-bound harbors went thousands of trained seamen to man the privateers and the ships of the Continental navy, slinging their



hammocks on the gun-decks beside the whale-men of Nantucket. These fishermen and coastwise sailors fought on the land as well and followed the drums of Washington's armies until the final scene at Yorktown. Gloucester and Marblehead were filled with widows and orphans, and half their men-folk were dead or missing.

The fishing-trade soon prospered again, and the men of the old

ports tenaciously clung to the sea even when the great migration flowed westward to people the wilderness and found a new American empire. They were fishermen from father to son, bound together in an intimate community of interests, a race of pure native or English stock, deserving this tribute which was paid to them in Congress: "Every person on board our fishing vessels has an interest in common with his associates; their reward depends upon their industry and enterprise. Much caution is observed in the selection of the crews of our fishing vessels; it often happens that every individual is connected by blood and the strongest ties of friendship; our fishermen are remarkable for their sobriety and good conduct, and they rank with the most skillful navigators."

Fishing and the coastwise merchant trade were closely linked. Schooners loaded dried cod as well as lumber for southern ports and carried back naval stores and other southern products. Well-to-do fishermen owned trading vessels and sent out their ventures, the sailors shifting from one forecastle to the other. With a taste for an easier life than the stormy, freezing Banks, the young Gloucesterman would sign on for a voyage to Pernambuco or Havana and so be fired with ambition to become a mate or master and take to deep water after a while. In this way was maintained a school of seamanship which furnished the most intelligent and efficient officers of the merchant marine. For generations they were mostly recruited from the old fishing and shipping ports of New England until the term "Yankee shipmaster" had a meaning peculiarly its own.

Seafaring has undergone so many revolutionary changes and old days and ways are so nearly obliterated that it is singular to find the sailing vessel still employed in great numbers, even though the gasoline motor is being installed to kick her along in spells of calm weather. The Gloucester fishing schooner, perfect of her type, stanch, fleet, and powerful, still drives homeward from the Banks under a small press of canvas, and her crew still divide the earnings, share and share, as did their forefathers a hundred and fifty years ago. But the old New England strain of blood no longer predominates, and Portuguese, Scandinavians, and Nova Scotia "Blue-noses" bunk with the lads of Gloucester stock. Yet they are alike for

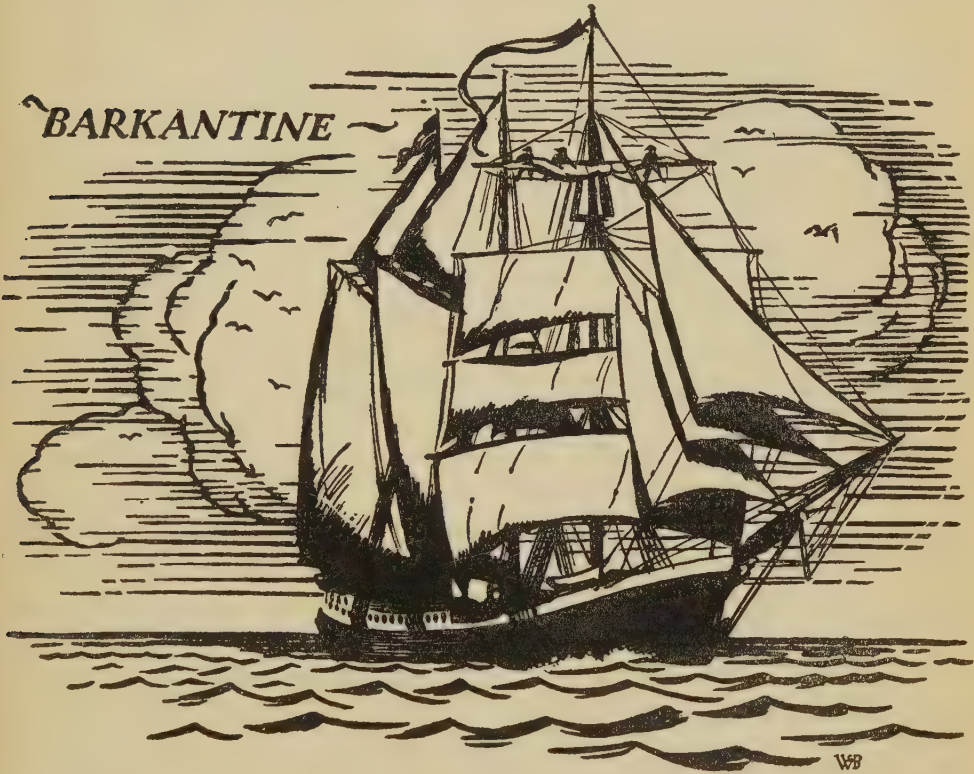
courage, hardihood, and mastery of the sea, and the traditions of the calling are undimmed.

There was a time before the Civil War when Congress jealously protected the fisheries by means of a bounty system and legislation aimed against our Canadian neighbors. The fishing fleets were regarded as a source of national wealth and the nursery of prime seamen for the navy and merchant marine. In 1858 the bounty system was abandoned, however, and the fishermen were left to shift for themselves, earning small profits at peril of their lives and preferring to follow the sea because they knew no other profession. In spite of this loss of assistance from the Government, the tonnage engaged in deep-sea fisheries was never so great as in the second year of the Civil War. Four years later the industry had shrunk one-half; and it has never recovered its early importance.

The coastwise merchant trade, on the other hand, has been jealously guarded against competition and otherwise fostered ever since 1789, when the first discriminatory tonnage tax was enforced. The Embargo Act of 1808 prohibited domestic commerce to foreign flags, and this edict was renewed in the American Navigation Act of 1817. It remained a firmly established doctrine of maritime policy until the Great War compelled its suspension as an emergency measure. The theories of protection and free trade have been bitterly debated for generations, but in this instance the practice was eminently successful and the results were vastly impressive. Deep-water shipping dwindled and died, but the increase in coastwise sailing was consistent. It rose to five million tons early in this century and makes the United States still one of the foremost maritime powers in respect to salt-water activity.

To speak of this deep-water shipping as trade coastwise is misleading in a way. The words convey an impression of dodging from port to port for short distances, whereas many of the voyages are longer than those of the foreign routes in European waters. It is farther by sea from Boston to Philadelphia than from Plymouth, England, to Bordeaux. A schooner making the run from Portland to Savannah lays more knots over her stern than a tramp bound out from England to Lisbon. It is a shorter voyage from Cardiff to Algiers than an American skipper pricks off his chart when he takes his steamer from New York to New Orleans or Galveston. The

coastwise trade may lack the romance of the old school of the square-rigged ship in the Roaring Forties, but it has always been the more perilous and exacting. Its seamen suffer hardships unknown elsewhere, for they have to endure winters of intense cold and heavy gales and they are always in risk of stranding or being driven ashore.



The story of these hardy men is interwoven, for the most part, with the development of the schooner in size and power. This graceful craft, so peculiar to its own coast and people, was built for utility and possessed a simple beauty of its own when under full sail. The schooners were at first very small because it was believed that large fore-and-aft sails could not be handled with safety. They were difficult to reef or lower in a blow until it was discovered that three masts instead of two made the task much easier. For many years the three-masted schooner was the most popular kind of American merchant vessel. They clustered in every Atlantic port and

were built in the yards of New England, New York, New Jersey, and Virginia,—built by the mile, as the saying was, and sawed off in lengths to suit the owners' pleasure. They carried the coal, ice, lumber of the whole seaboard and were so economical of man-power that they earned dividends where steamers or square-rigged ships would not have paid for themselves.

As soon as a small steam-engine was employed to hoist the sails, it became possible to launch much larger schooners and to operate them at a marvelously low cost. Rapidly the four-master gained favor, and then came the five- and six-masted vessels, gigantic ships of their kind. Instead of the hundred-ton schooner of a century ago, Hampton Roads and Boston Harbor saw these great cargo carriers which could stow under hatches four and five thousand tons of coal, and whose masts soared a hundred and fifty feet above the deck. Square-rigged ships of the same capacity would have required crews of a hundred men, but these schooners were comfortably handled by a company of fifteen all told, only ten of whom were in the forecabin. There was no need of sweating and hauling at braces and halliards. The steam-winch undertook all this toil. The tremendous sails, stretching a hundred feet from boom to gaff could not have been managed otherwise. Even for trimming sheets or setting topsails, it was necessary merely to take a turn or two around the drum of the winch engine and turn the steam valve. The big schooner was the last word in cheap, efficient transportation by water. In her own sphere of activity she was as notable an achievement as the Western Ocean packet or the Cape Horn clipper.

The masters who sailed these extraordinary vessels also changed and had to learn a new kind of seamanship. They must be very competent men, for the tests of their skill and readiness were really greater than those demanded of the deep-water skipper. They drove these great schooners alongshore winter and summer, across Nantucket Shoals and around Cape Cod, and their salvation depended on shortening sail ahead of the gale. Let the wind once blow and the sea get up, and it was almost impossible to strip the canvas off an unwieldy six-master. The captain's chief fear was of being blown offshore, of having his vessel run away with him! Unlike the deep-water man, he preferred running in toward the beach

and letting go his anchors. There he would ride out the storm and hoist sail when the weather moderated.

These were American shipmasters of the old breed, raised in schooners as a rule, and adapting themselves to modern conditions. They sailed for nominal wages and primage, or five per cent of the gross freight paid the vessel. Before the Great War in Europe, freights were low and the schooner skippers earned scanty incomes. Then came a world shortage of tonnage and immediately coastwise freights soared skyward. The big schooners of the Palmer fleet began to reap fabulous dividends and their masters shared in the unexpected opulence. Besides their primage they owned shares in their vessels, a thirty-second or so, and presently their settlement at the end of a voyage coastwise amounted to an income of a thousand dollars a month. They earned this money, and the managing owners cheerfully paid them, for there had been lean years and uncomplaining service and the sailor had proved himself worthy of his hire. So tempting was the foreign war trade, that a fleet of them was sent across the Atlantic until the American Government barred them from the war zone as too easy a prey for submarine attack. They therefore returned to the old coastwise route or loaded for South American ports—singularly interesting ships because they were the last bold venture of the old American maritime spirit, a challenge to the Age of Steam.

No more of these huge, towering schooners have been built in the last dozen years. Steam colliers and barges have won the fight because time is now more valuable than cheapness of transportation. The schooner might bowl down to Norfolk from Boston or Portland in four days and be threshing about for two weeks in head winds on the return voyage.

The small schooner appeared to be doomed somewhat earlier. She had ceased to be profitable in competition with the larger, more modern fore-and-after, but these battered, veteran craft died hard. They harked back to a simpler age, to the era of the stage-coach and the spinning wheel, to the little shipyards that were to be found on every bay and inlet of New England. They were still owned and sailed by men who ashore were friends and neighbors. Even now you may find during your summer wanderings some stumpy, weather-worn two-master running in for shelter over-night, which

has plied up and down the coast for fifty or sixty years, now leaking like a basket and too frail for winter voyages. It was in a craft very much like this that your rude ancestors went privateering against the British.

These little coasters, surviving long after the stately merchant marine had vanished from blue water, have enjoyed a slant of favoring fortune in recent years. They, too, have been in demand, and once again there was money to spare for paint and cordage and calking. They have been granted a new lease of life and may be found moored at the wharfs, beached on the marine railways, or anchored in the stream, eagerly awaiting their turn to refit. It is a matter of vital concern that the freight on spruce boards from Bangor to New York has increased to five dollars a thousand feet. Many of these craft belong to grandfatherly skippers who dared not venture past Cape Cod in December, lest the venerable *Matilda Emerson* or the valetudinarian *Joshua R. Coggs*well should open up and founder in a blow. During the winter storms these skippers used to hug the kitchen stove in bleak farmhouses until spring came and they could put to sea again. The rigor of circumstances, however, forced others to seek for trade the whole year through. In a recent winter fifty-seven schooners were lost on the New England coast, most of which were unfit for anything but summer breezes. As by a miracle, others have been able to renew their youth, to replace spongy planking and rotten stems, and to deck themselves out in canvas and white paint!

The captains of these craft foregather in the ship-chandler's shops, where the floor is strewn with sawdust, the armchairs are capacious, and the environment harmonizes with the tales that are told. It is an informal club of coastwise skippers and the old energy begins to show itself once more. They move with brisker gait than when times were so hard and they went begging for charter at any terms. A sinewy patriarch stumps to a window, flourishes his arm at an ancient two-master, and booms out:

"That vessel of mine is as sound as a nut, I tell ye. She ain't as big as some, but I'd like nothin' better than to fill her full of suthin' for the west coast of Africy, same as the *Horace M. Bickford* that cleared t'other day, stocked for *sixty thousand dollars*."

"Huh, you'd get lost out o' sight of land, John," is the cruel re-

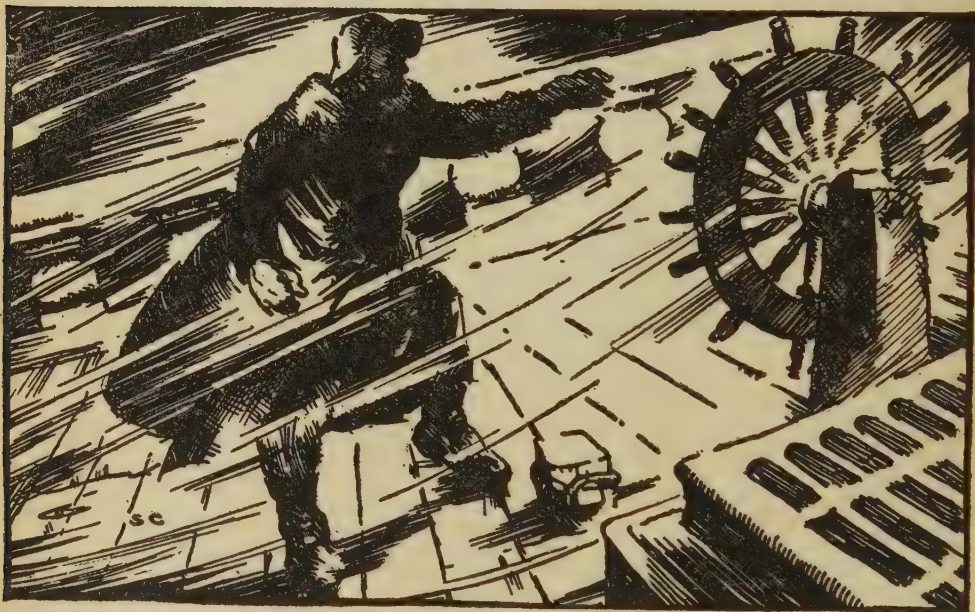
tort, "and that old shoe-box of yours 'ud be scared to death without a harbor to run into every time the sun clouded over. Expect to navigate to Africy with an alarm clock and a soundin'-lead, I presume."

"Mebbe I'd better let well enough alone," replies the old man. "Africy don't seem as neighborly as Phippsburg and Machiasport. I'll chance it as far as Philadelphia next voyage and I guess the old woman can buy a new dress."



The activity and the reawakening of the old shipyards, their slips all filled with the frames of wooden vessels for the foreign trade, is like a revival of the old merchant marine, a reincarnation of ghostly memories. In mellowed dignity the square white houses beneath the New England elms recall to mind the mariners who dwelt therein. It seems as if their shipyards also belonged to the past; but the summer finds a fresh attraction in watching the new schooners rise from the stocks, and the gay pageant of launching them, every mast ablaze with bunting, draws crowds to the water-

front. And as a business venture, with somewhat of a tang of old-fashioned romance, the casual stranger is now and then tempted to purchase a sixty-fourth "piece" of a splendid Yankee four-master and keep in touch with its roving fortunes. The shipping reports of the daily newspaper prove more fascinating than the ticker tape, and the tidings of a successful voyage thrill one with a sense of personal gratification. For the sea has not lost its magic and its mystery, and those that go down to it in ships must still battle against elemental odds—still carry on the noble and enduring traditions of the Old Merchant Marine.



Part II

STOUT HEARTED MEN



The Age of Blood and Gold



DONALD M^CKAY

A MASTER BUILDER

Donald McKay

By IRVIN ANTHONY

NOVA SCOTIA is a stern, rugged country where it is very hard to get about save by water. Even where the rolling hills sweep down to the ocean, they end abruptly in a sheer fall or an out-striking of broken rock. Yet long arms of the sea reach inland under the brows of the steep hills. Backward and forward flow the strong tides, touching on either hand the hamlets of the country, offering a free and royal highway even so far inland as Shelburne and the farm that once was Hugh McKay's.

It was there that Donald McKay was born. The tide brought him its touch of salt water. Roving men came up from the sea, hungry for talk, and swaggered about the little town, men who wore high boots made of leather and wood, and coarse jackets, buttoned snugly about their bodies. When the harvest was done they carried away the summer's spoils in their sloops and schooners. Their vessels were plumb-ended and squat. The deck loads they carried

made them uncertain and awkward to handle, but Donald watched their bows turning back the smooth water in a rippling wave and he dreamed of unseen ships, splendid and stout. With a grand lifting of the hand they bade goodbye to him, on their way to greater freedom, new harbors and far, strange reaches of water. They were rough men and hard worked but the youngster thought their life much better than grubbing in the soil.

In the winters, young McKay had time to remember these bold wanderers and their vessels. And, although he liked getting in the wood for the great fires, admired the deftness of his elder's axe strokes, appreciated the smell of the chips and splinters, and loved the sweep of the hills that rolled out to the sky line, he often thought of the little lifting fountains spouting from before the cutwater of a boat manned by roving men. They had gone—bound to far ports—then the lad would fall a-dreaming until the sting of the cold bit him to the bone and stirred him to move.

There came a morning in his life when he got off at Shelburne wharf and looked with very different eyes upon the sloop tied up at the pier head. He was bound out, this time, rather regretful of leaving his brother Lauchlan who was very close to his heart. There would be no more hunting in the fall, nor fishing in the rare holidays that fell to their lot. . . . Donald sighed. But he was going to sea at last.

Donald McKay went on board. The lines came in, the blocks rattled and the sheaves creaked as the boom swung lazily across the deck. Sail was made and sheeted home. She slid off stealthily. The motion quickened as they reached the stream and felt the tide under them. The boy looked back up into the hills through the morning mist, looked up filled with wondering. He knew there was for him now but one thing. He would build ships. The magic of it comforted his heart. Tall, fair ships such as he had never seen, waited for him. First to Halifax—then in a larger craft to New York, where they built fine hulls, none better in the world. So he told himself over and over. Would he? Could he? He was free for his dream, but as he looked back the hills were blurred to his eyes and he left them, wondering, thinking. Donald McKay was just sixteen.

At Halifax he saw an English sloop-of-war, a brig and the

Minerva, Boston owned and Yankee manned. Before he had seen them to his heart's desire they were passed and the youngster was studying a black French ship. She was a beautiful thing, alive, quick to the tide. Her bow was easy and graceful. Amidship she had powerful lines while toward the stern she fell away into a slender afterbody, sharp and long. There were carvings on her quarter and stern. Love and art had been her portion, and McKay wondered about it so much he failed to notice a sharp Chebacco boat that crossed their bows, bound down the harbor. He was seeing visions, and on the voyage to New York he had ample time to turn over the image of every vessel they met, although in those days coastal waters teemed with craft of every sort: sloops, ketches, schooners, brigs and ships, all under sail.

There was little time to wonder over anything at New York. No sooner was he settled than he became apprenticed to Isaac Webb. He agreed not to betray his master's secrets, "nor haunt ale houses, taverns, dance houses or playhouses." All apprentices of that day signed such agreements. For four years and some days his time was to be no longer his own. He promised not to absent himself day or night from his master's service. He received two dollars and fifty cents a week and, so that he might have something to look forward to, forty dollars at the end of the year. In addition to these wages, the builder pledged himself to teach Donald McKay the art and mystery of a ship carpenter's career. Here was an apprenticeship involving magic, the birth of keen prowed ships that loved the wind; the vision of a prophet looking into the farther sea reaches. But there was not much apparent whimsy to Isaac Webb. He was as great a builder of packet ships as New York had, and no port in the world then turned out better from its yards. Webb built all kinds of craft, great and small, and built all well. Donald McKay gained valuable experience there and lived with other aspiring young men in Weary Wanderers' Hotel.

It was never the way for a Nova Scotia man to hang back when there was work to be done. McKay worked first on schooners and sloops. He helped workmen stretch the oaken keel on the blocks and raise ribs into place. They talked, out of experience, about models and hull shapes and he caught all of it. Long spars were shaped by endless chipping into masts, and booms, and gaffs or

yards. Tongues were busy there too, and McKay listened and sieved the flow of language for its kernel of wisdom. He heard arguments, he saw experiments undertaken, he learned this man's ability and that man's hollow vaunt. The workmen were clever as well as strong. The great ribs had to be gotten out by hand saw. There were men who could, with an axe, cut shaving after shaving from a stick resting on a rock, yet never once dull the tool upon the stone. There were men who, through all the making of a treenail, could thrice cut a line, striking it with the full power of the axe, swung overhand. At a launching McKay was in his glory. The mauls drove in the iron wedges splitting the keel blocks on which the vessel rested. The shattered blocks yielded in sickly fashion, as the hull settled upon the cradle. At a blow the trigger was released and the cradle and ship slid down the ways into the water. Then there was more talk; ships had much guesswork about their designing in those days, and some hulls afloat were surprises to builders and designers alike. All this was gold to Donald McKay, gold he was able to smelt to his own fancy and mint in his own time.

Long before his apprenticeship had expired he had had his fill of it. He felt it a waste of valuable time. He was anxious to get on, to come quickly to grips with his dream, with his own spars, and hulls, and lifted canvas. Boldly he demanded his release. Isaac Webb was a fair man and although his was not a day of easy entrance and withdrawal from such agreements as his apprentice had undertaken, yet he was fair and open of mind. He had a boy in McKay whom he realized would one day make his mark. Anyone could see that. Independence lived in his every movement. He had not shirked in the yard. He had done well by Webb; Webb did well by him, and granted his request. Then McKay went to work for Jacob Bell in the firm of Brown and Bell, who had seen his work and appreciated his ability.

It was thus Donald McKay came to live as a free ship-wright in that most entertaining society of the East River yards. The men lived very much to themselves. They, with their families, were a separate community from the townfolk. They had the bond of a common craft, the sharing of success and failure, each man in his station. To live, the New York yards fought constantly for better ships. They had had the building of practically all the packet ships



THE FLAMES LEAPED INTO THE RIGGING, BURNING THE NEW TAR IN FAT FLARES.
THE MOST WONDERFUL SET OF SPARS IN THE WORLD BLAZED LIKE TORCHES

used in the trans-Atlantic service. These packets carried the mails, carried both American and Canadian passengers, carried the ambition of a young nation—the ambition to be the first upon the sea. The men in the Manhattan yards felt the responsibility resting upon them. They questioned everything. The district seethed with discussion. Hull forms were studied, experiments were always being undertaken, all in the name of the art that had to be learned: the magic art of ship building.

It was in the midst of this whirl of ideas that Donald McKay found the man of them all, John W. Griffiths. He was a contrary fellow with a quizzical smile. His gray eyes looked carefully at everything while he considered this and questioned that. Deliberate, thinking carefully, he worked away in the draughting room of Smith and Dimon who were, of course, building ships, and good ones too. None could tell what queer twist he might give a thing. For instance, everybody in his day knew that the more rounded and bluff the bows of a ship, the more she would lift out of a sea. The bow didn't really matter, but a good vessel was widest about a third of her length from the bow and then narrowed in long, slender, underwater lines to a sharp stern. All the builders followed that practice. But Griffiths would have none of it. He was right and they were wrong. He tried to explain to the world that the bow should be sharp as well as the stern and that the greatest beam should be about amidships or half way down the vessel's length. The bows were to flare—there was to be some sheer—and the lines, even below the water, were to be concave. He lectured and wrote but builders shook their heads. Such a thing was wrong for them; for they were too old to learn, but to Donald McKay the young draughtsman seemed right. He rallied to Griffith's support; the two became fast friends, and between them the principle of the clipper ship was nursed and tended until the world was ready for it.

The contacts of ship building in New York meanwhile led McKay to the home of Albenia Boole. She was the daughter of a builder and East River yard owner. Her family were all ship folk, men whose lives were given to hard work, lives dedicated in loyalty to floating marvels. She knew something of naval construction and probably a good deal about draughting into the bargain. All her life had been spent in the atmosphere of that community

just above the Battery, and it had not been wasted. Donald McKay fell in love with her and she with him. They married and moved to a modest enough home in what was then a fine quarter of East Broadway. There they worked. Albenia taught her husband in the theory of his art. His education had been all practical and in all bookish knowledge of design and construction she well outshone him. Doggedly he fought his way to knowledge greater than the mechanics had. Tools he was making, tools to measure the gist of the idea he had found with Griffiths, and as he struggled and won, the dream of slim, sharp ships grew on him. They, man and wife, worked over it together and Griffiths talked with them. Donald McKay was getting on well with this world of launchings and newly filled ways. More and more fame came to the New York yards and in the sun of it the fame of McKay grew steadily.

A chance came for him to go to the eastern country to superintend the building of a ship and when he saw the yards of Maine and Massachusetts he longed to take a hand there. They lacked so much of the craft as practiced at New York that his fingers itched to show them the way. His opportunity came at Newburyport. There he set up and finished the ship *Delia Walker*. She was a little thing of four hundred-odd tons, but she was well built. Her owner, Mr. Dennis Condry, admired McKay's work and thought his ship very well served. Owners in those days knew their ships and remembered their builders. At the time that was not a remarkable thing, but people remembered it later. It was a big thing in the fate of the young builder. The ship was as good as Newburyport ever turned out and yet the beginnings of the McKay ships had no promise of the magic that grew upon the later craft. That was like the importance of pleasing Dennis Condry; both waited for the years to tell.

It was in Newburyport that Donald McKay met Orlando B. Merrill. Ship builders always made small models of the ships that they might see what their ideas really looked like in a hull. Merrill struck upon the thought of building these models in several pieces instead of one. He fashioned a model built to scale out of several thicknesses of wood pinned together by dowel pins. When the designer had worked out his model to his satisfaction, then he

could take the model apart and examine its exact shape at, say, every four or eight feet of its depth from keel to deck. What is more, these lines could be taken directly from the model to paper and enlarged in the laying off of the ship with very reasonable exactness. McKay had a genius for friendship. He also had an eye for so sensible an idea. Thanks to Albenia McKay's interest in her husband's work, he had learned to read so easily from model



to drawing and drawing to model that his friendship with Merrill was built upon solid understanding. Fate was kind to this youth. Not every man is so fortunate as to have such friends as Griffiths and Merrill and such a wife as Albenia McKay, to say nothing of the mysterious good will of Dennis Condry.

Dennis Condry, who owned the *Delia Walker*, the first ship McKay ever built as his own work, left the country. It was not until he was on the high seas that his chance came to befriend the young builder. It might never have come, but that Enoch Train sailed for Europe on the same vessel. Train, of course, met Condry on board and they talked of ships and men. He had decided to build

a line of packets. Packets were vessels that sailed on schedule in spite of wind and weather. They sailed whether fully laden or not, or whether they carried ten or a hundred in their cabins. Back and forth across the Atlantic they shuttled, both winter and summer. They were swift and able. Their appointments had to be of the best, built to the moment's standard of luxury. Mr. Train lamented that he would have to deal in the New York yards; nowhere else in the United States could he hope to match their work. He was a Boston man, he wanted to patronize Boston builders, but alas, there were none of the experience to turn out such work. The Train packet line was to have only the best of everything. It would need it to compete with the established lines then sailing from New York. Dennis Condry listened and thought, and listened again before he spoke. Then he told of the young builder of Newburyport who had first been a partner with Currier, who had divided his models and moulds by actually sawing them in half and who had then gone into the firm of McKay and Pickett. He pointed out that McKay needed Train and he believed Train needed McKay. Train promised to go to Newburyport to see him upon his return, so Condry, having played the Angel of Destiny, went his way quietly and passed from the story of Donald McKay.

Train kept his word. He liked McKay. Quick, eager, full of experience gained in other men's yards, possessed of the knowledge of his mistakes and successes, the Nova Scotian was ripe for enterprise, for new work, for fame. Enoch Train was great enough to recognize that all Dennis Condry had promised was there. The yard was modest if rather inadequate, the men were as good as hundreds of others, the promise of development limited but clearly perceptible, and behind it all was Donald McKay. In an hour after they met, the contract for the first Train Packet, the *Joshua Bates*, had been signed, and Train was on his way home to Boston. She was an honest job, skillfully done, a beautiful vessel successfully launched. Enoch Train knew he had found a man who could carry out his ideas and make something more of them than he had ever hoped. When he saw his new packet safely afloat on the Merrimack River he met McKay with outstretched hand. "You must come to Boston; we need you. Money? Let me know the amount and you shall have it."

It was a dream come true to Donald McKay. He chose a site for his yard in East Boston. He financed it with borrowed money. Then at thirty-four he built a fine square house, built it shipwright fashion, not an open joint to be seen, not a poor timber anywhere, nothing sham in roof or walls. Square windows, heavy square doors, square posts for the porch. Weather boards and tall chimneys reaching above the dormers; it was a mansion in its day. "The house upon the hill" he called it, standing as it did above his yards within sound of the caulker's mallet or the rasp and drone of the two-man blade, its long length now being pulled below into the darkness of the saw pit, now being drawn back into daylight as a stout oak timber was shaped to the designer's desire. Time has dealt kindly with the old house. It still stands, solidly, upon its hill. Within its shadow still live old people whose fathers were McKay's men. But below, at the foot of White Street, close to the old yard, one may see only the modest masts of a lumber schooner, or the sheared poles of a lighter. The old house is left, but the yard, the men, the tall ships of Enoch Train and the North Atlantic—they are gone with Donald McKay.

Things were to happen in that house, things touched by glory and honor, things to be proud of. Through its twin parlors were to pass America's great: Daniel Webster, the great Everett, when he was Secretary of State at Washington, Garrison, whose efforts in the anti-slavery cause hurried the Civil War. The poet Longfellow came there as McKay's guest, as the author of "The Building of the Ship," and as a loyal friend. Matthew Fontaine Maury, who did more to wrest the secret of wind currents from the silent sea stretches than any other man, entered there, and later Ericsson, the inventor of the ironclad *Monitor*, and Admiral Farragut honored the plain, simple house. These things came about in the hour of fame, when Donald McKay had realized his boyhood dreams.

When the house was built he knew only one thing; he had his chance. Out of that yard on the quiet water he must send the best he could build. He went to work with a will. At his shoulder was his wife. Her family, the Booles, were even then trying at clipper ships in New York, out on the face of the rising wave, but the young couple did not dare attempt that. Their resources did not extend so far, so they worked on packet ships.

Albenia McKay was worth worlds to her husband then. Together they worked and considered far into the night, mulling over plans, dreaming of swift, new hulls, looking bravely forward upon the things they hoped some time to do, new ships, waiting within their vision. Before they had worked their way into the heyday of their hopes Mrs. McKay fell ill, and in 1848 she died. The days that followed were raw, sad days for Donald McKay, bitter and chill.

He summoned what courage he could. The road lay very straight before him. If she had died earlier he could not have been so sure, but losing her when he did, he knew only his work remained. He would build ships. Enoch Train had trusted him as a friend; he would repay that trust to the full. It would be hard, a lonely way to go on and on, but there could be no help for it. Had she lived she would have wanted it so; dead, he could see but the single way. Courage and work: in these, and time, lay relief.

He had worked before, but in his trouble he worked unmercifully. He looked life in the face and built more packets, clean, fine ships, stalwart and sound. One he named the *Washington Irving*, and another the *Anglo-Saxon*, each a splendid vessel. Hardly were they launched than he had others on the ways. In every one he wrought changes. He never built a vessel that even approached his own ideal, and so each plan bore changes, working always toward his desires. Between times he turned out cotton ships. Cotton weighs little but takes up much room. It was therefore necessary to use ships of large size to handle a cargo of even medium weight. Large ships cost money, since taxes on tonnage, and harbor dues, were both based upon the registered size of the ship. McKay's cotton ships therefore tried to dodge the tonnage laws by being deep, by carrying the greatest beam below the measured water line. The trade benefited greatly in economy by the designing of these ships, although they sailed at a very sharp heeling angle. In any case they kept the plucky builder busy and steadied his mind at a time which was for him very critical. Unconsciously he was serving his time at the rudiments of his game. He was building as handsome ships as any man in America. At the same time, he was mastering his methods for work that neither he nor his dead wife could have foreseen.

It came as a rumor, as a breath blown east across the yellow Mississippi. It broke upon the Atlantic seaboard, who can tell how? A battered pioneer of buckskin shirt and moccasins came out of the wilderness with a new gospel on his tongue. A whaler came suddenly home with more than his single silver dollar, his "iron boy," so often all a four year cruise yielded him. A whisper, it reached Boston and New York. They talked of it quietly on the Philadelphia wharves, and in the tenders at Baltimore, behind Fort Henry. Gentlemen were called out of bed to listen to some rover relate his story of rich gravel washing out fabulous nuggets. Then it broke upon the world as a roar.

Gold!

Far out on the Pacific, beside a little village, half Spanish, half Indian, an unknown settlement known only to a few ships as San Francisco, wealth was to be had for the picking up.

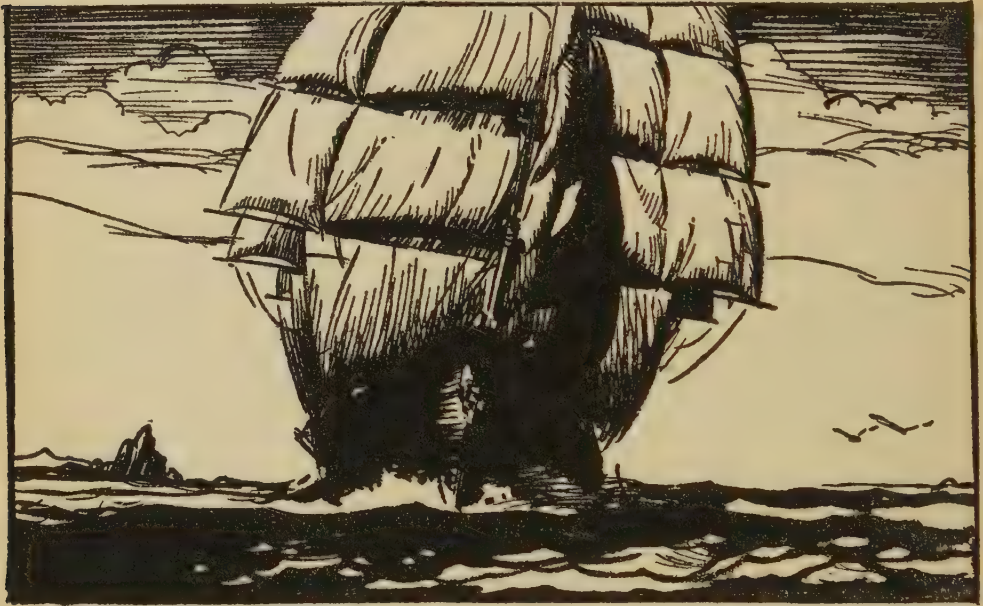
Gold!

In three months every ship that would sail around the Horn to California had more passengers clamoring for passage than it could take. So the wagon trains began, leaving the ships to carry out food for this new population. Death, greed, pain and ghastly mistakes went hand in hand with this new life of wonder, joy and fortune. Extreme ships bravely driven were the backbone of this new venture of humanity. Without them it could never have been.

Donald McKay found his way open to success. He contracted to build a clipper ship in sixty days. Sixty days to design her, to make a model from the design and get out the necessary drawings from the model, to turn a whole yard loose at top speed, to launch her and yet let no carelessness slip into her making! She was a clipper ship, that marvel the McKays had dreamed of but never built. She was named *Stag Hound*, was registered as 1536 tons, and was the largest ship of burden built, when she was launched on December 7, 1850. He had finished her within the contracted time.

To say she was a clipper ship is easy, but what did it mean? A clipper was designed primarily for speed. She was long and sharp. Her holds were therefore able to hold less freight than more bluffly built craft. Her bow and stern rose in a long curve from amidship, generous sheer they called it. The stern was narrow and beautifully

rounded. The bow was very sharp and mounted usually by a figure-head in white, red or gold. Her bottom was carried well out into her bow and stern above a long straight keel. She usually drew but a foot or two more aft than she did forward. The *Stag Hound*, at launching, drew eleven feet six inches under the stern and about a foot less forward. The spars of any clipper were tremendous for they carried a veritable cloud of canvas. The *Stag Hound* spread eight thousand yards of canvas on its three masts. At any work where capacity of the hold came first, the clipper was of course



expensive and not worth while, but they were the fastest sailing ships the world has ever seen.

The *Stag Hound* made a swift passage and made it safely. She brought home a profit of \$80,000. She might carry less than other vessels and welcome, when she could earn so well as that. Gold waited for her, newly mined gold, coming down to the seacoast out of the California mountains. What mattered prices in the flood of that growing tide of wealth? San Francisco leaped from a little Spanish mission town to a throbbing, chaotic center for thousands of men bound after fortune. Cargoes were needed, cargoes of flour,

clothing, tools. There was time to do nothing in the new country but mine. Speed, more speed, was the cry and all America was clamoring to be carried west to the coast.

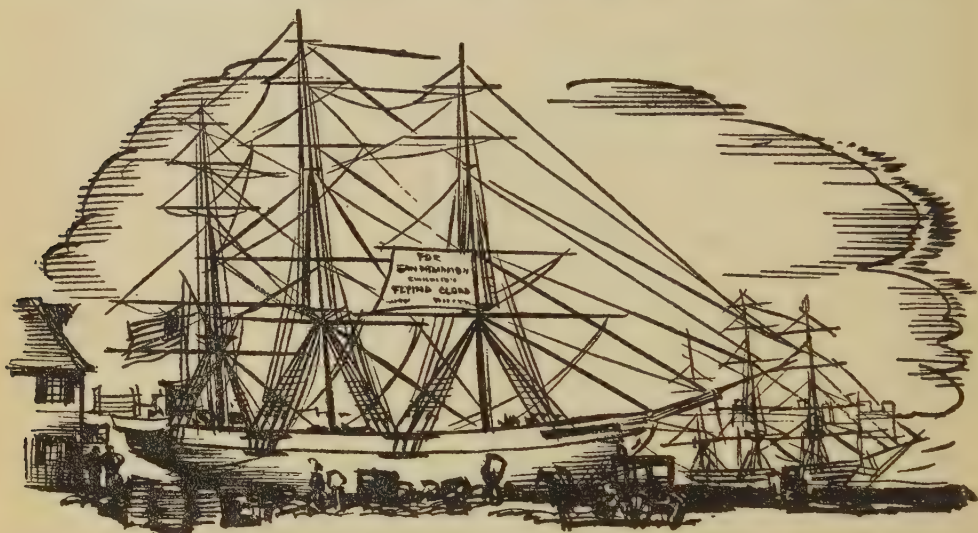
It was thus Donald McKay came to consider the *Stag Hound* and decided he could build an even faster vessel. Enoch Train thought so too, and together they attacked the *Flying Cloud*.

Flying Cloud, a beautiful name that, free as the trade winds, like the blown spume, light and happy. A laughing ship, fit to become the darling of a nation. No wonder more models were built of her by ship lovers than all the other clippers put together. Her name alone was a talisman, a charm against evil. While she was building, the great Longfellow came often to the yard, watching her grow; timbers about the keel, knees, clamps, planking and decks, to the very end. Her spirit, breathed into by Donald McKay, the dreamer, caught him. Poetry, poetry in the making, she was, so he set to work himself and when she was launched he gave the world "The Building of the Ship." The matchless symmetry of her had fired him; he had brooded until he knew her soul, and that he caught at its birth. A beautiful name, a beautiful ship, *Flying Cloud*.

Her launching created no great furor. The American yards had turned out many clippers since the *Stag Hound*; they were getting used to the new, lean beauties. New York yards were working night and day. The world was getting hard to take by storm, hard to catch by a name. It did not respond so easily to each new attempt at a swifter hull, a braver craft. There was no worry in that matter to either Donald McKay or his ship. Neither needed the applause of the mob. There was art between the man and his dream and he sent her out in high faith. He got her a good captain. Enoch Train sold her to a New York firm and she cast off her lines bent upon winning her place among her kind.

She sailed out past Sandy Hook with a following sea and westerly wind. Captain Creesy was bound for 'Frisco. He had all three skysails and royals on her and her people were rigging out her studding sail. White broke the sea from under her bow, hissing past her into the rile of her wake. Off shore, the breeze freshened, now to a half gale, then to a gale, but the captain kept everything on her. Three days out she was partly dismasted. Keeping her on her course, new spars were sent aloft, new canvas spread. A

mutiny broke out and some men had to be put in irons. Through the thunder and lightning of the tropics he carried her south to the Horn in mid-winter, a cape always bad enough but in the winter sometimes impassable for weeks. But the Gods smiled. Captain Creesy drove on. Sometimes he lost sails, sprung spars, fished yards, set up new rigging, but always he fought for the last mile he could work out of each day afloat. At last he made the California coast. Even the last day before he flew past the Golden Gate he had a fore topgallant mast on deck to be sent up in place of one he had



lost. But at last, none of this mattered. The *Flying Cloud* had made San Francisco in eighty nine days! She had not only made a name for herself, but she had, in a single voyage, hung up a record that no other clipper ever equalled under anything like the conditions she encountered. Many clippers sailing that passage at the same time took upward of a hundred days to do it, and a few two hundred. Just to prove she could, she equalled her world-famous run just three years later.

Much as she cost him in labor and love, Donald McKay was not content. He built another, the *Flying Fish*, which did not equal his record-breaker although she was very creditable. Then he set himself to build a vessel to out-sail the *Flying Cloud*. He gave her a solemn name, of grave import. He called her, not without ample

reason, *Sovereign of the Seas*. Two hundred years before there had been a famous ship of the line so named, part of England's "oaken walls," the greatest vessel of her day. He modelled her exquisitely with all his life's work in mind. That he might have entirely his own way with her building, he put his own money into her. When she was finally launched she was the longest, sharpest and most beautiful merchant ship in the world. It was estimated she should make twenty knots in a whole sail breeze.

She had white lower masts, varnished booms, black yards and at her trucks, as masthead ornaments, gilded balls. Her spars were beautiful, but strong beyond anything the world had ever seen. For a figurehead she carried beneath her bow sprit a carved Neptune blowing on a curved conch shell, blowing heartily as with all the winds of the world. She was worth gambling every cent a man had upon her fortune. McKay had put all he was worth into her, but not blindly. He knew something of the California trade. When she was ready he loaded her by consignments he secured himself. He gave her captaincy to his brother Lauchlan, who might be trusted to guide this venture aright for the security of the family. Then he sat back to wait for news of his daring risk. Fair days and foul he waited.

She outsailed everything that had left within a month of her and when she arrived in California flour was bringing \$44 a barrel and she had a hold full of it for sale. Crews deserted in a body in those days, but they did wait to tie up the *Sovereign of the Seas* before they went, which spoke well for their good will toward both owner and captain. She got to sea again after a time with one third as many men in her crew as she needed, and she made for Hawaii. Then in twenty-two days she covered a quarter of the distance around the world. She had a single day's run of four hundred and twenty-four miles in twenty-four hours, which was the fastest a ship had ever sailed, a record which gave both her captain and owner much to be proud of. The nine months' earnings of the ship, to May, 1853, amounted to \$135,000. A ship with such a reputation was sold at the price Donald McKay saw fit to name. Again he had been successful. Again the sea had been kind and his ship true, but McKay felt he was but fairly settled at his work.

California freight fell in 1853. Mad blood was growing cool.

Some in the far west were content to do work other than mining. Less merchandise was needed. The gold fields had proved their promise, but the first wild haste was ended and the clippers had competed on a basis of speed only. When there was no longer the urge of a life or death haste, shippers dared to use cheaper vessels. The China trade was quiet too, so the *Sovereign of the Seas* was laden for Liverpool.

Meanwhile, Donald McKay had married again. Mary Cressy Litchfield was a woman of ability and as Mrs. McKay she helped her husband in every way an intelligent and sensitive woman could. It was she who found names for the new ships, weighing, choosing among the myriad of sounds for beautiful words worthy of such sea-goers as her husband created. It was she McKay carried to Liverpool with him on the *Sovereign of the Seas*. He was dreaming a dream as he felt his ship heave and run beneath him. She was easy for all her swiftness, with the peculiar motion of a vessel driven under sail, so different from the dead sea-slugging of a steamer. She broke the record for trans-Atlantic crossings on that voyage. In thirteen days and twenty-two hours she anchored off Liverpool docks, and Donald McKay had seen his flier at her prettiest and had fitted her into his impudent, impossible dream.

Soon he was back in his shipyard, working steadily. The *Westward Ho*, the *Bald Eagle*, the *Empress of the Sea* followed each other down his ways, beautiful ships, every one, faster than other flyers plunging on their way to the west coast, and the somewhat dimmed glory of mined gold, but the *Flying Cloud* and the *Sovereign of the Seas* were still unmatched. The matching of them, the great builder believed, lay within his dreams. For that he needed to muster his funds to the last dollar, to work his yard to its full capacity. Meanwhile he kept his own counsel, leaving others to talk while he worked.

Donald McKay knew his spars, his cordage, his canvas. Perhaps he knew them so well he realized he had gotten the top speed from his materials; that they would not bear more. Certain it is that both the *Flying Cloud* and *Sovereign of the Seas* frequently lost their topmasts. Sails split, cloth from cloth, and gear parted with the noise as of gunfire, but audacity paid. McKay had built the fastest ships on the sea. His clippers had averaged close to two

thousand ton ships in size. In speed and in size he had won. Yet he was but partly content. He dreamed dreams, beheld them clearly and then set about his masterpiece.

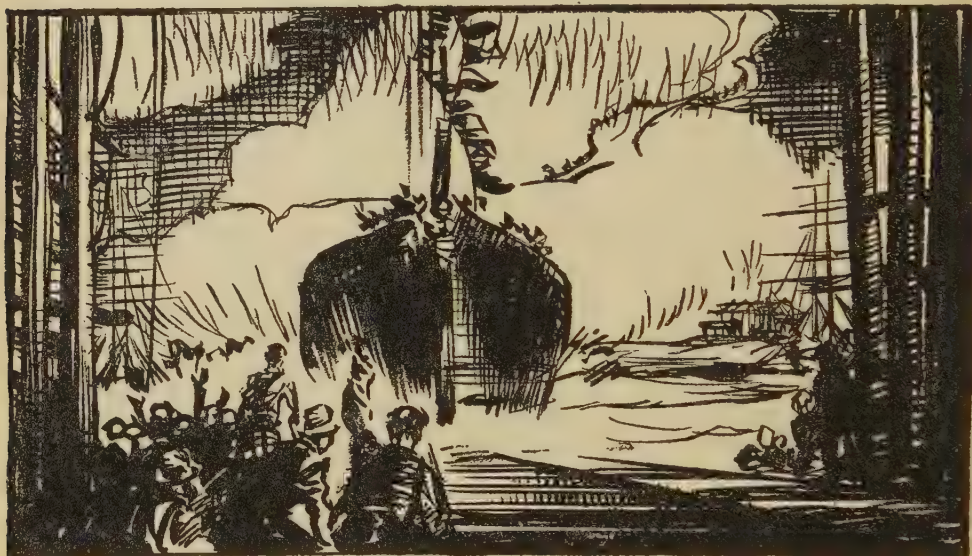
Every penny he could spare he flung into this new venture. He planned to build a ship of four thousand fifty-five tons register, more than twice as large as the most daring of the ships he had already built. Friends thought him crazy. Foes sneered. The plans were finished, and the huge monster began to take shape. She was three hundred and twenty-five feet long and had four complete decks. At her stem she carried an eagle's head and on the stern there was a carved eagle with an American shield in its claws. Fifty thousand throats cheered her at launching, amid gunfire and playing bands. For a name she was given the *Great Republic*.

Captain Lauchlan McKay, who had succeeded so well with the *Sovereign of the Seas*, was given command of this, the largest sailing vessel afloat. She was towed to New York, laden with a full cargo for Liverpool, and waited at the wharf for the last of those thousand things that a new vessel lacks, even at the very moment before sailing. Content that all would be well, Donald McKay went home to Boston. The night after Christmas 1853, the sparks from a fire ashore set her ablaze. The flames leaped into the rigging, burning the new tar in fat flares. The most wonderful set of spars in the world blazed like torches. Stirrups loosened, lifts gave way and parted, all the fair tracery of her fell tumbling into the red hot hull. In a few hours she burned to the water line and her cargo carried her down amid the hiss of steam.

By telegraph the news was sent to "the house on the hill" in East Boston. It was like the crack of doom to Donald McKay. All his gallant dreams ruined? The bravest ship that ever left a yard was to have no trial? Grandeur, pride, glory, all gone? His tight jaw stiffened, his eye grew hard with a haunted look of fear in it. The *Great Republic* was burned, burned. He could not have believed it but for that telegram in his hand. White faced, terribly quiet, he walked the floor, deaf to questions or pleas that he go to bed. The *Great Republic* was burned! All night he walked and when morning came he was off to New York by the first train. There he saw the charred and twisted spars, the floating

fragments, the blackened edge of the hull which rested upon the black East River mud, ten feet beneath the water.

A man less powerful, less sane, would have been crushed by the death of the *Great Republic*. It was a soul slaying calamity fit to break the heart. Men have reeled away in blackness, broken and utterly ruined by less. The great ship had been insured and that insurance was paid. The misfortune did not strike him financially. He had put the very best he had in the yard into her. Every in-



genious idea he had conceived had gone to making that master ship. Yet a strange thing happened.

Donald McKay turned his back upon the lost *Great Republic* and fell to work madly. In the year 1854 he turned out eight ships and a schooner. California freights were very flat and the China trade had died, so American markets were closed. The *Sovereign of the Seas* had fallen temporarily into the hands of a peppery little Englishman named James Baines, and she had served him so well in the Australian trade that he gave orders for four of the eight ships McKay turned out that year.

The same cause that had opened California trade now unlocked Australia. Gold had been discovered. Baines had seen the for-

tunes roll into the pockets of American merchants from the California mines. He saw every reason why he should plunge heavily upon this Australian rush. So he bought all Donald McKay could turn out in a year, and the first of those was the *Lightning*.

This was glory with a vengeance. Who had ever heard of an English house buying ships in the United States? It simply wasn't done. It wasn't British! James Baines merely laughed. His eyes sparkled and he sent "Bully" Forbes to East Boston to take out the *Lightning*. He was a man who could drive even a Nova Scotian packet until she looked like a clipper. He never let up, day or night, keeping sail on until fear raised the hair on the heads of his officers. "Melbourne or Hell in sixty days!" he cried when he took the *Lightning* out on her first voyage. He had new sails blown out of the bolt ropes. He put the clipper's rails awash, and he tore down to Melbourne in style.

The *Lightning* was a sweet ship. She cut the water without fuss. There was no slapping of bow waves from her side. Behind her the water closed flat as a lake. She had the sharpest ends of any clipper in the world and she was much flared above water. Her figurehead was a young woman holding in her hand a flashing thunderbolt of gold. Otherwise the ship had no ornament, for she was without carving, but her lines were easy to the eye and friendly to the heart. She kept her promise in the hands of "Bully" Forbes. On March 1, 1854 she came in sight of Irish Land, having run in twenty-four hours four hundred thirty-six miles. That day's run entitles the *Lightning* to be known as the fastest sailing ship that ever knew the seas. The hourly average was better than eighteen knots, a record only the fastest of our modern steamers excel.

The *Great Republic* had died, but the *Lightning* was the fastest ship in the world. There was solace and gratification at once.

Then McKay built the *James Baines*, using what he had learned, feeling his way toward perfection. She carried a bust for a figurehead, a bust of James Baines, with his whiskers and shining top hat. It is said that even the eyes twinkled, like those of the little man in life. There was art in those figureheads. Fashioned of wood, as they were, they offered to the artist problems all their own. James Baines sat for the figurehead of his ship as he might have sat for the painting of a portrait. Captains regarded them with pride,

with sympathetic respect and even with superstition. The figure-head of the *Great Republic* was saved from the fire and was not replaced when she was raised after being sold. Perhaps that eagle head was blamed for the disaster; such ideas have come from the following of deep water before now. Perhaps, too, in reverse, the wooden figure of James Baines was lucky, for certainly the ship was. Her astute and shrewd owner put her into the Australian trade, the only trade, for the moment, demanding speed. From the first she was fast. In twelve days and six hours she crossed the Atlantic, hanging up a new trans-Atlantic record. Liverpool loved her. They were used to fine ships in those days, the finest the world has ever seen, but they marvelled at her high head and outstretched bow. She was called the most perfect sailing ship that ever entered the Mersey River. Then she sailed for a winter passage to Melbourne and arrived in sixty-three days, tying the record of the *Lightning*.

This voyage was of course made over the new route then sailed by all the clippers. Lieutenant Maury, of the United States Navy, after years of studying winds and currents had been able to advise shipmen of new and quicker tracks. He taught them to use the favorable and avoid the unfavorable. The old way to Australia was by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, stopping at Capetown both coming and going. An average passage by this route took four months each way. Lieutenant Maury advised keeping well to the west of the Cape until as far south as 50° , when a vessel could use the westerly winds to be blown straight toward Australia. "The brave west winds," Maury called them. Having made Australia, the clipper would keep on around the globe, circumnavigating the earth and coming back into the south Atlantic by the way of Cape Horn. All the way they would carry the favorable west wind.

The *James Baines*, having gone out in sixty-three days, pushed on from Melbourne around the world and made Liverpool in sixty-nine days. Around the world in one hundred, thirty-two days, no longer than in earlier days it had taken for a fast ship to reach Melbourne. What is more, she made even another record within this larger, more significant one. Here is her log.

June 17, Latitude 44 S., Longitude 106 E. Ship going twenty-one knots with main skysail set.

That entry records the fastest sailing ever done, even by the clipper ships, a modest setting down of real attainment wrung from the barren seas beyond the wilderness of Kerguelen, the bleak whale road, where the wind is edged by frost and free ice grinds and growls on the heaving surges.

Mr. Baines was pleased with his namesake, with the *Lightning*, the *Champion of the Seas*, and with the *Donald McKay*. He wrote, by way of praising them, "In these ships you have given us all and more than we expected." Carrying real satisfaction, those words must have pleased the quiet Nova Scotian.

The period of the grand manner was closing. Steam, by economy, was throttling the clippers. Few of the fast ships lived to a great age. They were driven hard. Their gear was light for the great strains involved. They were planked with soft woods. Shipwreck, fire, neglect, expense, wiped them from the sea. Donald McKay came to build more modestly rigged vessels. He toyed with steel and steam for the northern navy in the Civil War and did his work well. Altogether he built in his yard more than seventy vessels, and no other man had so much fame for his building. The war claims were hard to collect. American shipping was sadly quieted by the Civil War and in turn the finances of Donald McKay had suffered. Peace came, and all his world was looking after itself again, but for him there was no satisfaction.

He wanted one more ship. He could have built a big coasting schooner and made money from her, or a steamer and been sure of his profits. His means, while limited, would have extended to either of these, but he would not have it. Instead he wanted a ship. He wanted to build it, he wanted to have it sail the sea in the good old fashion. Vanity? Perhaps. Sounds more like pride of the old artist, elderly eyes still longing for the pain and pleasure that is at the heart of creating anything. He built his last clipper.

She was called the *Glory of the Seas*. She had much of the look of the extreme clippers which came out of the heyday of the East Boston yard, but she was really conservative. Her bow raked beautifully, her decks lifted neatly with a pleasant sweep, but her lines were full and she registered 2102 tons.

The *Glory of the Seas* went to California too, but she brought back wheat, not gold. She brought it back safely as became a craft

so handsome and well-built. She warmed the cockles of Donald McKay's heart and she made life bearable again, for all its heaviness. He lost money in her, but he did not mind. She was fast, far faster than most ships then afloat. He was proud of her while he lived and nothing else so close to his desire came after her from his yard. In 1875 he refitted the famous yacht *America*, our winner of the Queen's cup, now preserved in the name of American yachting at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. Then he closed his yard. The last ship had been built, the last difficulty faced; his day was over. Five years later, in 1880, he slipped out of life, his work done. The *Glory of the Seas* was on her way to Ireland when he died, working out her destiny in competition with the new ships. She worked hard in the years to come. Across the seas she carried wheat from 'Frisco to England, coal she took up and down the west coast. She worked as a floating cannery. Then for years she was inactive. In 1923 she was burned for her fastenings. A noble death for a noble ship, the pyre of heroes and faithful servants. She was the last thing that fitted the dream of Donald McKay, and she was the last of all the threescore and ten ships he built to come to its end. His heart was in her and his spirit saw her out to her last day. There was no blemish in her for she was wrought as much in love as those earlier darlings of the master. She was his solace to the end. No more could man ask of any ship.

Donald McKay was buried at the hilly little town of Newburyport where he had begun his struggle, a proper place for a shipman to rest, the vast skies spreading overhead and the great northern ocean at his feet.

PIRATES AND BUCCANEERS

After what manner They arm Their vessels, and how They regulate Their voyages.

By JOHN ESQUEMELING

BEFORE the Pirates go out to sea, they give notice unto every one that goes upon the voyage, of the day on which they ought precisely to embark, intimating also unto them their obligation of bringing each man in particular so many pounds of powder and bullets as they think necessary for that expedition. Being all come on board, they join together in council, concerning what place they ought first to go unto wherein to get provisions—especially of flesh, seeing they scarce eat anything else. And of this the most common sort among them is pork. The next food is tortoises, which they use to salt a little. Sometimes they resolve to rob such or such hog-yards, wherein the Spaniards often have a thousand head of swine together. They come unto these places in the dark of the night, and, having beset the keeper's lodge, they force him to rise and give them as many heads as they desire, threatening withal to kill him in case he disobeys their commands or makes any noise. Yea, these menaces are oftentimes put in execution, without giving any quarter unto the miserable swine-keepers or any other person that endeavours to hinder their robberies.

Having gotten provision of flesh sufficient for their voyage, they return unto their ship. Here their allowance, twice a day to every one, is as much as he can eat, without either weight or measure. Neither does the steward of the vessel give any greater proportion of flesh, or anything else, unto the Captain than unto the meanest mariner. The ship being well victualled, they call another council, to deliberate towards what place they shall go to seek their des-

perate fortunes. In this council, likewise, they agree upon certain articles, which are put in writing, by way of bond or obligation, which every one is bound to observe, and all of them, or the chiefest, do set their hands unto. Herein they specify, and set down very distinctly, what sums of money each particular person ought to



have for that voyage, the fund of all the payments being the common stock of what is gotten by the whole expedition; or otherwise it is the same law, among these people as with other Pirates: *No prey, no pay*. In the first place, therefore, they mention how much the Captain ought to have for his ship. Next the salary of the carpenter, or shipwright, who careened, mended, and rigged the vessel. This commonly amounts unto one hundred or one hundred and fifty pieces-of-eight, being, according to the agreement, more or less. Afterwards for provisions, and victualling they draw out of the same common stock about two hundred pieces-of-eight. Also

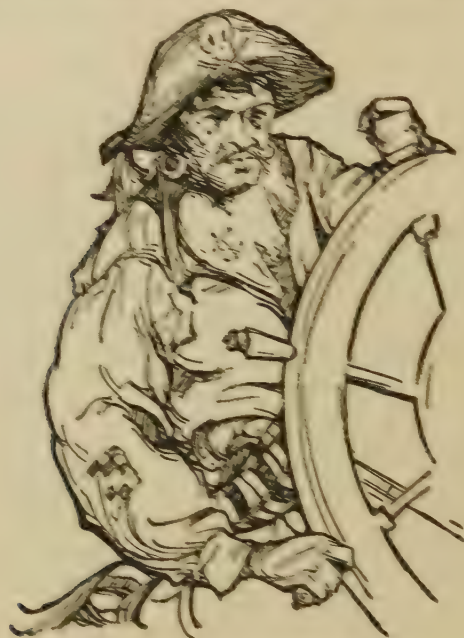
a competent salary for the surgeon and his chest of medicaments, which usually is rated at two hundred or two hundred and fifty pieces-of-eight. Lastly, they stipulate in writing what recompense or reward each ought to have that is either wounded or maimed in his body, suffering the loss of any limb, by that voyage. Thus they order for the loss of a right arm six hundred pieces-of-eight, or six slaves, for the loss of a left arm five hundred pieces-of-eight, or five slaves; for a right leg five hundred pieces-of-eight, or five slaves; for a left leg four hundred pieces-of-eight, or four slaves; for an eye one hundred pieces-of-eight, or one slave; for a finger of the



hand the same reward as for the eye. All which sums of money, as I have said before, are taken out of the capital sum or common stock of what is gotten by their piracy. For a very exact and equal dividend is made of the remainder among them all. Yet herein they have also regard unto qualities and places. Thus the Captain, or chief Commander, is allotted five or six portions to what the ordinary seamen have; the Master's Mate only two; and other Officers proportionable to their employment. After whom they draw equal parts from the highest even to the lowest mariner, the boys not being omitted. For even these draw half a share, by reason

that, when they happen to take a better vessel than their own, it is the duty of the boys to set fire unto the ship or boat wherein they are, and then retire unto the prize which they have taken.

They observe among themselves very good orders. For in the prizes they take, it is severely prohibited unto every one to usurp anything in particular unto themselves. Hence all they take is equally divided, according to what has been said before. Yea, they make a solemn oath to each other not to abscond, or conceal the least



thing they find amongst the prey. If afterwards any one is found unfaithful, and has contravened the said oath, immediately he is separated and turned out of the society. Among themselves they are very civil and charitable to each other. Inasmuch that, if any wants what another has, with great liberality they give it one to another. As soon as these Pirates have taken any prize of ship or boat, the first thing they endeavour is to set on shore the prisoners, detaining only some few for their own help and service, unto whom also they give their liberty after the space of two or three years. They put in very frequently for refreshment at one island or an-

other, but more especially into those which lie on the Southern side of the isle of Cuba. Here they careen their vessels, and in the meanwhile some of them go to hunt, others to cruise upon the seas in canoes, seeking their fortune. Many times they take the poor fishermen of tortoises, and, carrying them to their habitations, they make them work so long as the Pirates are pleased.



STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SEA

By CHARLES NORDHOFF

ON THAT eventful night over three quarters of a century ago when the five hundred men composing the ship's company of the ill-fated *Central America* were struggling for life with darkness and the billows, an old-time superstition of the sea turned toward them the prow of the Norwegian bark *Ellen*, whose brave crew succeeded in rescuing the survivors among those despairing swimmers.



The circumstances attending the rescue are now common knowledge, and need no recital at our hands. We will simply quote the words of the Norwegian Captain, as to the cause of his so fortunate presence upon the scene of disaster and death: "Some time before I

saw or heard you (so he spoke to one of the rescued), the wind hauled and I altered my course a little—thus standing away from the then unknown scene of wreck. Immediately after altering my course, a small bird flew across the ship twice, and then darted at my face. I took little notice of the circumstance. Again the bird flew around the ship, and again it darted in my face. This time I began to regard it as something extraordinary, and while pondering upon the matter, and hesitating whether to pay attention to the feathered creature, it appeared for the third time and repeated its extraordinary actions. I immediately put the ship's head back to the course we had been originally steering; and shortly after we heard noises in the water about us; which proved to be the shouts of the shipwrecked."

The vessel was in their midst. Had she been continued upon her altered course, it is certain that the cries of the swimmers would have failed to reach the bark, and they would have been in all probability lost.

If a disposition to believe more than is warranted by reason be the true meaning of superstition, then, to a certain extent, the existence of this faculty in the mind of an uneducated sailor is pardonable; placed in the sphere of action of the greatest wonders in creation he beholds the working of mysterious influences, acting on a gigantic scale—the rising and falling of the tides, awful from their immensity, and wonderful from their exact regularity; he sails, and in a few weeks the fickle and inconstant wind is changed for one that never varies—the compass, obeying a secret law, occult from his investigation, becomes his constant friend and companion; and placing implicit reliance on these mysterious agents, he is easily led to give credence to other things he does not understand, predisposing him to superstition.

With slight powers of observation, and still less reflection, the sailor is not an adept at tracing causes. Most things beyond the range of the familiar are a mystery to him—hence he is easily imposed upon. Continually exposed to perils of great moment, from habit he becomes bold and daring, as regards physical dangers; but at the same time he is the veriest slave of superstitious fear, and the dull hours of the middle watch are often passed in feverish excitement, as some garrulous old tar narrates to his listening mates the

voices and echoes he has heard, and the flashes he has seen, since he first followed his restless calling.

Seamen are prone to wonder, and in their rambling vocation this faculty is constantly exercised. Flying Dutchmen and other supernatural appearances have ever been considered by them as among the things entitled to implicit faith; it is this faculty in its excited state that has produced the vision of the phantom ship—the sea serpent—and made them converts to the belief in all the wonderful tales about the Kraken.

The objects which induce the seaman to superstition are various, but as it is with the superstitions themselves that we are concerned, we shall enumerate some of the most popular.

The common barnacle, or shell-fish, frequently found sticking to the bottoms of ships, is believed by Scotch and English mariners to become a species of goose; and, indeed, when we find Holinshed gravely asserting, that “with his own eyes he saw the feathers of these barnacles hang out of the shell at least two inches,” who can be surprised at the credulity of the illiterate sailor?

Another very common superstition is, that the black spot on each side of the gills of the John Dory, and haddock, was made by St. Peter with his finger and thumb, when he took the tribute money out of the mouths of fish of these species, and which mark continued on the whole race ever since the performance of this miracle.

The dolphin and porpoise are never looked upon as favorable omens if they make their appearance during a calm—the belief is, that the fish and the wind come from the same quarter. If they spring and bound about with energy, it is held to be a sure indication of an approaching gale—on the contrary, if they are seen pursuing each other during a storm, or when the sea is rough, it is a sign of fair and calm weather to ensue.

There is an ugly fish called a sea urchin. If these are observed to thrust themselves into the mud, or endeavor to cover their bodies with sand, it foreshows a storm. Cockles and other shellfish frequently have sand and gravel sticking to them previous to bad weather. The reason for this appears to be that they try to ballast themselves, in order to resist being raised from the bottom by surges. As a general rule, it is observed that both salt and fresh water fish leap and bite more eagerly before rain than at any other time.

A deadly feud exists between the sailor and the shark; and of all sea creatures there is not one upon which he exercises such unrelenting animosity. Once in his power, on the deck, and instantly his knife is plunged into its voracious maw; and with greedy delight he gloats over the expiring agonies of his victim, for he believes that if a shark follows the ship for a few days a death is sure to occur on board.

With Danish and Norwegian seamen are associated many singular superstitions. The Neck is one of these: in shape he is described a handsome boy, wearing a red cap on his head, beneath which escapes a rich profusion of golden hair, luxuriant and dazzling; he is shaped below like a horse; his amusement is playing on a golden harp, sitting on the waters—he plays exquisitely. This superstition is interesting, inasmuch as it is connected with Christianity; for it is believed the Neck will teach any one the art of playing on his golden harp who will present him with a black lamb, at the same time promising him redemption, as the loss of his salvation troubles him exceedingly.

From Norway also comes the story of the Kraken. This immense marine animal (according to a popular superstition) frequents the northern seas, particularly near the coasts of Norway and Sweden. It is supposed that the Kraken lies in deep water, in eighty or one hundred fathoms, and when he rises to the surface, which it appears he seldom does, the calmest sea becomes troubled to a vast distance around him, the heaving billows pointing out the more immediate space in which he will emerge; those parts of his back above the surface assuming the aspect of so many islands, variable in dimensions as well as shape, at every motion of the Kraken. The form of this monster is likened to a crab, and the back or upper part is said to be a mile and a half in circumference, or, as some affirm, even more. Its limbs, and it has many, are truly enormous, appearing, when elevated above the sea, as large as the masts of moderate-sized ships, and are besides possessed of such strength that with one of them he can seize on boats and the smaller kinds of ships, and draw them under water. His descent is no less terrible than his rising, since it occasions a swell and whirlpool, so violent and irresistible, that ships of the greatest size coming within its action

inevitably are drawn into the abyss of waters—and sink to rise no more.

In proof of the existence of such an animal, the Norwegian sailors state, that on the coast adjacent to the place inhabited by the Kraken, the waters often suddenly become shallow—that is to say, the ground fished upon a few hours since in fifty or eighty fathoms, is rapidly reduced to five or ten, or even less than that; they believe this sudden shoaling of the water to be caused by the rising of the Kraken; and as fish always abound in the vicinity of the spot where he is supposed to be, they regard it as a fortunate circumstance; should the Kraken, however, approach very near the surface, they are compelled to pull for their lives, to avoid being killed by the enormous monster.

The stormy petrel, or Mother Cary's chicken, is of the catalogue of marine superstitions. This delicate little ocean bird is not much larger than a lark, and takes the widest flight of any from the shore; and hence, when a gale springs up, it is frequently obliged to seek refuge on rocks in the sea, or on vessels. For this reason it has been called the tempest bird. Mermaids are too well known to need a description; a lovely woman upward from the waist, and a fish below; they delight in combing their long golden locks with a comb, and examining themselves in a mirror; they are considered dangerous to approach, as their fascinating beauty, heightened and assisted by their delicious melody, entice the unwary into the water, to drown them. They are supposed to abide in caverns in the sea, and to delight in submarine grottoes. This fabulous creature, no doubt, owes its origin to the resemblance which a certain kind of seal, when in the water, bears to the upper part of the human body.

The belief is very common among old seamen that Fins and Laplanders are wizards, possessed of mysterious and occult powers over the winds and storms, and there are at sea numerous legends of headstrong Fins, who, taking offense at some fancied insult from officers, have detained the ship, by causing head winds of weeks' duration.

All seamen are more or less superstitious about the moon; they prognosticate from her appearance the kind of weather to ensue. If her horns appear sharp, fine weather is considered likely to follow; it is a bad omen when the new moon lies on her back, that

is, when her horns are pointed toward the zenith. It often occurs that the dark side of the moon is seen, or, in other words, that part of the moon which is covered with shadow is visible through it. This they call the new moon carrying the old moon in her arms, and is considered a bad sign; a hazy circle round the moon foretells rain, the distance of the circle from the luminary indicating the near or distant period of its occurring.

Friday has always been considered an unfortunate day for commencing a voyage—Sunday the reverse. This superstition probably arose from the circumstance of the crucifixion of the Redeemer on the first-mentioned day, and his resurrection on the last. It was the custom of the early mariners to obtain the good wishes of the church previous to going to sea, to protect them from its perils; and it is conjectured the priesthood, in order to enforce a strict observance of their religious rites, were the instigators of this superstition.

All good fortune is supposed to leave the ship while she carries a corpse on board. To lose a mop, or drop a water-bucket into the sea while drawing water—to drown a cat or to kill one, are deemed evil omens.

Some sailors believe that a kingfisher suspended freely in the air, by means of a piece of thread passed through its beak, will show from which quarter the wind blows, by an occult and secret law of its own, turning its breast in the true direction, thereby introducing natural weathercocks.

Hanging a rope over a ship's side when homeward bound is a superstitious idea which many seamen possess; the belief is that their friends, sweethearts, or wives, as the case may be, secretly take hold of it, and help to pull the ship home again.

Events frequently happen at sea, strongly tending to feed and cherish a superstitious feeling; and men who too frequently judge of things from appearances, without inquiring into the cause, are apt to ascribe to supernatural agency what might be readily explained by scientific observation. The following is an example:

On a calm and sunny day a ship was sailing over the sea, hundreds of miles away from any land, and no other sail in sight, when suddenly the attention of her crew was arrested by the loud and distinct ringing of a bell. Clang, clang, clang it went, to the amazement of all. They ascended the rigging, but nothing could be seen

but the gently-heaving sea and the fair blue sky. From whence could this sound proceed? No bell, by the ordinary mode of conveying sound, could be heard from the distance they could see; still the inexplicable sounds continued—clang, clang, clang—and terror was depicted in the countenances of the crew; it seemed to them as though they heard the ship's knell, and many a hardy tar grew pale. A scientific individual calmed their fears, for he accounted for the strange bell at once—upon the well known principle of the acoustic tube—in this way: as the sound of a gun discharged from a high mountain echoes from cliff to cliff, so, in the present instance, the clouds reflected the sound of a bell of a distant ship to the spot in which they were placed. Soon after, on the following day, they met a ship, and on inquiring they found it was her bell they had heard—her crew had been violently sounding it for their amusement. But for this explanation, and its happy confirmation, every seaman on board would have believed that the sounds of the bell were caused by supernatural agency.

Ships apparently navigated among the clouds are sometimes seen at sea, owing to certain peculiar atmospheric conditions, and under these circumstances it requires no ordinary effort to calm the apprehensions of ignorant men.

A few years ago a ship left port on a distant voyage, expecting to be absent about a year. After fourteen months had elapsed, with no word from, or of her, the owners began to be uneasy about her fate. Month after month rolled away, until all hope of seeing her return had been banished from the mind of the most sanguine. In the course of the third summer after her departure a violent storm of thunder and lightning arose, which on clearing away left the sky quiet and serene, when to the amazement of everyone, a ship bearing a great resemblance to the missing vessel appeared in the air, standing under all her canvas, and bearing for the harbor—she kept in sight twenty minutes. The phantom ship was borne along until she appeared to be within a half mile of the spectators; she then gradually disappeared, became fainter and fainter, until she wholly vanished into thin air. The vision was of course believed to be the specter of the lost ship, come to warn the towns-people of her fate. Thirty hours later the real missing ship sailed into the harbor. Science explains this mysterious appearance in the following man-

ner: When the specter of the missing ship was first seen, the real ship herself was a great distance off at sea, but her image was reflected on the clouds within the vision of the spectators in the town. A slight shifting of the sun's rays, or a different density of the atmosphere, caused her sudden disappearance.



"BULLY" HAYES, PACIFIC BUCCANEER

By JOHN A. HENSHALL

FREEBOOTERS and pirates have followed their calling in the vast reaches of the Pacific ocean since history began, but today the picturesque Caucasian ruffians who sailed under the black flag or no flag no longer exist. The activity of American and British gunboats has swept the seas of their craft. A few Chinese outlaws laying in wait at the mouths of the Yangtze-kiang, the Hwang-Ho and other rivers for small unarmed vessels and the Malays who infest the East Indian Archipelago in their proas are their successors.



Foremost among the buccaneers of white ancestry is "Bully" Hayes, who already is becoming a legendary hero. His exploits on the California coast, among the coral atolls of the South Seas and on the Australian seaboard are discussed today by old mariners on San Francisco's waterfront and on Sydney wharves. Kanaka seamen who were impressed into his service tell of his deeds and beach-combers on the thousand islands of the world's largest ocean add glamour to his career in the constant repetition. Even Robert Louis Stevenson writing his prologue to "The Wreckers," while in voluntary exile at Tutuila, says: Talk in the South Seas is all upon one pattern. It is a wide ocean but a narrow world. You shall never talk long and not hear the name of Bully Hayes, a naval hero whose exploits left Europe cold.

William Henry Hayes was born in New York in 1829. Few details of his early youth are known but in 1855 he enlisted in the United States navy and served under Admiral Farragut with "great gallantry." (Daily Mail, Adelaide, Australia, August 13, 1913.)

He was a gigantic man, six feet four inches tall, with immense shoulders and deeply-marked determined features. The Rev. James Chalmers, a missionary, who was compelled to take passage on one of the numerous schooners which Hayes commanded, in his autobiography published by the Religious Tract Society, describes the buccaneer as "apparently a perfect gentleman and host, with handsome face, bright blue eyes, strong nose, well cut mouth, large mustache and long clustering hair. In his not infrequent ungovernable rages he was a madman. His face became purple, and his eyes a jet black. He was a man of considerable culture and spoke English, French, German and Spanish."

Hayes appeared in San Francisco in 1859 and on December 7 purchased an interest in the brig *Ellenita* from M. S. Morrison, a shipping master for \$800. He was given command of the vessel. After selecting a crew from the toughest characters on the waterfront, he sailed through the Golden Gate at midnight without clearance papers, and although pursued by the tug *Martin* made his escape in the darkness. It was found that he had incurred debts totaling \$4000 and carried away 40 tons of beans owned by Morrison.

No cables spanned the ocean in those days, but a San Francisco steamer reached Honolulu in advance of his arrival, and a deputy

sheriff was sent to Lahaina, a small Hawaiian port, with orders to arrest the freebooter. Hayes received his visitor politely but when formally served with the warrant gave orders to hoist sail, informing the officer that he would be glad of his company on the voyage unless he desired to go ashore. The representative of the law was powerless and returned alone to the beach. For nearly a year thereafter Hayes engaged in blackbirding (slave trading) in the islands, until the *Ellenita* foundered near Savii. Hayes and his crew reached the shore in boats. The fate of the Kanakas packed like sardines in the hold of the vessel, is not known but it is probable they sank with the schooner.

No sequential record of Hayes' twenty years piracy and blackbirding can be written. Occasional reports of his murderous trail in the Marshall, Marquesas, Solomon and other islands in the vast and practically unexplored South Pacific reached San Francisco, Sydney or Honolulu.

On one of his periodic visits to large seaports, he arrived at Singapore with an American schooner, which was sold for debts incurred by the British vice-Admiralty court. Despite this inauspicious incident, he ingratiated himself with Charles Webster, a trader, who purchased the *C. W. Bradley, Jr.*, also an American schooner, and placed him in command, with instructions to proceed to Rangoon for a cargo of rice. On reaching the open sea, Hayes changed the course of the vessel and turned up at Freemantle, where he entertained Sir Richard Macdonald, the chief justice, and became engaged to the daughter of Harbormaster William Scott. For two months he was lionized by society. In the Australian papers of the day he was described as a "charming young man, of good appearance who sang nicely and was well liked, especially by women." His expenditures were met by drafts on the unfortunate Webster. But disquieting rumors spread and the "charming young man" disappeared. Again his schooner was sold for debt by the Admiralty court.

The magnetic personality of Bully Hayes is proven in the universally favorable impression he made on strangers of high standing in business and social circles. It is officially recorded that during his career he was master of the following vessels: *Otranto*, *Orestes*, *Bradley*, *Black Diamond*, *North Star*, *Launceston*, *Rona* and *Ellenita*.

in addition to several others not listed. Almost invariably he secured the money to purchase these craft, or a part ownership therein, from shipping men or traders. He would then set sail for distant islands, entice a few score natives below decks on pretext of trading, and clamp down the hatches. Labor was scarce on the copra plantations of the larger islands colonized by Europeans and Bully Hayes found the trade in human chattels profitable. Employers were not inquisitive concerning the source of their labor supply and the terrorized, homesick savages were sold into slavery.

He became associated with Captain Ben Pease, another notorious American pirate, and the two boldly sailed into Guam harbor. They were welcomed by the Spanish governor, for white visitors were infrequent in the lonely Pacific outpost and news of their nefarious exploits had not reached officialdom.

Several Chamorros, savage natives, were killed when the renegades attempted to "blackbird" them, and they were arrested, heavily ironed and placed aboard a Spanish vessel bound for Manila. A report from the governor to the governor-general of the Philippines contained enough evidence, it was declared, "to garrote a dozen men."

One night they were allowed on deck and given cigars. Pease calmly dropped overboard while smoking and, weighted by his irons, sank like a stone. Bully Hayes made friends with his captors and on arrival in Manila professed penitence and embraced the Roman Catholic creed. In some manner, which has never been explained, he escaped. A few months later the buccaneer again was on the high seas, in command of the schooner *Launceston*.

He planned a scheme to make money at the expense of Chinese immigrants and Australian officials. With three hundred Orientals, who had paid him their passage money and the \$50 head tax required by the New South Wales government, he stood off Sydney harbor with sea cocks opened, flag upside down and other distress signals unfurled. Tugboats rushed to his assistance, whereupon Hayes informed their officers that the *Launceston* was foundering and begged that the Chinamen be taken aboard. The crew would follow in the ship's boat if they could not save the vessel. The Orientals were rescued but when Hayes' arrival in port was delayed, a tug was dispatched to render further aid if necessary. The

Launceston had disappeared. Burdened with 300 Chinese immigrants, the tug company finally paid \$15,000 head tax as the cheapest escape from its dilemma.

Two reports are current concerning his death. According to the *Sydney Evening News*, Oct. 2, 1873, Captain S. H. Simpson, commanding *H. M. S. Blanche*, caught Hayes red-handed in the murder of a native, confiscated his vessel, the *Leonora*, and took him to Levuka. After a speedy trial, a rope was placed around his neck and he was hauled aloft to the fore yardarm by natives.



Another account is that Hayes, while pirating in the Marshall islands, was killed by "Pete," a Scandinavian desperado. According to the native crew of the *Lotus*, the two men had a dispute and Hayes went below in an ungovernable rage to get his gun. As his head appeared above the hatchway, his opponent killed him with a blow and then threw the body and gun overboard.

The contradictory traits of this revolting yet picturesque free-booter are described by H. Stoneheuer Cooper, in "The Coral Islands of the Pacific," as follows: Hayes had a charming manner,

dressed to perfection and could cut a confiding friend's throat or scuttle his ship with a grace, which, at any rate, in the Pacific was unequalled.

Corroborating testimony is found in the words of Ensign Churchward, British Consul at Samoa, who knew Hayes in his later years. In 1870 he wrote: If anyone should see a well-dressed elderly man in missionary frock coat and tall hat, with a flowing beard sweeping his expansive chest above which smiled a handsome and benevolent countenance fit for a bishop, and be told that there was an undoubted pirate, he would doubt his senses.

Bully Hayes was the last and most notorious American buccaneer in the Pacific. With the radio and wireless telegraph connecting the remotest islands, the conditions under which he so long defied the law passed forever.



THE BURNING OF THE *PALATINE*

By J. G. LOCKHART

OFF the coast of New England, between Montauk and Gay Head, and about five miles from the shores of Rhode Island, lies a treeless, wind-swept bank of clay, some eight miles long, called Block Island, after the Dutch sailor, Adrian Block. In the 18th century it was inhabited by a small population of farmers and fishermen, who led a primitive, though far from idyllic, life in their bleak little home.

The reputation of the island was distinctly bad. Situated athwart a great ocean highway, it formed a dangerous menace to passing ships. Not only did it offer a lee shore, full of perilous possibilities in stormy weather, but it had a piratical past, and about it were told dark stories of the treatment of wrecked ships and costly



cargoes. It is reported that sailors would say to each other, "I would rather be wrecked anywhere than on Block Island"; and certainly the place seems at one time to have enjoyed a most unenviable reputation for inhospitality—and worse.

In the year 1752 or thereabouts, a Dutch emigrant ship called the *Palatine* was bound for the port of Philadelphia. The emigrants were decent people, of good class, who were bringing all their savings with them to the home which they hoped to make in the New World. The voyage took place in the depths of winter, and as the *Palatine* neared the coast of North America she ran into a succession of adverse gales, against which she could make no headway. Buffeted by the wind and sea, she was driven far to the north of her true course. Amid the hardships and perils of the voyage the discipline of the ship broke down. The Captain died or was murdered, and the crew, arming themselves, established a reign of terror on board. They seized all the water and provisions, from which they doled out to the passengers a miserable ration at an extortionate price, charging twenty guilders for a cup of water and fifty *rix-dollars* for a biscuit. When the passengers refused to pay or when their resources gave out, they were callously allowed to starve, and their bodies were flung overboard. At last, despoiling their victims of all their property, the crew deserted the ship and took to the boats. For days the *Palatine* drifted about at the mercy of the storm, with its cargo of helpless and starving men and women. Finally, on Saturday morning, between Christmas and the New Year, she struck on Sandy Point, at the northern extremity of Block Island.

The wreckers at once put out from the shore in their boats, and had the humanity to take off the stranded ship those of the passengers who had escaped death. One woman, however, demented by the horror of the voyage, would not allow herself to be saved and remained on board. When the tide rose the *Palatine* floated off the reef, and was towed by the wreckers into an adjacent cove, where they intended to dismantle her at their leisure. Before they could do this, however, a gale sprang up, and the wreckers, seeing that the ship was likely to be blown out to sea, and unwilling perhaps that others should enjoy what they had lost, set fire to her.

Wrapped in flames from stem to stern, the *Palatine* drove blindly out into the darkness and the storm. But before she vanished out of sight, the wild shrieks of a human being in mortal agony were carried across the waters to the ears of the wreckers who stood watching upon the shore. They came from the poor mad woman who had been left on board to burn to death.

So the *Palatine* disappeared, but not, so tradition has it, for ever. Year after year, on the anniversary of the wreck, men would see, off the northern point of Block Island, the spectacle of a blazing



ship, drifting before the gale, fading away at last into the darkness. A great many people were prepared to testify to this apparition, which was known round the coast as "the *Palatine* Light." In 1811, a doctor, Aaron Willey, who had seen it on several occasions and had studied it with particular care, wrote a report on it to a friend on the mainland. He described it as closely resembling a blaze of fire, varying in magnitude from the size of a light in a distant window to the height of a ship. He added a great many interesting details which prove the closeness and sobriety of his examination, asserting that it had been seen at all seasons of the year, and mentioning that a gentleman whose house lay close to the shore had

told him that the light was sometimes so bright as to illuminate the walls of his room.

Many years have passed since the *Palatine* was turned adrift, but the story of her burning still may be heard, ever and anon, from the lips of grizzled seamen who in their youth heard the tale from the veterans of *their* day.



THE GREAT BLACKBEARD COMES UPON THE STAGE

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

SO LONG as the people of the Carolinas were prosperous and able to capture and execute pirates who interfered with their trade, the Atlantic sea-robbers kept away from their ports, but this prosperity did not last. Indian wars broke out, and in the course of time the colonies became very much weakened and impoverished, and then it was that the harbor of Charles Town began to be again interesting to the pirates.

About this time one of the most famous of sea-robbers was harassing the Atlantic coast of North America, and from New England to the West Indies he was known as the great pirate Blackbeard. This man, whose real name was Thatch, was a most terrible fellow in appearance as well as in action. He wore a long, heavy, black beard, which it was his fancy to separate into tails, each one tied with a colored ribbon, and often tucked behind his ears. Some of the writers of that day declared that the sight of this beard would create more terror in any port of the American seaboard than would the sudden appearance of a fiery comet. Across his brawny breast he carried a sort of sling in which hung not less than three pairs of pistols in leathern holsters, and these, in addition to his cutlass and a knife or two in his belt, made him a most formidable-looking fellow.

Some of the fanciful recreations of Blackbeard show him to have been a person of consistent purpose. Even in his hours of rest when he was not fighting or robbing, his savage soul demanded some interesting excitement. Once he was seated at table with his mate and two or three sailors, and when the meal was over he took up a pair of pistols, and cocking them put them under the table. This peculiar action caused one of the sailors to remember very suddenly that he

had something to do on deck, and he immediately disappeared. But the others looked at their captain in astonishment, wondering what he would do next. They soon found out; for crossing the pistols, still under the table, he fired them. One ball hit the mate in the leg, but the other struck no one. When asked what he meant by this strange action, he replied that if he did not shoot one of his men now and then they would forget what sort of person he was.

At another time he invented a game; he gathered his officers and crew together and told them that they were going to play that they were living in the lower regions. Thereupon the whole party followed him down into the hold. The hatches and all the other openings were closed, and then Blackbeard began to illuminate the scene with fire and brimstone. The sulphur burned, the fumes rose, a ghastly light spread over the countenances of the desperadoes, and very soon some of them began to gasp and cough and implore the captain to let in some fresh air, but Blackbeard was bound to have a good game, and he proceeded to burn more brimstone. He laughed at the gasping fellows about him and declared that he would be just as willing to breathe the fumes of sulphur as common air. When at last he threw open the hatches, some of the men were almost dead, but their stalwart captain had not even sneezed.

In the early part of the eighteenth century Blackbeard made his



headquarters in one of the inlets on the North Carolina coast, and there he ruled as absolute king, for the settlers in the vicinity seemed to be as anxious to oblige him as the captains of the merchantmen sailing along the coast were anxious to keep out of his way. On one of his voyages Blackbeard went down the coast as far as Honduras, where he took a good many prizes, and as some of the crews of the captured vessels enlisted under him, he sailed north with a stronger force than ever before, having a large ship of forty guns, three smaller vessels, and four hundred men. With this little fleet Blackbeard made for the coast of South Carolina, and anchored outside the harbor of Charles Town. He well understood the present condition of the place and was not in the least afraid that the citizens would hang him up on the shores of the bay.

Blackbeard began work without delay. Several well-laden ships—the Carolinians having no idea that pirates were waiting for them—came sailing out to sea and were immediately captured. One of these was a very important vessel, for it not only carried a valuable cargo, but a number of passengers, many of them people of note, who were on their way to England. One of these was a Mr. Wragg, who was a member of the Council of the Province. It might have been supposed that when Blackbeard took possession of this ship, he would have been satisfied with the cargo and the money which he found on board, and, having no use for prominent citizens, would have let them go their way; but he was a trader as well as a plunderer, and he therefore determined that the best thing to do in this case was to put an assorted lot of highly respectable passengers upon the market and see what he could get for them. He was not at the time in need of money or provisions, but his men were very much in want of medicines, so he decided to trade off his prisoners for pills, potions, plasters, and all sorts of apothecary's supplies.

He put three of his pirates in a boat, and with them one of the passengers, a Mr. Marks, who was commissioned as Blackbeard's special agent, with orders to inform the Governor that if he did not immediately send the medicines required, amounting in value to about three hundred pounds, and if he did not allow the pirate crew of the boat to return in safety, every one of the prisoners would be hanged from the yard-arm of his ship.

The boat rowed away to the distant town, and Blackbeard waited

two days for its return, and then he grew very angry, for he believed that his messengers had been taken into custody, and he came very near hanging Mr. Wragg and all his companions. But before he began to satisfy his vengeance, news came from the boat. It had been upset in the bay, and had had great trouble in getting to Charles Town, but it had arrived there at last. Blackbeard now waited a



day or two longer; but as no news came from Mr. Marks, he vowed he would not be trifled with by the impudent people of Charles Town, and swore that every man, woman, and child among the prisoners should immediately prepare to be hanged.

Of course the unfortunate prisoners in the pirate ship were in a terrible state of mind during the absence of Mr. Marks. They knew very well that they could expect no mercy from Blackbeard if the

errand should be unsuccessful, and they also knew that the Charles Town people would not be likely to submit to such an outrageous demand upon them; so they trembled and quaked by day and by night, and when at last they were told to get ready to be hanged, every particle of courage left them, and they proposed to Blackbeard that if he would spare their lives, and that if it should turn out that their fellow-citizens had decided to sacrifice them for the sake of a few paltry drugs, they would take up the cause of the pirates; they would show Blackbeard the best way to sail into the harbor, and they would join with him and his men in attacking the city and punishing the inhabitants for their hard-hearted treatment of their unfortunate fellow-citizens.

This proposition pleased Blackbeard immensely; it would have been like a new game to take Mr. Wragg to the town and make him fight his fellow-members of the Council of the Province, and so he rescinded his order for a general execution, and bade his prisoners prepare to join with his pirates when he should give the word for an assault upon their city.

In the meantime there was a terrible stir in Charles Town. When the Governor and citizens received the insolent and brutal message of Blackbeard they were filled with rage as well as consternation, and if there had been any way of going out to sea to rescue their unhappy fellow-citizens, every able-bodied man in the town would have enlisted in the expedition. But they had no vessels of war, and they were not even in a position to arm any of the merchantmen in the harbor. It seemed to the Governor and his council that there was nothing for them to do but to submit to the demands of Blackbeard, for they very well knew that he was a scoundrel who would keep his word, and also that whatever they did must be done quickly, for there were the three swaggering pirates in the town, strutting about the streets as if they owned the place. If this continued much longer, it would be impossible to keep the infuriated citizen from falling upon these blustering rascals and bringing their impertinence to a summary end. If this should happen, it would be a terrible thing, for not only would Mr. Wragg and his companions be put to death, but the pirates would undoubtedly attack the town, which was in a very poor position for defense.

Consequently the drugs were collected with all possible haste,

and Mr. Marks and the pirates were sent with them to Blackbeard. We do not know whether or not that bedizened cutthroat was satisfied with the way things turned out; for having had the idea of going to Charles Town and obliging the prisoners to help him confiscate the drugs and chemicals, he may have preferred this unusual proceeding to a more commonplace transaction; but as the medicine had arrived he accepted it, and having secured all possible booty and money from the ships he had captured, and had stripped his prisoners of the greater part of their clothing, he set them on shore to walk to Charles Town as well as they could. They had a miserably difficult time, making their way through the woods and marshes, for there were women and children among them who were scarcely equal to the journey. Having now provided himself with medicines enough to keep his wild crew in good physical condition, no matter how much they might feast and frolic on the booty they had obtained from Charles Town, Blackbeard sailed back to his North Carolina haunts and took a long vacation, during which time he managed to put himself on very good terms with the Governor and officials of the country. He had plenty of money and was willing to spend it, and so he was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased, provided he kept his purse open and did not steal from his neighbors.

But Blackbeard became tired of playing the part of a make-believe respectable citizen, and having spent the greater part of his money, he wanted to make some more. Consequently he fitted out a small vessel, and declaring that he was going on a legitimate commercial cruise, he took out regular papers for a port in the West Indies and sailed away, as if he had been a mild-mannered New England mariner going to catch codfish. The officials of the town of Bath, from which he sailed, came down to the ship and shook hands with him and hoped he would have good success.

After a moderate absence he returned to Bath, bringing with him a large French merchant vessel, with no people on board, but loaded with a valuable cargo of sugar and other goods. This vessel he declared he had found deserted at sea, and he therefore claimed it as a legitimate prize. Knowing the character of this bloody pirate, and knowing how very improbable it was that the captain and all the crew of a valuable merchant vessel, with nothing whatever the

matter with her, would go out into their boats and row away, leaving their ship to become the property of any one who might happen along, it may seem surprising that the officials of Bath appeared to have no doubt of the truth of Blackbeard's story, and allowed him freely to land the cargo of the French ship and store it away as his own property.

But people who consort with pirates cannot be expected to have very lively consciences, and although there must have been persons in the town with intelligence enough to understand the story of pitiless murder told by that empty vessel, whose very decks and masts must have been regarded as silent witnesses that her captain and crew did not leave her of their own free will, no one in the town interfered with the thrifty Blackbeard or caused any public suspicion to fall upon the propriety of his actions.

Feeling now quite sure that he could do what he pleased on shore as well as at sea, Blackbeard swore more, swaggered more, and whenever he felt like it, sailed up and down the coast and took a prize or two to keep the pot boiling for himself and his men.

On one of these expeditions he went to Philadelphia, and having landed, he walked about to see what sort of a place it was, but the Governor of the state, hearing of his arrival, quickly arranged to let him know that the Quaker city allowed no black-hearted pirate, with a ribbon-bedecked beard, to promenade on Chestnut and Market streets, and promptly issued a warrant for the sea-robber's arrest. But Blackbeard was too sharp and too old a criminal to be caught in that way, and he left the city with great despatch.

The people along the coast of North Carolina became very tired of Blackbeard and his men. All sorts of depredations were committed on vessels, large and small, and whenever a ship was boarded and robbed or whenever a fishing-vessel was laid under contribution, Blackbeard was known to be at the bottom of the business, whether he personally appeared or not. To have this busy pirate for a neighbor was extremely unpleasant, and the North Carolina settlers greatly longed to get rid of him. It was of no use for them to ask their own State Government to suppress this outrageous scoundrel, and although their good neighbor, South Carolina, might have been willing to help them, she was too poor at that time and had enough to do to take care of herself.

Not knowing, or not caring for the strong feeling of the settlers against him, Blackbeard continued in his wicked ways, and among other crimes he captured a small vessel and treated the crew in such a cruel and atrocious manner that the better class of North Carolinians vowed they would stand him no longer, and they therefore applied to Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, and asked his aid in putting down the pirates. The Virginians were very willing to do what they could for their unfortunate neighbors. The legislature offered a reward for the capture of Blackbeard or any of his men; but the Governor, feeling that this was not enough, determined to do something on his own responsibility, for he knew very well that the time might come when the pirate vessels would begin to haunt Virginia waters.

There happened to be at that time two small British men-of-war in Hampton Roads, and although the Governor had no authority to send these after the pirates, he fitted out two sloops at his own expense and manned them with the best fighting men from the war-vessels. One of the sloops he put under Captain Brand, and the other under Captain Maynard, both brave and experienced naval officers. All preparations were made with the greatest secrecy—for if Blackbeard had heard of what was going on, he would probably have decamped—and then the two sloops went out to sea with a commission from the Governor to capture Blackbeard, dead or alive. This was a pretty heavy contract, but Brand and Maynard were courageous men and did not hesitate to take it.

The Virginians had been informed that the pirate captain and his men were on a vessel in Ocracoke Inlet, and when they arrived they found, to their delight, that Blackbeard was there. When the pirates saw the two armed vessels sailing into the inlet, they knew very well that they were about to be attacked, and it did not take them long to get ready for a fight, nor did they wait to see what their enemy was about to do. As soon as the sloops were near enough, Blackbeard, without waiting for any preliminary exercises, such as a demand for surrender or any nonsense of that sort, let drive at the intruders with eight heavily loaded cannon.

Now the curtain had been rung up, and the play began, and a very lively play it was. The guns of the Virginians blazed away at the pirate ship, and they would have sent out boats to board her

had not Blackbeard forestalled them. Boarding was always a favorite method of fighting with the pirates. They did not often carry heavy cannon, and even when they did, they had but little fancy for battles at long distances. What they liked was to meet foes face to face and cut them down on their own decks. In such combats they felt at home, and were almost always successful, for



there were few mariners or sailors, even in the British navy, who could stand against these brawny, glaring-eyed dare-devils, who sprang over the sides of a vessel like panthers, and fought like bulldogs. Blackbeard had had enough cannonading, and he did not wait to be boarded. Springing into a boat with about twenty of his men, he rowed to the vessel commanded by Maynard, and in a few minutes he and his pirates surged on board her.

Now there followed on the decks of that sloop one of the most

fearful hand-to-hand combats known to naval history. Pirates had often attacked vessels where they met with strong resistance, but never had a gang of sea-robbers fallen in with such bold and skilled antagonists as those who now confronted Blackbeard and his crew. At it they went,—cut, fire, slash, bang, howl, and shout. Steel clashed, pistols blazed, smoke went up, and blood ran down, and it was hard in the confusion for a man to tell friend from foe. Blackbeard was everywhere, bounding from side to side, as he swung his cutlass high and low, and though many a shot was fired at him, and many a rush made in his direction, every now and then a sailor went down beneath his whirling blade.

But the great pirate had not boarded that ship to fight with common men. He was looking for Maynard, the commander. Soon he met him, and for the first time in his life he found his match. Maynard was a practiced swordsman, and no matter how hard and how swiftly came down the cutlass of the pirate, his strokes were always evaded, and the sword of the Virginian played more dangerously near him. At last Blackbeard, finding that he could not cut down his enemy, suddenly drew a pistol, and was about to empty its barrels into the very face of his opponent, when Maynard sent his swordblade into the throat of the furious pirate; the great Blackbeard went down upon his back on the deck, and in the next moment Maynard put an end to his nefarious career. Their leader dead, the few pirates who were left alive gave up the fight, and sprang overboard, hoping to be able to swim ashore, and the victory of the Virginians was complete.

The strength, toughness, and extraordinary vitality of these feline human beings, who were known as pirates, has often occasioned astonishment in ordinary people. Their sun-tanned and hairy bodies seemed to be made of something like wire, leather, and India rubber, upon which the most tremendous exertions, and even the infliction of severe wounds, made but little impression. Before Blackbeard fell, he received from Maynard and others no less than twenty-five wounds, and yet he fought fearlessly to the last, and when the panting officer sheathed his sword, he felt that he had performed a most signal deed of valor.

When they had broken up the pirate nest in Ocracoke Inlet, the two sloops sailed to Bath, where they compelled some of the un-

scrupulous town officials to surrender the cargo which had been stolen from the French vessel and stored in the town by Blackbeard; then they sailed proudly back to Hampton Roads, with the head of the dreaded Blackbeard dangling from the end of the bowsprit of the vessel he had boarded, and on whose deck he had discovered the fact, before unknown to him, that a well-trained, honest man can fight as well as the most reckless cutthroat who ever decked his beard with ribbons, and swore enmity to all things good.

THE TRUE STORY OF LAFITTE

By JOHN R. SPEARS

ON AN unrecorded day between the purchase of the Louisiana Territory, in 1803, and the year 1810, two brothers named Jean and Pierre Lafitte came to New Orleans, and opened a blacksmith shop on the north side of St. Pierre Street, between Bourbon and Dauphine, wherein negro slaves were employed to do the pounding, while the proprietors looked for customers and made the collections.

Because of the vicissitudes of its previous existence, New Orleans was a remarkable town. It had been founded by a man who had observed that the site was convenient for carrying on trade with



Spanish America contrary to Spanish law, and the smuggling trade then begun received every encouragement until France ceded Louisiana to Spain, in 1762. Thereafter many citizens turned to the French and British colonies for illicit commerce; and when the people of the Atlantic coast had settled in the Ohio Valley, traffic was opened with them. Every man in old New Orleans, one may say, was cognizant of the smuggling business, and many, including the officials of the town, were actually engaged in it.

Naturally, smuggling was continued after New Orleans became an American city, but it was not until after the year 1808 that the trade reached its flood tide. For in that year the importation of slaves became unlawful. The price of a prime negro on the African coast, in those days, was not above twenty dollars; but if offered in the market of New Orleans, with a clear title, he was worth a thousand dollars. The world never saw a more tempting opportunity for smugglers than the slave trade offered.

New Orleans was a frontier town as well as a seaport. Vast stretches of virgin land lay behind it, and settlers with money were flocking in to plant cotton, sugar cane, and tobacco. The demand for slaves far outran the supply.

Now, the smugglers carried on their trade by means of boats, which were driven through the many waterways around New Orleans, and every such boat needed blacksmith work at one time or another. It was a natural thing for the smugglers to patronize the Lafitte shop, once it was opened, for both brothers had been sailors and officers on privateers, and knew well the kind of work needed on boats of all kinds.

Very soon the Lafittes learned that the smugglers obtained their slaves from slavers trading between Africa and the Spanish West Indies. The slaves were usually landed on Grande Terre Island in Barataria Bay, and were carried thence through the bayous to a market along the Mississippi. It was a very profitable traffic, but to the mind of Jean Lafitte, who was the better business man of the two brothers, it was engaged in in ways that wasted far too much of the profits. The men engaged in the business were all men of small means; they worked independently, and they paid more than was necessary for the "goods" in which they dealt. Jean Lafitte saw that a general recognition of a "community of interests" would promote

the general prosperity, and he organized what was practically a smugglers' trust.

Some time in 1810 the Lafitte brothers abandoned their smithy. Jean Lafitte went to Barataria to become a leader of the smugglers who gathered the goods, while Pierre remained in New Orleans and took charge of the sales department.

Under Jean's directions the smugglers united their forces, and then, instead of buying from Cuban slave traders, they went afloat in well-armed, well-manned vessels. They lay in wait off the Cuban coast and intercepted the slave ships coming from Africa. This kind of a "purchase," as the old buccaneers called such a transaction, was entirely suited to the men under Lafitte, for the buccaneer spirit of hatred for the Spaniards had come down to them.

The success of Jean Lafitte's work was at once so great that the Governor of Louisiana had to take note of it (September 6, 1810), by means of an official proclamation denouncing "the open and daring course which is now pursued by the brigands who infest our coast." Two whole cargoes of slaves had been brought through Barataria Bay in August and sold along the Mississippi. More than a hundred negroes were purchased and held in New Orleans.

The Governor's proclamation merely advertised the "extensive and well laid plan" which Jean Lafitte had laid for supplying the needy planters with slaves at very low prices for cash. Purchasers flocked to Barataria, and schooners of the long, low, rakish class, and feluccas that were lower and more rakish still, were sent in growing fleets to rob the Spanish slavers.

From robbing slavers to robbing lawful merchantmen was a short step quickly taken. "It was ascertained," says a Treasury Department document of the period, "that vessels clearing out from this port (New Orleans) with passengers, have been captured and every soul murdered. They took indiscriminately vessels of every nation, and the fact was perfectly known."

In his prosperity, Lafitte built a fort on Grande Terre with a home inside its walls, and many houses for resorts that were attractive to the seamen who manned his piratical ships. His wealth increased and his influence spread. A fleet numbering at least ten vessels was under his command in a year or two. The number of men who obeyed his orders is officially stated at from eight hundred

to a thousand, according to the season. A pirate resort such as Morgan and Mansvelt had thought to establish on Old Providence Island in the seventeenth century came into existence on Barataria in the nineteenth. The lawless hordes of the West Indies gathered to do the bidding of this one man.

"A well made, handsome man" was Jean Lafitte, as one who knew him well has said. He was "about six feet two inches in height, strongly built; he had large hazel eyes, black hair, and he generally wore a mustache. His favorite dress was a species of green uniform, with an otter-skin cap which he wore a little over the right eye. He was gentlemanly in his deportment, of sober habits, and very thoughtful. Independently of his own language, he spoke Spanish and English fluently.

"When roused he could be desperate indeed, and he was a good swordsman and unerring shot. His table was well but not prodigally supplied. There was much order and regularity in his household affairs, and there was an abundance of plate, linen, et cetera."

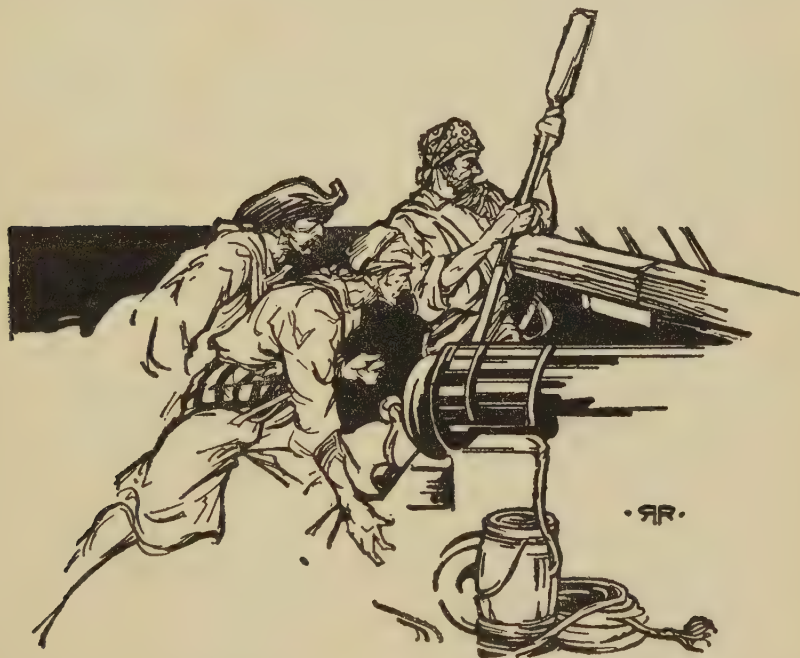
Until 1814 Jean Lafitte ruled his pirate kingdom with but little interference from government officers. An occasional raid was attempted by the United States marshals, but they were always defeated. After one fight, in which Lafitte commanded in person, he said to the revenue officers who survived:

"I desire you to know that I am averse to such strifes, but at the same time you must distinctly understand that I prefer losing my life rather than my goods."

Meantime, in spite of the raids, Jean Lafitte came and went between New Orleans and Barataria at pleasure. The government officials learned when he was in town. Appeals made by honest merchants for the suppression of the gang that undermined their trade went unheeded until 1814, and then, when an indictment was drawn by the United States district attorney, it was so defective that conviction was found to be impossible—a fact from which suspicious people might draw inferences.

When the British came to attack New Orleans, in the latter part of the year 1814, they sought Lafitte's help, offering him a captain's commission, with abundant lands and a free pardon for the capture of all ships that had been taken under the British flag. But Lafitte and his men hated the British and loved New Orleans. An Ameri-

can expedition was even then fitting out under Commodore Patterson to destroy the Barataria resort, and Lafitte knew all about it, but he refused to join the invaders. On September 16, 1814, Patterson's force destroyed Barataria, capturing ten cruisers belonging to the pirates and one prize that they had brought in, with property worth not far from a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Baratarians had to flee to the swamps; but from his hiding place Jean Lafitte appealed for permission to fight under Jackson, and he paid Edward



Livingston and the United States district attorney, John R. Grimes, then the most influential men in New Orleans, not less than thirty-five thousand dollars apiece to advocate his cause. The two succeeded in obtaining Jackson's favor for him, and Lafitte was in the battle of New Orleans, though what he actually did there has never been recorded. And under the date of February 6, 1815, President James Madison granted "a full and free pardon" to all the pirate horde.

Nevertheless, Lafitte's career was not yet half ended. For two years after his pardon there is but scant record of his doings. It is

known that he did a little business in the old way at Barataria, but he did not get fairly afloat again until 1817.

In the autumn of 1816 a piratical leader named Louis D'Aury, from the insurgent hosts of Spanish America, went to the island where Galveston, Texas, now stands, and in a small way created there a resort similar to Lafitte's at Barataria. The cruisers, which, under various Spanish American flags, were ravaging the seas, needed a port where they might refit and dispose of cargoes—particularly slaves—that could not be sold openly. D'Aury's name is worth recording because he was the originator of a most remarkable "bluff." With a few hundred men, and enough lumber and tents to build shelters for them on a barren beach, he landed on Galveston Island and established what he called the capital of the independent nation of Texas. He had conquered Texas from the Spanish, he said, and he organized a new government there by issuing a proclamation. His government had two departments—an executive, at the head of which was D'Aury, and a judicial department, or court of admiralty. D'Aury supposed that vessels condemned by this court would be admitted, with their cargoes, to the ports of the United States, as were lawfully condemned prizes from actual nations; but he was of fickle mind, and in April of the following year (1817) he abandoned his Island capital to find another location.

To D'Aury's abandoned capital, a tumble-down collection of shanties, came Jean Lafitte; and on this Texas sand bar he founded a greater pirate colony than Barataria Bay. The Spanish American insurgent leaders had given cover to the pirates of the West Indies by issuing a commission to cruise against Spanish commerce to every ship captain that applied for one. These commissions proved to be efficient neck protectors; even the Spanish did not often hang the crew of a captured privateer that had such a document. But when the cruisers wished to dispose of their prizes, the only market worth while was a port of the United States, and that was a market where their commissions and their traffic were scrutinized with steadily increasing severity. To reach the American market without undergoing this scrutiny, many more or less piratical cruisers headed for Galveston harbor, where they were received as of old at Barataria. The distance to the plantations where slaves could be sold was

longer, but the journey was made by boats through bayous where the revenue officers never came to molest the smugglers. Moreover, Lafitte bought cheap and charged exceedingly attractive prices. To Colonel James Bowie, the inventor of the famous knife, slaves were sold at one dollar a pound, or an average of a hundred and forty dollars each; and Bowie to get them on the market, took them openly to New Orleans, where he had them seized by the officials and sold as a lot at auction. At these auctions no competitors appeared, and Bowie bought them at prices that enabled him to clear fifty thousand dollars in a year or two.

There is but scant record of fighting in the story of Lafitte. On one occasion he learned that the crew of one of his ships had planned a mutiny. He allowed them to go ahead unmolested until at midnight they charged on the cabin. Then he gave them a reception that stretched six of them dead on the deck and wounded several more. One of his captains challenged him to fight a duel, after a dispute over the ownership of a box of gold watches. Jean accepted, and they went to Bolivar Island to fight; but when they had landed on the beach the look on the face of Lafitte so cowed the captain that he fell on his knees and begged for mercy; whereat Jean cuffed and kicked him and let him go.

At Galveston Lafitte proclaimed from time to time the forms of a national government, and he hoped that his courts might obtain recognition, but with such citizens as were available the task was beyond him. Nevertheless, he made an entire success of the port as a pirate "fence." An American filibuster general, James Long, visited the place and found a thriving settlement, with "gold pieces as plentiful as biscuit."

But beginning with 1819 one after another of Lafitte's cruisers was captured while engaged in open piracy; some of the crews were hanged under sentence of the United States courts; and in the spring of 1821 the famous little Yankee warship *Enterprise* went to Galveston and compelled him to leave. It is a notable fact that while men from his cruisers were hanged he was not even arrested. He gathered his plunder into a beautiful brig called the *Pride*, a vessel of fourteen good guns, well manned, and on an unnamed day he sailed away, headed to the south and east. And there authentic accounts of Jean Lafitte come to an end. Some say he perished in

Yucatan, some that he died in France, and one writer says that he met his end fighting an American warship off the south coast of Cuba.

But whatever his fate, his career was the most remarkable known to the annals of piracy. Morgan once gathered a larger force, but that was in the seventeenth century, while Lafitte did his work in the nineteenth. Morgan was able to hold his horde together for one assault only, while Lafitte held from five hundred to a thousand men from 1810 to 1821. It was a band of desperadoes gathered



from the slums and prisons of all civilized nations and from the coasts of heathendom. They were men without a country, without a conscience or a hope beyond the gratification of appetite. They knew well the exhilaration that comes to wild souls in deadly conflicts. Mutiny—the defiance of law and authority—was the chief feature of their chosen occupation; but Jean Lafitte ruled them. They called him “the old man” when they talked of him, and when they addressed him they called him “bosse” (meaning literally prominence), and so added a word to the American language. He rarely associated with his followers, and seldom smiled. “When roused he could be desperate indeed,” says a historian, but his men

were his friends as well as his followers. Moreover, during a period of eleven years he was able not only to influence the authorities of Louisiana in his favor, but to shield himself from the attacks of the Federal government.

Lafitte was a pirate, and was guilty of the blood that his men shed, as well as of the blood that he shed with his own hands; but he was by no means wholly devoid of the qualities which go to the making of a hero.



THE PASSING OF MOGUL MACKENZIE

By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE

IN THE farther end of the Bay of Fundy, about a mile off from the Nova Scotian coast, is the Isle of Haut. It is a strange rocky island that rises several hundred feet sheer out of the sea, without any bay or inlets. A landing can only be effected there in the calmest weather; and on account of the tremendous ebb of the Fundy tides, which rise and fall sixty feet every twelve hours, the venturesome explorer cannot long keep his boat moored against the precipitous cliffs.

Because of this inaccessibility little is known of the solitary island. Within its rampart walls of rock they say there is a green valley, and in its center is a fathomless lake, where the Micmac Indians used to bury their dead, and hence its dread appellation of the "Island of the Dead." Beyond these bare facts nothing more is certain about the secret valley and the haunted lake. Many wild and fabulous descriptions are current, but they are merely the weavings of fancy.

Sometimes on a stormy night the unhappy navigators of the North Channel miss the coast lights in the fog, and out from the Isle of Haut a gentle undertow flirts with their bewildered craft. Then little by little they are gathered into a mighty current against which all striving is in vain, and in the white foam among the iron cliffs their ship is pounded into splinters. The quarry which she gathers in so softly at first and so fiercely at last, however, is soon snatched away from the siren shore. The ebb-tide bears every sign of wreckage far out into the deeps of the Atlantic, and not a trace remains of the ill-starred vessel or her crew. But one of the boats in the fishing fleet never comes home, and from lonely huts on the coast reproachful eyes are cast upon the "Island of the Dead."

On the long winter nights, when the "boys" gather about the fire in Old Steele's General Stores at Hall's Harbor, their hard gray life becomes bright for a spell. When a keg of hard cider is flowing freely the grim fishermen forget their taciturnity, the ice is melted from their speech, and the flood gates of their soul pour



forth. But ever in the background of their talk, unforgotten, like a haunting shadow, is the "Island of the Dead." Of their wildest and most blood-curdling yarns it is always the center; and when at last, with uncertain steps, they leave the empty keg, and the dying fire to turn homeward through the drifting snow, fearful and furtive glances are cast to where the island looms up like a ghostly

sentinel from the sea. Across its high promontory the Northern Lights scintillate and blaze, and out of its moving brightness the terrified fishermen behold the war-canoes of dead Indians freighted with their redskin braves; the forms of *coeur de bois* and desperate Frenchmen swinging down the sky-line in a ghastly snake-dance; the shapes and spars of ships long since forgotten from the "Missing List"; and always, most dread-inspiring of all, the distress signals from the sinking ship of Mogul Mackenzie and his pirate crew.

Captain Mogul Mackenzie was the last of the pirates to scourge the North Atlantic seaboard. He came from that school of free-booters that was let loose by the American Civil War. With a letter of marque from the Confederate States, he sailed the seas to prey on Yankee shipping. He and his fellow-privateers were so thorough in their work of destruction, that the Mercantile Marine of the United States was ruined for a generation to come. When the war was over the defeated South called off her few remaining bloodhounds on the sea. But Mackenzie, who was still at large, had drunk too deeply of the wine of the wild, free life. He did not return to lay down his arms, but began on a course of shameless piracy. He lived only a few months under the black flag until he went down on the Isle of Haut. The events of that brief and thrilling period are unfortunately obscure, with only a ray of light here and there. But the story of his passing is the most weird of all the strange yarns that are spun about the "Island of the Dead."

In May, 1865, a gruesome discovery was made off the coast of Maine, which sent a chill of fear through all the seaport towns of New England. A whaler bound for New Bedford was coming up Cape Cod one night long after dark. There was no fog, and the lights of approaching vessels could easily be discerned. The man on the lookout felt no uneasiness at his post, when, without any warning of bells or lights, the sharp bow of a brigantine suddenly loomed up, hardly a ship's length in front.

"What the blazes are you trying to do?" roared the mate from the bridge, enraged at this unheard-of violation of the right of way. But no voice answered his challenge, and the brigantine went swinging by, with all her sails set to a spanking breeze. She bore directly across the bow of the whaler, which just grazed her stern in passing.

"There's something rotten on board there," said the mate.

"Ay," said the captain, who had come on the bridge, "there's something rotten there right enough. Swing your helm to port, and get after the devils," he ordered.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the ready response, and nothing loth the helmsman changed his course to follow the eccentric craft. She was evidently bound on some secret mission, for not otherwise would she thus tear through the darkness before the wind without the flicker of a light.

The whaler was the swifter of the two ships, and she could soon have overhauled the other; but fearing some treachery, the captain refrained from running her down until daylight. All night long she seemed to be veering her course, attempting to escape from her pursuer. In the morning, off the coast of Maine, she turned her nose directly out to sea. Then a boat was lowered from the whaler, and rowed out to intercept the oncoming vessel. When they were directly in her course, they lay on their oars and waited. The brigantine did not veer again, but came steadily on, and soon the whalers were alongside, and made themselves fast to a dinghy which she had in tow. A few minutes of apprehensive waiting followed, and as nothing happened, one of the boldest swung himself up over the tow-rope on to the deck. He was followed by the others, and they advanced cautiously with drawn knives and pistols.

Not a soul was to be seen, and the men, who were brave enough before a charging whale, trembled with fear. The wheel and the lookout were alike deserted, and no sign of life could be discovered anywhere below. In the galley were the embers of a dead fire, and the table in the captain's cabin was spread out ready for a meal which had never been eaten. On deck everything was spick and span, and not the slightest evidence of a storm or any other disturbance could be found. The theory of a derelict was impossible. Apparently all had been well on board, and they had been sailing with good weather, when, without any warning, her crew had been suddenly snatched away by some dread power.

The sailors with one accord agreed that it was the work of a sea-serpent. But the mate had no place for the ordinary superstitions of the sea, and he still scoured the hold, expecting at any minute to encounter a dead body or some other evil evidence of foul play. Nothing more, however, was found, and the mate at length

had to end his search with the unsatisfactory conclusion that the *St. Clare*, a brigantine registered from Hartpool, with cargo of lime, had been abandoned on the high seas for no apparent reason. Her skipper had taken with him the ship's papers, and had not left a single clue behind.

A crew was told off to stand by the *St. Clare* to bring her into port, and the others climbed into the long-boat to row back to the whaler.

"Just see if there is a name on that there dinghy, before we go," said the mate.

An exclamation of horror broke from one of the men as he read on the bow of the dinghy the name, *Kanawha*.

The faces of all went white with a dire alarm as the facts of the mystery suddenly flashed before them. The *Kanawha* was the ship in which Captain Mogul Mackenzie had made himself notorious as a privateersman. Every one had heard her awe-inspiring name, and every Yankee seafaring man prayed that he might never meet her on the seas. After the *Alabama* was sunk, and the *Talahassee* was withdrawn, the *Kanawha* still remained to threaten the shipping of the North. For a long time her whereabouts had been unknown, and then she was discovered by a Federal gunboat, which gave chase and fired upon her. Without returning fire, she raced in for shelter amongst the dangerous islands off Cape Sable, and was lost in the fog. Rumor had it that she ran on the rocks off that perilous coast, and sank with all on board. As time went by, and there was no more sign of the corsair, the rumor was accepted as proven. Men began to spin yarns in the forecastle about Mogul Mackenzie, with an interest that was tinged with its former fear. Skippers were beginning to feel at ease again on the grim waters, when suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, came the awful news of the discovery of the *St. Clare*.

Gunboats put off to scour the coast-line; and again with fear and trembling the look-out began to eye suspiciously every new sail coming up on the horizon.

One afternoon, toward the end of May, a schooner came tearing into Portland Harbor, with all her canvas crowded on, and flying distress signals. Her skipper said that off the island of Campabello

he had seen a long gray sailing ship with auxiliary power sweeping down upon him. As the wind was blowing strong inshore, he had taken to his heels and made for Portland. He was chased all the way, and his pursuer did not drop him until he was just off the harbor bar.

Many doubted his story, however, saying that no one would dare to chase a peaceful craft so near to a great port in broad daylight. And, again, it was urged that an auxiliary vessel could easily have overhauled the schooner between Campabello and Portland. The fact that the captain of the schooner was as often drunk as sober, and that when he was under the influence of drink he was given to seeing visions, was pointed to as conclusive proof that his yarn was a lie. After the New Bedford whaler came into port with the abandoned *St. Clare*, it was known beyond doubt that the *Kanawha* was still a real menace. But nobody cared to admit that Mogul Mackenzie was as bold as the schooner's report would imply, and hence countless arguments were put forward to allay such fears.

But a few days later the fact that the pirates were still haunting their coast was absolutely corroborated. A coastal packet from Boston arrived at Yarmouth with the news that she had not only sighted *Kanawha* in the distance, but they had crossed each other's paths so near that the name could be discerned beyond question with a spyglass. She was heading up the Bay of Fundy, and did not pause or pay any heed to the other ship.

This news brought with it consternation, and every town and village along the Fundy was a-hum with stories and theories about the pirate ship. The interest, instead of being abated, was augmented as the days went by with no further report. In the public-houses and along the quays it was almost the only topic of conversation. The excitement became almost feverish when it was known that several captains, outward bound, had taken with them a supply of rifles and ammunition. The prospect of a fight seemed imminent.

About a week after the adventure of the Boston packet Her Majesty's ship *Buzzard* appeared off Yarmouth Harbor. The news of the *Kanawha* had come to the Admiral of Halifax, and he had dispatched the warship to cruise about the troubled coast.

"That'll be the end of old Mogul Mackenzie, now that he's got

an English ship on his trail," averred a Canadian as he sat drinking in the "Yarmouth Light" with a group of seafaring men of various nationalities. "It takes the British jack-tar to put the kibosh on this pirate game. One of them is worth a shipload of Yankees at the business."

"Well, don't you crow too loud now," replied a Boston skipper. "I reckon that the Nova Scotian Captain, who ran into Portland the other day scared of his shadow, would not do you fellows much credit."



"Yes; but what about your gunboats that have had the job of fixing the *Kanawha* for the last three years, and haven't done it yet?" The feelings between Canada and the United States were none too good just after the Civil War, and the Canadian was bound not to lose this opportunity for horse-play. "You're a fine crowd of sea-dogs, you are, you fellows from the Boston Tea-Party. Three years after one little half-drowned rat, and haven't got him yet. Wouldn't Sir Francis Drake or Lord Nelson be proud of the record that you long-legged, slab-sided Yankees have made on the sea!"

"Shut your mouth! you blue-nosed, down-East herring-choker!" roared the Yankee skipper. "I reckon we've given you traitors that tried to stab us in the back a good enough licking; and if any more of your dirty dogs ever come nosing about down south of Mason and Dixon's line, I bet they'll soon find out what our record is."

"Well, you fools can waste your tongue and wind," said the third man, raising his glass, "but for me here's good luck to the *Buzzard*."

"So say we all of us," chimed in the others, and the Yankee and the Canadian drank together to the success of the British ship, forgetting their petty jealousies before a common foe.

Everywhere the news of the arrival of the British warship was hailed with delight. All seemed to agree that her presence assured the speedy extermination of the pirate crew. But after several days of futile cruising about the coast, her commander, to escape from a coming storm, had to put into St. Mary's Bay, with the object of his search still eluding his vigilance. He only arrived in time to hear the last chapter of the *Kanawha's* tale of horrors.

The night before, Dominic Lefountain, a farmer living alone at Meteighan, a little village on the French shore, had been awakened from his sleep by the moaning and wailing of a human voice. For days the imminent peril of an assault from the pirates had filled the people of the French coast with forebodings. And now, awakened thus in the dead of night, the lonely Frenchman was well-nigh paralyzed with terror. With his flesh creeping, and his eyes wide, he groped for his rifle, and waited in the darkness, while ever and anon came those unearthly cries from the beach. Nearly an hour passed before he could gather himself together sufficiently to investigate the cause of the alarm. At last, when the piteous wailing had grown weak and intermittent, the instinct of humanity mastered his fears, and he went forth to give a possible succor to the one in need.

On the beach, lying prostrate, with the water lapping about his feet, he found a man in the last stage of exhaustion. The blood was flowing from his mouth, and as Dominic turned him over to stanch its flow, he found that his tongue had been cut out, and hence the unearthly wailing which had roused him from his sleep. The beach was deserted by this time, and it was too dark to see far out into the bay.

Dominic carried the unfortunate man to his house, and nursed him there for many weeks. He survived his frightful experiences, and lived on for twenty years, a pathetic and helpless figure, supported by the warm-hearted farmers and fishermen of the French shore. Evidently he had known too much for his enemies, and they had sealed his mouth forever. He became known as the "Mysterious Man of Meteighan," and his deplorable condition was always pointed to as a mute witness of the last villainy of Mogul Mackenzie.

On the night following the episode of the "Mysterious Man of Meteighan," a wild and untoward storm swept down the North Atlantic and over the seaboard far and near. In the Bay of Fundy that night the elements met in their grandest extremes. Tide-rips and mountain waves opposed each other with titanic force. All along the bleak and rock-ribbed coast the boiling waters lay churned into foam. Over the breakwaters the giant combers crashed and soared far up into the troubled sky; while out under the black clouds of the night the whirlpools and the tempests met. Was ever a night like this before? Those on shore thanked God; and those with fathers on the sea gazed out upon a darkness where no star of hope could shine.

Now and again through the Stygian gloom a torrent of sheet-lightning rolled down across the heavens, bringing in its wake a moment of terrible light. It was in one of these brief moments of illumination that the wan watchers at Hall's Harbor discerned a long gray ship being swept like a specter before the winds towards the Isle of Haut. Until the flash of lightning the doomed seamen appeared to have been unconscious of their fast approaching fate; and then, as if suddenly awakened, they sent a long thin trail of light, to wind itself far up into the darkness. Again and again the rockets shot upward from her bow, while above the noises of the tempest came the roar of a gun.

The people on the shore looked at each other with blanched faces, speechless, helpless. A lifetime by that shore had taught them the utter puniness of the sons of men. Others would have tried to do something with what they thought was their strong arm. But the fishermen knew too well that the Fundy's arm was stronger. In silence they waited with bated breath while the awful moments

passed. Imperturbable they stood there, with their feet in the white foam and their faces in the salt spray, and gazed at the curtain of the night, behind which a tragedy was passing, as dark and dire as any in the annals of the sea.

Another flash of lightning, and there, dashing upon the iron rocks, was a great ship, with all her sails set, and a cloud of lurid smoke trailing from her funnel. She was gray-colored, with auxiliary power, and as her lines dawned upon those who saw her in the



moment of light, they burst out with one accord, "It's the *Kanawha*! It's the *Kanawha*!" As if in answer to their sudden cry another gun roared, and another shower of rockets shot up into the sky; and then all was lost again in the darkness and the voices of the tempest.

* * * * *

Next morning the winds had gone out with the tide, and when in the afternoon the calm waters had risen, a boat put off from Hall's Harbor and rowed to the Isle of Haut. For several hours the rocky shores were searched for some traces of the wreck, but not a spar or

splinter could be found. All about the bright waters laughed, with naught but the sunbeams on their bosom, and not a shadow remained from last night's sorrow on the sea.

So Mogul Mackenzie, who had lived a life of stress, passed out on the wings of storm. In his end, as always, he baffled pursuit, and was sought but could not be found. His sailings on the sea were in secret, and his last port in death was a mystery. But, as has been always related, when the Northern Lights come down across the haunted island, the distress signals of his pirate crew are still seen shooting up into the night.

Part III

HUNTERS OF THE DEEP



The Quest for Fish and Oil



NATHANIEL BROWN PALMER



THE DISCOVERY OF PALMERLAND . . .

SEALER AND EXPLORER NATHANIEL BROWN PALMER

By IRVIN ANTHONY

THE *Despatch* was home again.

SHE was a short ended sloop with a stem that stood straight up and down, and a rudder like a swinging gate on the stern. No larger than a pulling boat she headed the tide in Stonington Harbor and settled back upon her anchor, while the flood rippled slightly about the six thread rope of her cable.

"Home, Nat," said a squat boy of round shoulders.

"Nat's the sailor," said a taller lad with freckles and bulging blue eyes, as he stopped the sail neatly in place with short bits of rope.

"Did you ever think we would get in, Nat?" asked the fourth of the sloop's crew, an undergrown youngster, sharp faced and knock-kneed.

"We'd be a long time out if we didn't," said Nat sagely, lashing the tiller amidship. He had a nice smile and a quiet, grown-up manner for a lad of thirteen.

"I nearly died fearing the British would get us."

"They might have, but they didn't. Let's go, if you are ready," said Nat.

They pulled ashore in the moonlight to the quiet of old Stonington. The seaport saw many queer things. Vessels hammered by gales off Cape Cod often made their way in to be refitted, for in 1812 American vessels were small and suffered heavily in the violent storms. Stonington caulked many a hull to the tune of the mallet and iron on brown driven oakum, and made spare spars galore. Vessels often called there in trade, deep water craft so fortunate as to draw no more than ten feet, coasters hunting freight, and no end of local craft. Sealers left to take skins far to the southward beyond the Horn. Once taken, they carried the fur to China and came home rich. Despite all this, no braver argosy ever hailed from the staunch old town than Nat Palmer's borrowed sloop with its crew of four.

Nat Palmer was thirteen; the freckled, stupid lad was fourteen; the squat boy of round shoulders was twelve; and the wisp of a lad who had voiced his fear of the British, had just passed eleven. They had taken the *Despatch* for a three days' cruise, not to Gardiners Island, to which most Stonington boys made their first voyage, but they had stood boldly out to Block Island, with only a brass pocket-compass to steer by. South East, three quarter East, they had sailed from Watch Hill, out toward the great Atlantic. Young Nat had skippered the craft as it bounced and dipped, and his crew thought he sat very carelessly at the tiller while the land dropped down and they were alone with the sea and the sky and a brass compass, the heaving roll of the Atlantic growing ever more powerful as they sailed eastward. What a whirl and dip there was to their craft, although the weather was kind and the wind light!

They made Block Island, nosed about the little harbor, stretched their legs ashore and in the evening of the second day, started back upon a slow, tedious passage, beating in light wind and ending with a sail full and to spare. Watch Hill they found within a point of where it should have been, and they made their way across the head of Fisher's Island Sound and so to Stonington.

The town paid no heed to their arrival. Harry Spenlove, from whom they had borrowed the sloop had not even begun to worry about her. The four parted at the wharf. Timid youngsters ashore

in the moonlight, one would have thought them; not dashing adventurers just home from that wonderful first voyage that can come but once to any man. One bids goodbye to shore, trusting one's wits against the sea. One follows one's reasonings, sailing a course amid doubt, wonder, care and fear, and one comes upon the sought headland, the two lone palm trees, the black cliff, the white water with the honest blue between, what you will, all the seas over. Nat went up to Will Boughspring to return the brass pocket compass.

"Where did you go?" rumbled Will in his great spade beard, a fine figure of a man in the white night, leaning against the square post of his porch, compass in hand.

"Block Island."

Nat's voice had pride in it and Will Boughspring understood.

"Did you see any British?"

"A sloop of war bound southward, but she didn't heed us."

Will looked down at the slim eager lad.

"Would you like to go to sea, Nat?"

"Nothing better."

"I'll speak to your father in the morning."

And in that way Nat Palmer first went to sea in a Yankee vessel.

From New York to Portland he sailed, in spite of war with England, in spite of sea-mist, ice, the British, and the dangers of both Point Judith and Cape Cod. It was a splendid bit of coast to learn. Much of the sailing had to be done in the night or in fog with the compass and the lead as the only sure guides. Nat learned from men who seemed to smell their way along the coast, who in foul or fair weather went and came amid shoals they often could not see. When, at last, his vessel was burned in New Haven harbor he came home to Stonington with his own first store of stories, tales of life in a blockade runner. Soon he was off again as a mate and then as a master. Master at nineteen, not of a sloop, but a schooner—a fine, two masted vessel named the *Galena* which was a very different craft from the little borrowed sloop in which he had carried three lads into the hazards of the broad Atlantic. New things always were happening, for sea-faring in the years between 1812 and 1818 was not monotonous. There were the British waiting to snap up anything in the shape of an American ship, to send home as a prize. It was an interesting, sporting chance that inspired many a skipper and crew

to play the game of dodge-and-run for the fun of it, as well as for the safe delivery of their cargoes. In those doings Nat Palmer learned his trade, and when peace came and there was time to heed such matters, there was the interest of Stonington talk.

Seamen were talking very large in the Connecticut seaport. Men came and went bringing their stories. Someone had found that though you could not sell seal skins, or the hides of the sea otter to the Indians of Calcutta, the Chinese of Canton would be pleased to pay well for them. So ships went out from Stonington to try the markets of Asia. They stopped at islands frequented by the seals. Juan Fernandez, the original island of Robinson Crusoe, was one of these. The Falkland Islands and the South Georgia Islands were also favored by the seals as rookeries where they lay up to rear their young. There the seamen turned hunters, killing the seals with clubs and taking their skins to make a cargo that was carried to China for a profit. Legends grew up about the wealth of the trade, about wonderful islands, about special seals of peculiarly good fur found only in some mysterious rookery. Strangers from Nantucket, from New Bedford, from New London, whalers brought their own stories of southern wonders, masters spoke of miracles seen, and Stonington marvelled.

The best story of all was that of an unknown island called Auroras. It lay way to the east and south of "the Horn." It had been rumored to exist for more than two hundred years. Both the Dutch and Spanish explorers had heard of it. It was a place of wonders. Silver, gold, and jewels were to be found on the beach, strewn there by the wrecks of old ships. The island had every good thing and no ill. It was fabulously desirable that it be discovered in earnest and that its riches be opened by Americans. Stonington took the story of its existence solemnly, and having chosen it as the goal of their efforts organized an expedition to go see what it could find. A brig, the *Hersilia*, was chosen and Captain Nat Palmer of the *Galena*, drawn by the magic of Auroras, took his demotion gladly enough to go out as second mate of the *Hersilia*. Black fogs, sleet, ice and heavy winds waited and the *Hersilia* met them all. She made the Falkland Islands, which, though boasting no forests of oak and pine, supported large numbers of cattle which grazed upon the long grass. There she put ashore her young second mate and a seaman with

orders to kill what animals they could. Fresh meat for the crew would put off for a long time the dread of scurvy, and although so far from home, the *Hersilia's* captain felt her work was just beginning. He reserved for himself the search for Auroras.

Nat Palmer and his man killed the bullocks and prepared the meat, but instead of the *Hersilia* coming to get it, an English vessel, the *Espirito Santo*, arrived from Buenos Aires. Her people were very boastful, but friendly. They were anxious to talk to someone after their rough passage, and they talked to more purpose than they intended. With sweet water in her butts and the fresh meat on board, Nat Palmer and his crew thoughtfully watched the *Espirito Santo* as she broke out her anchor and bore away.

The sum of their talk was news of a new seal island where the animals might be taken by the thousands. The island had been discovered by an Englishman when blocked by constant gales and blown from his course, while trying to pass to the west below the Horn. The logical way for the Englishman to have lain hove-to in the gale would have been with her head to the southward or upon the star-board tack, as the sailors say, so that when the westerly wind pushed her somewhat sideways to the east, it also pushed her further to the south toward safety, and away from the dreaded rocks of the Horn. No more could Nat make out of their talk but he watched the *Espirito Santo* until she had dropped below the horizon. Then he thought about what he had heard and seen.

He could find that island of ten thousand seals. If the Englishman who discovered it saw it first when he could not round the Horn, because of westerly gales, then he must have been to the east of the Horn. Hove-to he must have been blown more south than east. The *Espirito Santo* had disappeared to the southward as nearly as Nat could guess without a compass. When the *Hersilia* at last came into the harbor she had had enough of hunting for fabulous islands. Captain Sheffield had wallowed the good brig over many miles of southern ocean. The screech of a stray albatross complaining out of hunger; a pouched, glistening back of an occasional whale, spouting high into the cold, dank air and then sounding in the midst of feathery spray, flukes high; these he had seen under the cold, grey sky, but no Auroras. Yet he listened to the logic of the second mate and thought it sound. He was all approval. The freshly killed beef

was gotten swiftly on board. Nat Palmer's enthusiasm was catching. The *Hersilia* was sent off on a South, Southeast course and in four days came to the volcanic South Shetland Islands. They found mountains of jagged lava, seals in plenty, springs of hot water in sight of floating icebergs off shore, and in a harbor where the beach was dotted with whale skeletons, clean-plucked by the myriad sea birds, they came upon the *Espirito Santo* at anchor.

Now war between sealers at the ends of the earth was not an unheard of thing. The *Hersilia* was there to take seals and the *Espirito Santo* had every right of prior discovery and possession. Between American and English vessels there was at that time an



unpleasant rivalry: the English patronized the Americans and the Americans, embittered that the war of Revolution had not established the freedom of the seas, drove at success without a scruple. What might have developed into a deadly feud of knives and clubs between the two crews was turned into a fortunate meeting for the two ships by the hard good sense of the British captain.

"There you are," he said when Nat Palmer boarded him in the harbor, surprising him at curing fresh skins. "This spot has seals for all, and two crews are better than one."

Side by side they worked, clubbing, skinning and lading. It was not glorious work, killing seals at a skull crashing stroke, flaying until the fingers would not hold the knives. The rookeries were on



IN AN INSTANT THERE WAS A WATERQUAKE AROUND US, A SEETHING MASS OF
WHITE WATER, WITH HEADS, FLUKES, AND FINS IN EVERY DIRECTION

open, sea-swept beaches. The animals liked to bask under the continual rain of the spray and the spatter of the surf spume. There were outlying rocks to be visited and seals to be taken where a boat dared not land, and the skins had to be towed off at the end of a line, and the men taken back into the boat by a flying leap with every hazard of death waiting its failure. At last, the two vessels were full to the hatches and the ships filled away, one for Buenos Aires, and the other the whole length of the Atlantic for Stonington.

Nat Palmer's curiosity had brought the *Hersilia* ten thousand skins, had brought to the town of Stonington the knowledge of new seal rookeries, and had gained for himself between five and six hundred dollars in a day when many a whaler was paid off with a single dollar after a four years voyage, if the whales taken were few. What was more, when a new expedition was fitted out to return immediately to the South Shetlands he was given his first command of a deep sea craft: age twenty-one—rank Captain—vessel *Hero*—a sloop of forty-odd tons.

The *Hero* was perhaps fifty feet long, fifteen wide and drew close to five feet of water. She was a normal Connecticut sloop, wide and shallow, able enough in her way, but uncomfortable in a lump of a sea. In addition, upon her single mast, she spread an enormous mainsail, more like a yacht than a vessel designed to sail below the Horn toward Antarctica. The handling of her was Captain Palmer's problem, and his experience in just such vessels running as blockade runners gave him a chance of success. The *Hero* was to act as a tender among the five other vessels of the fleet, to fetch and carry skins, food, what not, and especially to search out and explore new seal rookeries. The last required a vessel of shoal draft, able to sail in the shallowest seas without running aground on the numerous, jagged reefs.

She did her work well. She escaped the risks of the long voyage and began her duty. She found rookeries. She plied ceaselessly between the larger vessels of the fleet even when they scattered about their work. She suffered strandings, but usually luck was with her. If she struck it was with a rising tide to float her off. Once when Captain Nat could not find his way through a ledge and had so piled her up on the hidden rocks, a whale came along when the tide had just lifted him free.

"Where a whale can go, I can follow," said Captain Palmer and threaded the narrow slough through which the whale was swimming to the deeper water beyond. Long hours, no fires to keep off the chill, heavy work and the constant menace of the uncharted sea and volcanic land about: such was the lot of men and sloop. Then on January 4, 1821, he took the *Hero* upon her most important mission.

Seals were scarce and unoccupied rookeries could not be found.



Captain Palmer was sent to the southward to break into unknown seas and bring word of what was there. Adventure, that, after months of drudgery! The *Hero* sailed with the wind astern, her mainsail abeam, and her jib abreast on the opposite bow. Wing and wing, with that heavy northern wind, she lifted and fell with the sea. There was a wind-sea atop the habitual swell of that stormy southern ocean, and as she rushed and climbed with the longer heave, she split the smaller seas in a shower of spray, the pleasant "squish" sounding from under her bows.

First he found two mountain peaks, then a sterile, forbidding land loaded with snow and ice. There were sea-leopards but no seals. There was much floating ice, yet the coast was ice bound, and there were frequent snow squalls and almost constant fog. Yet the weather was favorable, for there was not more than half a gale of wind, and what were all such matters when it was considered that Captain Nat had discovered what is now known as Palmer Land. He had found a continent, and how this part of Antarctica came to be called Palmer Land is a story in itself.

Captain Nat left for Yankee Harbor, having found a country, but no seals. He took departure from Mount Hope and then the wind fell off, and the fog shut in, and left him an anxious night of rolling, hove-to in almost uncharted seas. A breeze raised finally, but very light, while the fog boiled blackly and the night rolled past. Captain Nat and his mate, Phineas Wilcox, kept the deck, expecting a shift of wind and a blow, and marked the half hours by striking the ship's bell. At midnight the mate struck eight bells and went below. At 12.30 Captain Nat struck one and was startled to hear his single tap answered by one on the right and one on the left. He was startled, for save for the screech of penguins, albatross and pigeons, as well as Mother Carey's Chickens, he was sure there was no living thing within leagues of his ship. At one o'clock his double tap of the bell was again answered. The cold fog dripped from the main boom along the deck. The sea-breath writhed and twisted. The six seamen of the crew recalled their bar-room lore of mythical ships, of the deadly *Kraken* of northern seas. There was much shaking of heads and whispering and little sleep, even for the watch below.

At seven bells the fog thinned and the breeze strengthened, and by eight bells (four o'clock) Captain Nat found himself in company with two war vessels: a frigate and a sloop. The strangers showed the Russian flag and Captain Palmer answered with the U. S. ensign. A twelve oared launch, almost as large as the *Hero*, called to present the compliments of Commander Bellenhausen and to invite Captain Palmer on board the frigate.

In sou'wester, sea boots of seal skin and roughly-tailored coat of the same material, Captain Nat entered the Commander's spacious cabin. Surrounded by naval pomp, officers in gilt and blue, covered with shining medals, smart, sat the Russian commander. Captain

Nat in his rough sea gear reared his slim length proudly. Friendly or unfriendly? At the ends of the world none can be sure of the thoughts of another, but the commander smiled, shook hands, spread a luncheon in honor of the young sealer, read the *Hero's* log, and proceeded to deliver an oration.

"Two years of patient search . . . royally appointed fleet . . . sent out by his majesty the Tsar to explore, to find the southland . . . no results . . . instead, the goal of the expedition reached by a boy . . . in a sloop but little bigger than the launch of my frigate . . . what will my august master say to me? . . . where is honor? . . . where is worth? . . . with you sir, Captain of an humble



sloop . . . I name the land you have discovered *Palmer Land* in your honor.

Quite overcome by his emotions the Commander sat down, and to this day Captain Nat's discovery is marked upon the maps of the world as *Palmer Land*.

So ended the *Hero's* great day and so began the homeward trek. The expedition made a handsome profit, and Nat Palmer tried it again in command of another sloop, the *James Monroe*, but he did not rival his first two voyages and so ended his career as a sealer.

In 1822, to put in the time profitably, he took the *James Monroe* for one trip down into the West Indies making a twenty-nine day passage to St. Bartholomew and return. That passage, together with

his reputation for luck and daring, recommended him to ship owners who were then much interested in the West Indian trade.

Things were happening in Spanish America. A great man named Bolivar was rapidly making history. In 1819 as a dictator, he led Colombia, a republic, from under the Spanish flag; Bolivia, which had been merely the southern part of Peru, followed suit. Mexico writhed and twisted. Paraguay, the Jesuit state, was eager to be free. Brazil longed to ignore the authority of the homeland's officials. Each of the revolting territories commissioned vessels to take Spaniards, and since Spain's regular navy was not equal to the struggle, large numbers of privateers were entrusted with representing the old government at sea. There was often not enough prey for these ships enlisted on either side, and since the crews were paid out of the loot they might capture, exactly as the old pirates had been, American or other vessels were sometimes captured. Yet profits were large for those whose cargos reached the Spanish Americas after evading the revolutionary privateers and after escaping the polite wrath of the unwieldy Spanish navy.

Into this cauldron of political hates and rivalries Captain Nat took a schooner named the *Cadet*. He handled the Spanish authorities and the struggling patriots of the new nation with equal ease, for he had already learned the trade of blockade runner. Then he had conquered big waters; now he studied men. Surrounded by the deadly threat of being misunderstood, of offending some half-starved insurgent dying for his dream of a nation, or some fat official who held the keys to threatening tide washed dungeons, where prisoners stood up or drowned, he succeeded admirably until he reached the town of Chagres; that downed him.

Chagres had a reputation as a pest port, a place where tropical fever took a virulent form that snuffed a man's life in a jiffy. Captain Palmer could not have been ignorant of the name the place bore; its reputation was too unsavory. Unfortunately, he was held there a month by the unstable conditions of trade, and the fever felled him. It well-nigh carried him off, but his strength was good and, although it prematurely ended his youth, he at length recovered. Before, he had been slim, light haired, cast for a sailor hero of a sort to take a girl's eye, but after the fever his hair came in darker and he became a powerful, fully fleshed man, one whose fist was heavy and

whose glance put men in their place or held them steady at his side.

Fully recovered, Captain Nat passed out of the Indies without even the sight of a pirate, and sailed swiftly up the coast until heavy weather caught him south of Long Branch on the Jersey coast. A storm sea grew in no time at all, and the *Cadet* could not claw off. She was smart to the windward too, but the sea threw her about, and even Captain Nat had to reef her down. She came on the beach fair, taking it on her forefoot and began at once to go to pieces, but Captain Nat sent a line ashore and got all his crew safely to the beach. Considering that he imagined his days were numbered—for who wants a captain who loses ships?—Captain Palmer kept his wits about him.

However, Captain Nat's luck was not out. Many a man has been caught by the sands of the Jersey coast. The Barnegat and Brigantine shoals are still dotted by the wrecks of old ships, sailing vessels, which without steam, were unable to work off shore and out of danger. Were not the ships lost there so continually that the beach people came to depend upon the wrecks to supply their needs? Even the little children at their prayers murmured,

“God bless Mamma,

God bless Papa,

And send us a wreck ashore before morning.”

Perhaps his owners recognized these excuses for the loss. It is probable Nat Palmer needed none, for it was never his way to creep and wheedle through life. He had done all he could, his crew had been saved to a man. The owners gave him command of the brig *Tampico*, and sent him off again to Carthage. The bones of the schooner *Cadet* might rest upon the sands; but the Spanish American trade was profitable, and there was never such a man for it as Nat Palmer.

His new command was handled cunningly, and had a reputation for swift passages. Her skipper had a way with ships that got the best out of them and besides he was in love with the one woman of his life. The *Tampico* spelled fortune to him if he could continue to work it out of her, and fortune meant the fulfilling of his dream of romance. The girl of his heart was no landsman. Her father was a Stonington man and her brother was later in command of the famous clipper ships *Swordfish* and *Young America*. Twice he went

to Carthagera, thrice he went, satisfying owners and consignees alike. He carried his brother as mate, and when he came home from his fourth voyage to the Isthmus, in 1826, he married a Miss Babcock. She was worthy to be a sailor's wife, she had pluck and patience and she needed both, for her man was for months out of her ken and she knew enough of the sea to appreciate its bitter carelessness of his life, or perhaps its greed after such a seaman. She had not lived in Stonington for nothing. She waited as well as she could while he sailed three voyages to Europe. He wrenched fortune from the old man of the sea himself. Out of his earnings he bought the *Tampico* and sold her again and invested the money, some of it in a schooner which he put into the Caribbean trade. He had been a captain; now he was a ship owner.

Meanwhile, there had been a great deal more of talk in New England concerning the possibilities of discovering new land in the Antarctic. Old dreams are long of life and reports of strange islands still came in to the corner grocery stores that every man might compare the rumor with his idea of the fabled Auroras. After trying to interest the government in the affair, Captain Palmer offered the *Anawan*, a brig of which he was managing owner, and Captain Pendleton offered another named the *Seraph*. Each man commanded his own vessel, and having missed their first rendezvous off Montauk Point, Long Island, pushed south to Staten Island in the Antarctic.

The ambition of the expedition was without bounds. The world was its goal, nothing less. After new islands to the southward were discovered, great riches in furs were to be entrusted to some passing trader. There was no doubt whatever that new islands beyond the Horn would be found, and that they would be rich in seals. Having so freed themselves of their plunder, stripped from the virgin land they were to discover, the explorers were determined to turn to the Pacific, working northward across the equator toward Alaska to find more seals, to bring home rumors which would found their own legends even as their predecessors had brought back the myth of Auroras. The voyage to the South Shetlands was completed. In 1830 the two brigs which could not find each other a few miles off Long Island failed to meet in the desolate southern islands, but Captain Nat fell in with his brother Alexander who then commanded a schooner which became a consort to the *Anawan*. Together, the

Palmers sailed westward after they had taken a few seals and put under hatches some sea-elephant oil.

What had been a fancy, conceived out of the memory of early voyages, grew very real as it was experienced. The Antarctic summer was already far gone when they finally left the South Shetland Islands in February. Gale followed gale. Snowstorms came with them, and sleet. The wind cut like a thousand knives and there was always flying water to be met. Forty foot seas crashed and thundered on their decks and ice formed on the planks by the freezing of the driven spray. The ice sheath thickened at a great rate, and the crew were kept turned to cutting it adrift, that the growing weight might not bring the ship awash and make her unstable. They found no islands, look where they would. There was no fault in them or their ships. They combed the seas as carefully as possible, but late in March they turned back and made for Mocha Island where they fell in, at last, with the *Seraph*.

The south Pacific had done completely for the first hope of the expedition. Baffled, despairing of finding the mythical western land, Captain Palmer and Captain Pendleton, still looked longingly upon the idea of trying their luck in the north Pacific, but they had not taken their crews into consideration. The men were sealers and a sealer is paid in proportion to the skins taken. Hunting unknown lands was fine for the captains who would get the glory of being the first to positively fix the position of even so fickle a thing as Auroras, but for the crews—no seals—no pay. The crews had hunted for unknown rookeries in the south Pacific, where they were not strangers. If they failed there what chance had they in a wild voyage to northern waters, of which they knew nothing? Captain Nat had a mild mutiny on his hands and when he reached Valparaiso he gave over a portion of his crew into the hands of the American consul. Faith between master and men was shaken, and the men were determined they would not be carried north into waters from which they might never work their way home. To content them, the *Anawan* was taken south along the Chilean coast and trade with the Indians began. In the back of Captain Nat's head was the idea he could thus lead the men to a profitable cargo of skins by trade, and so keep them content until the year rolled round, but in that he was disappointed. At the renewed mention of the north Pacific the men forgot their fears of

the Indians, and the wildness of the country and deserted in such numbers as to end all thought of further exploration.

Captain Palmer dallied no more. The trade was good and in his mind he was planning to work it fully. For that he would come back. The thing of the moment was to leave while yet he had sailors enough to man the brig. So he sailed home to that wife who had heard nothing of him in the far south, and whose days had been long with wonder and worry.

Since his days in the daring voyage of the little *Hero* he had become a good sealer, a good captain, else he would never have gotten the *Anawan* home to Stonington at all. South America seemed to offer a very good trade. He could get along with officials anywhere, the hectic, revolutionary days in the Caribbean had given him ease with them. Cape Horn itself held no terrors to check his desire. Alone, or surrounded by difficulties, he was at home. He had become a citizen of the world, with the bearing of a powerful man and an eye from whose gaze men turned away. Yet he would not go back to the Pacific and leave the uncertainty to torture his wife. Instead he took her along. Many women would have faltered, made excuses, refused. Anything rather than such a voyage in a little brig! The *Anawan* was not palatial, and the distance was unthinkable, but Mrs. Palmer was worthy of the sea and its best traditions. If Nat could be at home wherever he hung his hat, so could she. There was no other alternative possible—she was a seaman's wife.

If, on a map of South America, one looks about four hundred miles west of Valparaiso he will see a little island named Juan Fernandez. It is the island on which the original Robinson Crusoe was wrecked and lived until rescued. Once around the Horn, Captain Palmer made for the island. He was a hard driver, carrying sail until everything cracked. There was fresh meat to be had at Juan Fernandez, and often seals. True, the island was used as a prison for Chilean convicts, but Captain Palmer gave that hardly a thought.

On his arrival he went ashore with two men while the brig waited, and no sooner did he put foot on the beach than he and his men were seized, blindfolded and led up toward the prison. In through the gates, up passages and down steps they passed. At last they were halted and their heads unwrapped. They stood in the

prison chapel. A sea of villainous faces met their glances. What a church! At the altar, before him, stood three renegades. Bad as some of the early Chilean officials might have been, Captain Nat knew these men were worse than any man in office. Something had happened. The angry mob cried out against him. He was to be killed. Slowly it came upon him that these men had no keepers. They were in jail without locks, convicts who were not prisoners, and they intended to kill him, take the *Anawan* and escape in her.

However, a political prisoner was wiser. This captain knew the way to the mainland. He was the instrument of the good God or of



the good devil. The fellow grimaced, he jerked his thumbs and cracked his elbow in his open palm, and strutted, but he saved Captain Palmer from the firing squad. A note was sent aboard the *Anawan* to prepare the ship for its unwelcome passengers and in it the mate was ordered to lock Mrs. Palmer in a spare stateroom that the convicts might not know she was on board. The women convicts were determined to escape with the men, but Captain Nat would have none of it. He knew there would be fighting over the women, so he took none on board. For two weeks he carried the convicts toward the mainland and never once did he dare go near the spare stateroom. All that time Mrs. Palmer had to live without knowing

the true state of things, of how close they were to death, or whether Nat was still alive.

The convicts fled on reaching shore, and the *Anawan* was put about her business of trading. She filled rapidly and was emptied into another ship and stayed on the coast until 1833. It was thus Yankee captains laid the foundations for their fortunes. Two years on a desolate barbaric coast were as nothing if there were a chance for wealth. Another man after such a voyage might have felt an urge to stay ashore and work his laboriously acquired capital to its full earning power. Captain Palmer loved his wife beyond all question, he unquestionably loved the sea in that twisted, negative way sailors often affect, but openly he loved a ship, and a ship came to him to be commanded.

When he sailed home from Chili he was a man with a reputation. A captain who could handle a freighting of convicts and bring his ship safe out of the passage knew men as well as ships. From New York there were then sailing ships known as packets. Packets sailed on an advertised date, laden with such cargo as they could collect. Much of it was in small packages, such as the mail, which she carried because of her speed. Passengers traveled in them because there was no delay in their sailing; they did not wait for a full hold. The passages were usually short and because of the importance of time to them they needed a driving captain, exacting and often difficult. Once in New York, Captain Palmer was snatched up greedily as just the man needed. He was given command of the *Huntsville* from New York to New Orleans, as difficult service as there was to be found. Many of the passengers were southerners, often of Latin blood, often of aristocratic temper, not used to the sovereign command of a captain aboard his ship. Captain Palmer knew his people, and out of his early days when handling Bolivar and South American patriots he had come to possess tact, finesse, the ability to make even fastidious people his friends. They felt honored at his attention, at his varied consideration. Scarcely had a voyage ended before E. K. Collins, the managing owner of the *Huntsville* and the other ships of the line, knew he had a man with whom he could travel to success. Mr. Collins had a dream of larger ships, greater comfort for the passengers, vessels able to compete with the other packet lines that sailed across the Atlantic. He sent Captain Palmer to Liver-

pool to study conditions and because he could make friends there, and could interpret what he saw, he brought home a true statement of conditions. Mr. Collins made him Commodore of the projected line and the building of the new ships began at once.

From the little *Hero* to Commodore of a packet line. From command of a ship to that of a fleet—Collin's dramatic line—four fine ships: the *Garrick*, *Sheridan*, *Siddons* and the *Roscius*. This last named was a vessel upon a new model using what had been learned from the other three. Captain Palmer was no desk and file executive. In turn he took each of those ships to sea. He drove them with crews that were the scum of the ports, for the sailors whose notion of heaven was a few days ashore, chose the packet boats. They were good enough seamen to make out, but they did not belong to the ship. They came aboard in a swarm, were put desperately to work and once in port, they were overside and out of her on to the wharf. Foul weather with such crews tried a captain. He was on deck hour after hour in a gale. Keeping every sail on her he dared, listening to her groaning complaint. He read in the hum of the rigging the weight of the wind that plucked at the hempen strands. When tired, he walked to rest. When he slept it was in a chair to the leeward of the wheel, a fitful, crazy napping, ashiver in the spray, twisted and turned by the careening of the ship. Trumpet in hand he passed the word to ease a jib sheet to get more lift in the sail. Rough and tumble men fought the sea for him at his word. Their lives were in his hands and they were at least good enough seamen to know that here they had a brain able to out-maneuver the storm. Trust a sailor to judge his breed. In those days there was no wheel house and no shelter for man or officer. It was thus that Nat Palmer learned more of ship design than a lifetime at the drawing board could have given him. In turn he searched the three early ships of the dramatic line and gathered the data to improve the *Roscius*. He loved the sea but he loved the reeling, tortured ships more.

Flesh and blood could not stand such a life indefinitely. Even in light weather the packets were worried to get out of them the last hundred yards of an hour's run. Captain Palmer took a vacation, and in 1840 came back to the *Siddons* for a record run. In October he took her out of Liverpool and berthed her in her slip in New

York in fifteen days. This is thought to be the fastest westward passage made by a packet ship, and it was his last as a packet ship captain. He felt it necessary to turn from such strenuous seafaring.

The packet ships had been profitable to him. As captain he received thirty dollars a month salary, five percent of the cargo freight, and twenty-five percent of the passenger passage money. Freights averaged about \$40,000 of which Captain Nat would get \$2,000. His share of the passage money was about another thousand, although sometimes it was nearer two. Not a bad return for a fortnight's sea going, it would seem, but still it was purchased at a price that sapped physical strength to the dregs and broke down reserves that had been years in the building.

The Palmer luck or the Palmer foresight, call it what you will, did not fail him when he quit the packet service. Instead, life went on opening up new reaches of interest, new traverses to work, other peoples to see. At last he decided to rest by taking the *Paul Jones* to Canton, China. He looked upon the journey as a vacation. Southward to equatorial warmth, a brisk encounter with the Horn and he would soon be pushing northward to tropical musk, toward ports previously denied to white men, to come to rest in old China. It was new to him as the Horn had once been. The Chinese had just ended a war with England. They had been compelled to pay \$21,000 to get the English to stop fighting. They had been compelled to open four new ports where foreign ships might call to trade. The war had been called the "Opium War," and it left the mandarins very willing to trade with Americans rather than the British whom they of course hated. Captain Nat realized the opportunity for a fast ship to get opium in Bombay or Calcutta, carry it from India to the new port of Shanghai, and realize an amazing profit.

All the way home he turned the matter over in his mind. He could see the ship. She would be fast. She would be armed to keep off pirates. Her lines would be lean and slack, but not too sharp; a handsome thing. He would make her four times as long as she was wide. To give his ideas form, and to convince himself of the soundness of his thinking, he built a model. Sailing across the very seas he expected the new vessel to ply, he dwelt upon the scheme until he was all fire when he reached New York, keen as a youngster,

to undertake the new trade. He secured Will and A. A. Low as financial partners but he kept a quarter share for himself, and he was given free rein to have the ship built as he thought fit.

Brown and Bell of New York built her. She was one hundred and thirty-two feet long, thirty-two wide and seventeen feet deep. She was put together honestly with Captain Nat superintending for the owners, and Mr. Brown for the builders. She was a sweet thing, a true clipper ship and the fastest thing afloat in her day. Her bulwarks were solid. She was pierced for sixteen guns. When she was launched Captain Nat had her named the *Houqua*. Houqua was a Chinese merchant, a man of honor whose spoken word could be trusted to the last syllable. He was honest without being a fool, and prudent, but untouched by meanness. His only existing signature is written at the bottom of a check for ten thousand dollars. Polite, suave, he was at the same time sincere and very human.

When she was ready Captain Palmer defied sea superstition and put her to sea on Friday. Heads wagged and tongues clacked but in just eighty-four days she docked at Hongkong, on a Friday. Nor did she pay for her Captain's defiance of bad luck before old age had shaken her to the keel. She was as brave as her commander and as honest as the little Chinaman for whom she was named.

Captain Palmer could be proud indeed; he had created the first true clipper ship of the China trade from his own designs, and he had sailed her out for a record run.

His partners were shrewd men. Captain Nat had put his ideas to a sure proof. The Lows were completely assured of the trust they had put in him. They recalled his long experience, his sanity, his unerring ability to see an opportunity for improvement of either ships or trade. Quietly they turned the business of ship building over to his proven genius. His word became law and his judgment was unquestioned.

He built a fine fleet for them. He named one the *Samuel Russell* after the greatest American trader of Hongkong. She was a fine sharp model, her spars heavy for her size, but spreading a mountain of snowy sail to light airs, and she lived until 1870 when she was stranded on a reef in Gaspar Strait. She was built in 1847 and was followed by the *Contest*, the *David Brown*, the *Oriental*, the *Surprise* and the *N. B. Palmer*.

The *Oriental* carried the fame of the Stonington captain to England. He took her on her first voyage to try her: it was his last command. Then he sent her out in command of his brother and she proved fast, as fast as any vessel afloat. Now when the tea crop was ready for shipment from Canton to London, all was haste. The first ship loads would bring high prices, but a slow ship would only arrive after the prices had been lowered by the plenteousness of the tea brought by the faster boats. The *Oriental*, because of her speed, was chartered for this trade. No Yankee ship had ever before been hired by the British. She was to get six pounds per ton, a ton being estimated at forty cubic feet. British ships waited in port ready to carry the tea at three pounds ten per ton of fifty cubic feet, when she sailed. She began in hard luck with a southwest monsoon just ahead, but she beat down the China Sea to Anjer in twenty-one days, and made the West India dock, London, in ninety-seven days.

The British had never heard the like. They came in throngs to look on the lean, black hull. She was five times as long as she was wide. Her spars stunted the masts about her, tall and raking, far above the run of the dock. Her sails were of white cotton, furled and stopped by neat gaskets. Standing and running rigging was fitted neatly and simply. The rails and deck houses were white, the hatch combings, sky lights and companions were of Spanish mahogany. Narrow pine planks, clear, and holystoned to a creamy white, were used in her decks. Her brass shone. She was proud of her designer, of her captain, of herself and her reputation. The English handsomely accepted her beating their own fleet. They appreciated her to the full. They had never seen a clipper ship before. The Admiralty sought permission, which was granted, to place her in dry dock to take off her lines, so that they might study them to find wherein lay her speed. The Illustrated London News published her photograph, and the London Times set up an editorial about her, warning the British of what they could expect, if they would not prepare to match the Yankee ship by vessels of British mold but American speed.

Captain Palmer met the ship at London and saw her at the top of his glory. He saw his brother the lion of the town, and his design studied and examined by all the naval experts of the port. It was not his only design to be honored. A model of his *N. B. Palmer* was

exhibited at the Crystal Palace in London in 1851 as an example of the American clipper ship. With her nettings in the tops, brass guns, and gold-striped cove running the length of her, she was very handsome.

Back in the United States a great designer, Donald McKay, was building the largest sailing ship ever launched. She was the *Great Republic* and measured four thousand five hundred fifty-five tons. She was launched in 1853 and was towed down from Boston to New York. Her arrival was heralded about the ship yards, the counting houses, and the merchants' offices. Captain Palmer watched her arrival with keen interest. She was a veritable giantess, and proved to be difficult to edge into her berth at Dover Street on the East River. Safely moored at the wharf, she lorded it over the rest of the fleet.

Now Captain Palmer was at heart an adventurer. What but a lust for experience could have led him from first to last, had taken him through blockade running, polar sealing, South American empire building, Atlantic packet sailing and the spice of mandarin trade? He could have made more money ashore guarding his interests closely, turning a penny thrice, but that would not have been adventure, the thrill of new experience. He would never have felt that the world, not Stonington or New York, alone, was his home. He would never have been Captain Nat Palmer of all seas. His eyes would never have looked upon tropic and antarctic alike. They would never have gazed with understanding upon the *Great Republic*, sleek and powerful. Because he was an adventurer he knew her heart; he longed to back her out of her slip, to heave round her yards and at his word take her down to the long swell of the Atlantic. Day by day he saw her making ready to cast off, and the longing for her grew and grew. He had a way with new ships, finding them more quickly than other men, guessing aright their power, their speed, their ability to do battle with that old devil, the sea.

On December 26 a fire broke out on Front Street. The winter wind fanned it into a full blaze and sent the hot cinders and burning bits flying. They fell more than a hundred yards away on the deck of the *Great Republic*. The crew was mustered at once and set to work to prevent the sparks lodging in the rigging and among the untried sails. In vain water buckets were run aloft by whips



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IN THE FISHERY EVER FINDS A PUBLIC RECORD AT HOME

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rove to the yard arms. The foresail caught, a topsail followed. The gear aloft was fresh with tar, and the canvas new and unseasoned by salt; the blaze spread. The masts were chopped away to save the hull. The foretop mast broke short off, and landing end-on passed through three decks, a true lance of fire. Then the firemen came on board and put out the conflagration. When they thought all safe they went home, but presently smoke curled from the forward hold. The burning topmast had set the cargo afire and below decks the ship was a furnace. She was scuttled where she lay, sank ten feet, when she fetched bottom, and burned away to the water's edge. The grain in her hold swelled, starting her timbers, straining her badly. She was a blackened, twisted wreck.

Now a merchant might have looked at her and made a bitter jest about the end of impudence, or a mere sailor have wagged his head and thanked his stars he never went to sea in that one if she behaved so in port. But Captain Palmer was neither; he was an adventurer and he could not forget the sleek trimness of her lines nor the startling power of her sail plan. She haunted him like a thing of great pity. He went to see the underwriters. They were glad to see him. Few would bid on anything so seemingly worthless. They thought him a little crazy, but if he could give them back some of the four hundred thousand dollars insurance the ship had taken from them they did not mind. He bought the three blackened decks below the East River in his own right. Then he walked away with the old glint of his youth in his eye. He had a new venture, a new risk to take, a great object to achieve, a soul to put back into that derelict and make her still the proudest thing man ever sailed down the Narrows. Neither of the Lows knew he had bought her when he walked into their office. They would have to trust his judgment. He would keep a sixteenth interest himself. They at once agreed to all he had undertaken. She had a cofferdam built around her, and when she was patched and raised they took her to Long Island. When she reappeared she had three decks instead of four, a billet head and scroll instead of the eagle figure-head. Her new spars were shorter than the old, and her rig therefore smaller, but she was very handsome. She measured three thousand three hundred fifty-seven tons and was still the largest sailing ship on the seas. Thirteen days it took her to reach England, a very fast passage. In one twenty-

four-hour run she averaged seventeen and a half knots. The firm to whom she was consigned was frightened by her size. They feared they would never get enough freight to load her. Captain Palmer would not have her fail. She was his own venture. He crossed the Atlantic at once, found the huge ship idle, chartered her to the French government as a transport, and came home. It was no wonder she frightened a firm who had to load her. Her holds were cavernous. In 1857 she carried a single cargo from New York to San Francisco, and made in freight \$160,000 for the one trip. In the Civil War she aided the Federal Government.

The *Great Republic* was the last great adventure of Captain Nathaniel Palmer. Undertaken daringly, he justified his faith in her destiny, in her beauty and in the wonderous glamour of the clipper ships he had sailed, created and reclaimed. He traveled the seas afterward but looking backward always, a passenger on strange decks. It was the ruined *Great Republic* he took to his heart. She was another man's dream, but she was so like Captain Nat, so daring, so proud, so constant, that he knew her at a glance and he made her rise from the river mud to live to his glory and her own.

WHALES AND THEIR WAYS

By A. HYATT VERRILL

HERE are a great many varieties of whales recognized by naturalists, but to the whalers there were only six kinds of real whales. These were the *sperm whale*, the *right whale*, the *bowhead*, the *humpback*, the *sulphur-bottom* and the *finback*.

In addition to these, there were the various *porpoises*, the *grampus* or *blackfish*, the *narwhal* or *unicorn whale* and the *beluga* or *white whale*, all of which were at times captured.

Each variety of the true whales has haunts and habits of its own and each furnishes oil and other products of distinct kinds and different values.

Of all the true whales the sperm whales and right whales were the most valuable and were the ones most widely sought. The right whales and bowheads are inhabitants of arctic and antarctic



waters and while the two are distinct, their habits, products, and the methods of hunting them are so similar that both may be considered together, the main difference being that the true right whales were hunted in the northern Pacific, Bering Sea and neighboring waters, whereas bowheads were denizens of the Arctic Ocean and Hudson Bay, while the antarctic right whale was found in the waters of the Antarctic seas.

The right whales and bowheads furnish oil and whalebone, the latter article formerly being among the most valuable of whale products, while the oil is not nearly as valuable as that obtained from the sperm whale.

The so-called "bone" of the right whale is in reality a hornlike material growing from the upper jaw of the whale in the form of a thick, flexible fringe. The lower jaw is very large and is shaped like an immense ladle or spoon and has no teeth. To the right whales and bowheads the whalebone or "baleen" serves as a strainer and is essential to the peculiar methods of feeding of these whales.

Opening his mouth, the right whale swims through the water until his great trough-like lower jaws are filled with small fish and marine animals. Then, closing his mouth the whale forces out the sea-water through the fringe of whalebone, thus leaving the shrimps and other creatures it contained within his mouth where they are confined by the gigantic strainer of baleen.

Owing to the enormous size of his jaws and the position of his eyes the right whale cannot see ahead of him, and owing to his habits, it is not necessary that he should, for his prey consist wholly of minute creatures, many of which are almost microscopic in size, and he trusts to luck in gathering everything within reach as he swims along like a mammoth scoop-net.

As he has no teeth and as his jaws are useless as weapons of defense, nature has given him a wonderfully powerful and agile tail, and the right whale can sweep his tail, or "flukes," as the whalers call it, from eye to eye in a great half-circle and woe to any boat or enemy that comes within reach of this ponderous, thrashing mass of bone, flesh and sinew.

The sperm whales, of which there are several varieties, are all inhabitants of the broad oceans of temperate and tropical latitudes

and are very different in habits, structure and appearance from the right whales and bowheads of the cold seas.

The upper jaw of the sperm whale has no whalebone and no teeth, but the lower jaw, which is slender and sharp, bears a row of pointed, conical, white teeth as hard as ivory and these are as necessary to the sperm whale as the baleen to the right whale and bowhead.

Whereas the right whales swim along at or near the surface and scoop up tiny marine animals for their food, the sperm whales seek their food at the bottom of the sea and dive to great depths to secure the strange and powerful animals which form their diet. These are the giant cuttlefish or squids and many a battle royal must take place between the sperm whales and their enormous victims which lurk upon the floor of the ocean.

With their sharp teeth and active jaws the whales seize the great squids, tear them from their hold upon the rocks or bottom and bite them into bits, for the sperm whale's throat is very small—scarcely large enough to admit a man's fist—and only small morsels can be swallowed at a time. Of course a great many of the squids secured by the whales are very small and offer but feeble resistance to their mammoth enemies, but others are of titanic size and must give the whales a hard tussle indeed.

No doubt the whales at times fall victims to their own prey, for the squids grow to a length of forty or fifty feet with ten long, flexible, snake-like tentacles armed with hundreds of great suckers. Moreover the squids possess enormous strength and are very tenacious of life and if such a monster once secured a good hold upon a whale he might well resist every effort of the latter long enough to drown the whale.

That such tragedies of the deep actually occur is beyond question, for dead sperm whales have been found floating, with no sign of injury or disease save the marks of a submarine battle with the squids, and many of those which are overcome by their prey never rise to the surface of the sea, but are actually devoured by the very creatures they sought to secure for their own meals.

Whalers have known that the sperm whales fed upon cuttlefish for a long time but no one dreamed of the size of the giant squids of the ocean's depths until dead ones were cast upon the beaches of

Newfoundland and pieces of their enormous arms were discovered in the stomachs of sperm whales.

Scientists who were interested in the study of these strange monsters of the deep found many of their most interesting specimens in the stomachs of sperm whales and the Prince of Monaco even fitted out an expedition to hunt and kill sperm whales for the sake of the rare specimens of cuttlefish which could be obtained by cutting open the whales.

It is owing to their fondness for the squids that the sperm whales produce the rare and valuable substance known as "ambergris."



This is a light, porous, greasy material which is at times found floating upon the surface of the sea or cast upon beaches and which is used in making perfumes, not for its scent, but because it possesses the curious property of retaining or absorbing odors to a wonderful degree. It is worth more than its weight in gold and often the whaler who secured a few lumps of ambergris made more money from his find than from all the oil obtained on a long cruise. In former times there was a great deal of mystery surrounding the origin of this strange substance, but bits of cuttlefish beaks were often found in it and it is known to be a sort of disease growth in the whale's intestines, caused by an accumulation of indigestible por-

tions of the squids, and large quantities are at times secured by dissecting the whales.

Owing to their habit of feeding and the necessity of seeing their prey, sperm whales' eyes are so placed that they can see any object in front of their heads or to either side, but they cannot see to the rear. Unlike the right whales the sperm whales have a terrible weapon of defense in their tooth-armed lower jaw which is capable of biting a whaleboat in two and chewing it into matchwood and while their great flukes are very powerful they are far less to be dreaded than those of the right whales.

"Beware of a sperm's jaw and a right whale's flukes" is a whaler's maxim always borne in mind and taking advantage of this and the fact that one species can see ahead and the other behind, the whalers strive to approach sperm whales from the rear and right whales directly from the front.

Although the sperm whale has no whalebone, yet its oil is far more valuable than that obtained from the right whales and bow-heads, and, in addition, this creature furnishes the substance known as "spermaceti," which was formerly among the most valuable of all whale products.

The spermaceti is a clear, limpid, oil-like liquid contained in a great cavity in the sperm whale's head which is known as the "case"; but upon exposure to the air the spermaceti hardens rapidly and becomes a semi-opaque, wax-like material. It was formerly used in making the best grades of candles and in other arts and manufactures, but has now been largely superseded by stearine and parafin, just as whale oil has been replaced by petroleum and kerosene.

Very different from the sperm whales, right whales and bow-heads are the humpbacks, finbacks and sulphur-bottoms. The finbacks and sulphur-bottoms gave comparatively little oil and bone of inferior quality and were not considered worth taking by the old-time whalers, but to-day the finback-whale fishery forms a very important industry in Japan, Scandinavia and on our Northwest coast.

One reason that the old whalers let these whales alone was because of the difficulty in securing them. They were among the largest, if not the very largest, of all whales; they were very powerful, rapid swimmers; they were very alert and wary, dangerous

when "struck" and they often sank when killed. To-day steam whalships, darting-guns and bombs have made the hunting of finbacks easy and they are kept from sinking by forcing compressed air into their bodies.

The humpbacks, however, were often hunted by the old Yankee whalers and while their oil was inferior to that of the sperm whales they were well worth capturing. As the humpbacks frequented the bays and inlets of the Pacific and Indian Oceans during their breeding season and lived in shallow waters when the cows were accompanied by their calves, the whalers sought them on the coasts of South America, Africa, Madagascar and the islands of the South Seas. This was known as "bay whaling," and compared to arctic or antarctic whaling on the open ocean, it was easy, simple and comparatively safe work.

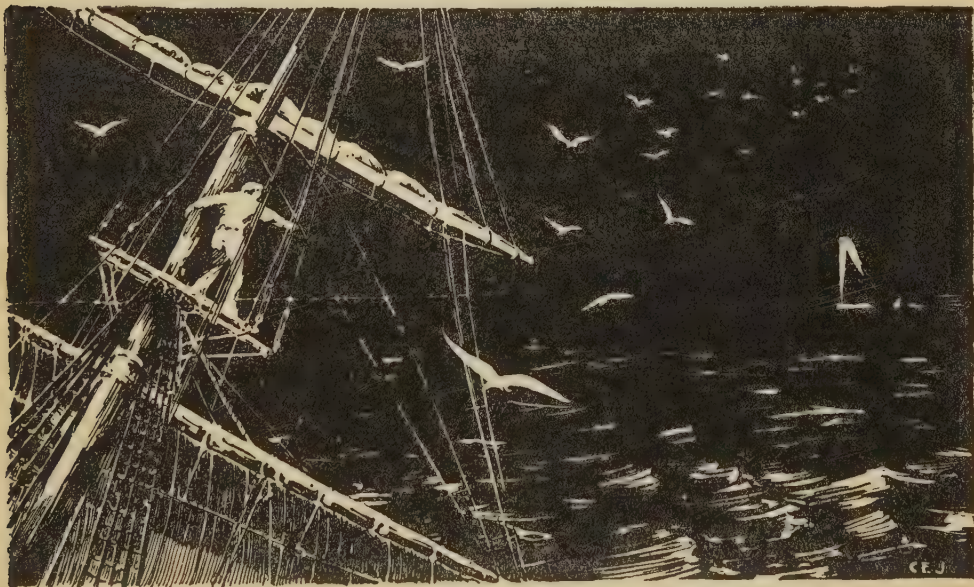
Although whales were always the main object of the whalers, yet anything which would give oil was taken when opportunity offered and many casks of grampus and porpoise oil were brought home from whaling cruises. Porpoises or "dolphins," as they are often incorrectly called, are found in every sea and while there are many species they are all similar in appearance and habits. Their oil is used for lubricating watches, mathematical instruments and fine machinery and brings a high price, but most of it is obtained from the porpoise fisheries of the Carolina coast and from the Passamoquoddy Indians of Eastport, Maine, who hunt porpoises in canoes. Porpoises are too small, too active and too much trouble to attract the whalers and it was only now and then that they were captured.

Somewhat similar to the porpoises, but much larger and forming a sort of connecting link between them and the true whales, is the grampus, more often known as "blackfish" to the whalers. These creatures go in large schools and are far more sluggish than porpoises and yield a much larger amount of oil. They were often killed by the whalemén, as were also the "white whales" or belugas, a small species of whale, light gray in color and common in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and neighboring waters.

Still another whale-like creature which the whalers at times obtained was the narwhal, or "unicorn whale," a curious, spotted mammal somewhat resembling a porpoise or grampus but with a long,

pointed "horn" or tooth of spirally grooved ivory projecting from the upper jaw, like a great, white pole. The narwhal is an inhabitant of arctic seas, and here in the Far North the whalers also hunted many other animals, such as walrus, seals, bears, musk-oxen or in fact anything which produced blubber and oil, which bore hides or skins of value, or furnished meat which was edible.

Indeed some of the arctic whalers were more trappers, hunters and traders than true whalers and found that skins and furs obtained



by the friendly Eskimos were more profitable than the whale oil and bone which they ostensibly set out to secure.

Many other whalers sailed to the forbidding and desolate islands of the Antarctic in search of seals and sea-elephants and at times they spent many months on Kerguelan, South Georgia and other uninhabited, barren and cold spots, while their ships sailed away to Cape Town for repairs and to refit.

The great sea-elephants furnished an enormous quantity of oil and were so stupid and so easily killed that they were almost exterminated by the whalers in many places, but hunting such helpless creatures on land was not true whaling, and the methods by

which the slaughter was carried on and the life of the whalers on ship or ice, has nothing to do with their life on shipboard, and seals, sea-elephants or even porpoises deserve no place in the story of the whaler.



A NEW BEDFORD WHALER

The Charles W. Morgan

By GEORGE FRANCIS DOW

THE whaler *Charles W. Morgan* was built at New Bedford in 1841. For her first seven voyages she was rigged as a ship and registered 351 tons. In 1867 she was rigged as a bark and her measured tonnage was then reduced to 313.75. At that time her hull measurements were: length, 105.6; breadth, 27.7; depth, 17.6.

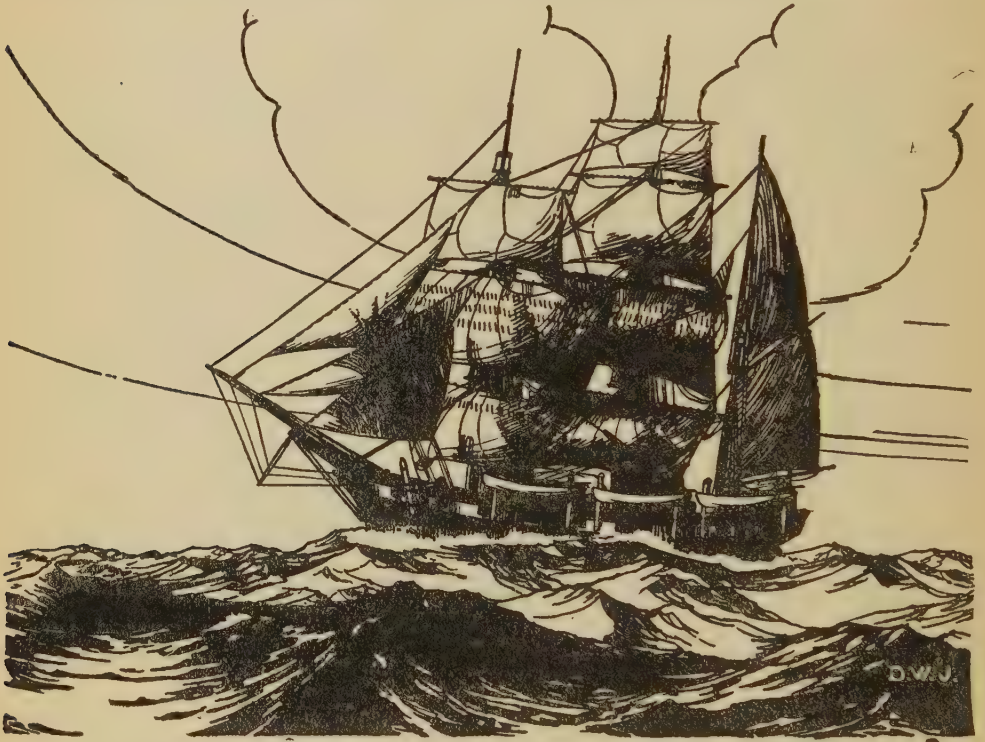
This whaler was always a successful ship, never meeting with disaster and usually returning home with a good lay for all hands. She rounded Cape Horn many times, went whaling to the Arctic and Indian Oceans as well as the Atlantic and Pacific and also spent a season at Desolation in the Southern Indian Ocean.

Most of her voyages were made to the Pacific Ocean. Her ninth voyage, while under the command of Captain John M. Tinkham, was made to the Indian Ocean and the next voyage, in 1875, was to the South Atlantic. Charles W. Morgan of New Bedford, her first owner, managed her for two voyages. She then passed into the control of Edward M. Robinson for one voyage and then for ten years was sent out by Messrs. J. & W. R. Wing who were her managing owners for fifty-three years.

This vessel was always employed in the whaling business and when built was constructed of the best materials and all copper fastened. When in need she was always promptly repaired which explains her good condition at the present time. Of her total number of thirty-seven voyages, twenty-two were made in part to Arctic or Antarctic waters where her hull was free from the attacks of worms. Between 1886 and 1904 she made yearly voyages out to San Francisco to Japan and the Okhotsk Sea and then returned to New Bedford after an absence of nearly twenty years. In 1916

she sailed for the Kergulen, or Desolation islands, in the Southern Indian Ocean, after sea-elephant oil, and afterwards made three voyages to the Atlantic Ocean grounds. Her last arrival in New Bedford was in 1921.

The luck of the *Morgan* was not due to any one captain for there was a change of commanders nearly every voyage. Captain Norton was her first commander and after an absence of three years



and four months he returned with 2400 barrels of oil in her hold. Her second voyage, under Captain Sampson, lasted three years and six months, but when the *Morgan* reached New Bedford she had brought home 2270 barrels of oil. Her most successful voyage seems to have been under Captain James A. Hamilton, who escaped storm, lee shore and Confederate cruisers and returned to New Bedford, May 12, 1863, bringing 1935 barrels of oil, having also previously sent home 2280 barrels. At prevailing war-time prices the profits of

this voyage must have been considerable. The *Morgan* was usually away from home three years and five months. Her outfitting generally required five months' time.

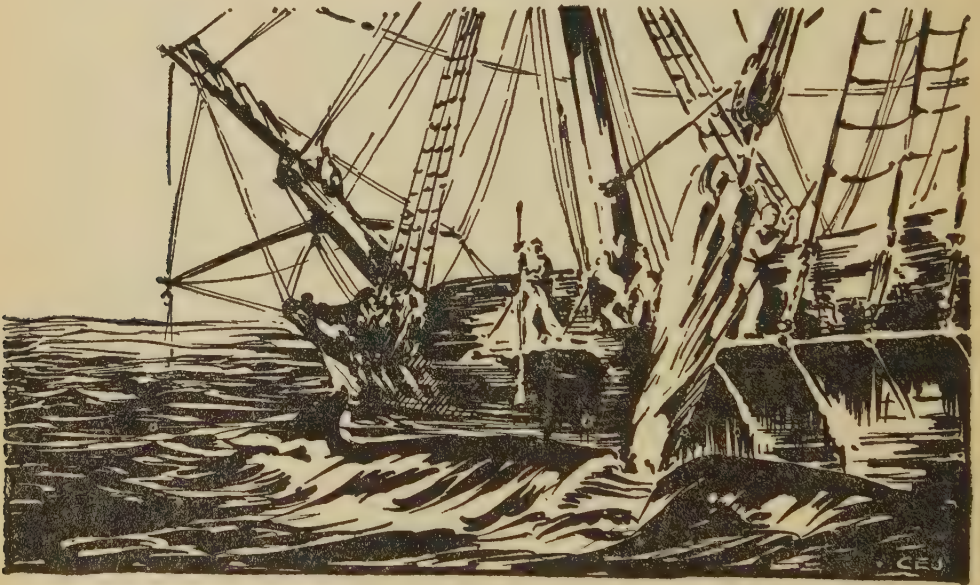
As the price of oil fell lower and lower the time came when it was no longer profitable to send out whale ships and the *Charles W. Morgan*, after her return in 1921, was dismantled. Late that year her shares were purchased by Mr. Harry Neyland, the artist, and other members of the New Bedford Whaling Club, with the intention of preserving her and also using her as the headquarters of the Club. After this she was used on two occasions by moving picture companies. The first filming of the *Morgan* occurred when with the whaler *Wanderer* (since wrecked on Cuttyhunk in the gale of August 26, 1924) she was used in "Down to the Sea in Ships"—a very successful production and a splendid picture. Subsequently she figured in the screen version of Hergesheimer's "Java Head."

But she has now reached her last port and her hull rests in a stone cradle beside a wharf at South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, ten miles below New Bedford and barely a stone's throw from the spot where Bartholomew Gosnold landed in May, 1603. There she is to be preserved for so long as her timbers shall last. Mr. Neyland having purchased twenty-eight of the thirty-two shares in the *Charles W. Morgan* and having failed to interest the City of New Bedford in the preservation of the whaler, then turned to Colonel E. H. R. Green, a descendant of an early owner, and through his interest and munificence she has been acquired, refitted and opened to the public as a living monument to the New Bedford whale fishery.

CUTTING-IN

By WILLIAM M. DAVIS

THE "cutting-in" of a large whale is truly a formidable undertaking. It is surgery, or dissection, on a gigantic scale, and the appliances are of corresponding magnitude and power. From the head of the mast two great sheave-blocks depend, through which is run a Manila rope of about eight inches circumference. This passes through a corresponding traveling-block, to which, in the commence-



ment of operation, a heavy iron hook is attached by a clevis and bolt. The fall leads from the upper or fixed block to the windlass, around the smooth, hollowed end of which the necessary number of turns are taken—all the men, save the cook and the men at mast-head

and wheel, standing by to lend a hand. The whale is floating on its side on the starboard beam of the ship, and is hauled forward until the eye comes opposite the gangway. The rail and side-planks above the deck having been removed, this brings the first point of attack directly under the tackles. Two narrow stages are slung over the side, on which secured by waist, belt, and monkey-rope, the officers stand to cut, as may be needed with sharp, broad-edged spades mounted on poles sixteen or more feet long.

We begin by cutting a round hole in the tough formation termed "white horse," about the eye. Then, by a semi-circular cut above, and to one side of the eye about two feet in radius, the first cut is prolonged toward the ship, so as to form a flap of about four feet in width. Now one of the boat-steerers appears, rigged in an old woolen suit, with woolen stockings—a material that grips the smooth skin of the whale and prevents the wearer from slipping. He has a monkey-rope about his waist, and when the tackle is overhauled until the hook is at the proper height, he descends on to the whale, and inserts the hook in the hole by the eye. This is drowning work when the sea is rough enough to wash heavily over the partly submerged whale; it is arduous when the irregular roll of the mast-head sways and jerks the ponderous block and hook; it is dangerous when the roll of the ship and whale may catch the man between them; and, lastly, it is unpleasant from the proximity of half a score of hungry sharks intent on blubber, but which are liable to mistake a floating head, leg, or arm for a part of the whale, and claim it as legitimate toll. Against these inconveniences the spades of the officers and the management of the monkey-rope are guards.

The hook is inserted and the order given "Haul taut and heave away." Sixteen men double manning the hand-spikes, responsively heave away at the powerful windlass, while the spades are busy under-cutting to free and tear up the eye-flap. The great surge of the rolling ship greatly aids in this effort, and soon the strip of blubber, termed the "blanket," slowly moves upward. When the cry of "To blocks" announces that the head of the blanket has reached three-fourths the height of the mainmast, the order is given to "Board blanket-piece." Now a boat-steerer, with a long double-edged sword, mounted by a long, straight handle and termed a "boarding-knife," makes a lunge at the swinging mass, cutting out an oval plug

of blubber, through which the eye of the strap to the second tackle is thrust, and secured by a heavy oak toggle. Then the order is, heave away on the second tackle, and as soon the strain is fairly taken by it, a second cut of the boarding-knife detaches the upper blanket-piece, which is swung inboard, immediately over the main-hatch. Here it is lowered into the blubber-room, where a man awaits it with a hook to send the slippery end away to leeward, and pack the long pieces to the best advantage. Thus alternated, the two tackles relieve each other, and the windlass travels almost continuously until four hundred and fifty or five hundred feet of blanket, from four feet eight to eighteen inches in thickness, have passed from the symmetrical form of the whale into the confused, disagreeable mass in the blubber-room.

While the huge carcass is being turned in the water by the unrolling of its valuable blanket, the officer on the forward stage is carrying forward the spiral cut which regulates the width of the blanket, and the older and more experienced officer on the after stage is delicately amputating the head with his sharp spade. He slowly cuts his way through several feet of dark red, coarse-fibred muscles, rope-like tendons, and blood-vessels through which a little boy might be propelled, and artistically cleaves his way to the junction of the vertebra with the head. Finally, he severs the thick coating of tough integuments, the head separates, and turns, curiously enough, the bony jaw upward, and the case and blow-hole below. Now is revealed the joint of the vertebra, like an exquisitely polished sphere of whitest ivory, in diameter equal to a barrel. This great joint most impressed me with the monstrous proportions of the creature we had been tearing at with windlass, tackles, and spades all this long day. The head thus severed constitutes nearly one-third the length and a greater proportion of the actual bulk of the whale. It is allowed to float under the main-chains until the body is disposed of. After the body of a large whale is stripped to the vent, a second transverse section is made, and the great carcass, a mass of red flesh and white integuments, drifts slowly to windward, soiling the clean water with its slowly-oozing blood, and smoothing the surface with exuding oil. Accompanying it are flocks of albatross ("mollemokes") and other birds above, while the surface of the deep appears cut and fretted by the high, sharp fins and lashing tails of troops

of sharks, which ravenously bite at the mountain of food we have provided for them.

The body disposed of, the head occupies our attention. To obtain the valuable spermaceti with which it abounds, we dissect it into three parts—the “case,” junk, and bony part. The latter, containing the skull and lower jaw-bone, is generally allowed to sink at once (save when teeth are needed to furnish ivory for “skirmshoning,” or to trade with the islands). The upper part of the head is termed the case; between this and the skull-bone is the great wedge-shaped



mass called the junk. The junk is first hauled in bodily, and thence aft out of the way until the case is bailed. This mass is surrounded, as is the entire head on the outside, by the tough, almost impenetrable white horse, several inches in thickness, which proves a secure armor against the harpoon. Its interior consists of a cellular formation, the walls of the cells running vertically and transversely, varying in thickness from a half inch to two inches, and being formed of the same closely interlaced fibres of beautiful satin lustre and alabaster whiteness that constitute the white horse of the external head. The cells are of varying size, generally about four to eight inches between the separating layers of white horse, and are filled with an oily sub-

stance of a faint yellowish tint, translucent when warm, and rivaling in delicacy of flesh the interior of the ripest water melon. The clear sweet oil follows every cut which is made into it. The oil-bearing flesh forms about one-third of the mass, and in a large whale has yielded twenty-eight barrels—equal to three and a half tons. This would make such a junk about ten and a half tons' weight.

The case has, besides, the respiratory canal (which is about twelve inches in diameter), a cavity about twenty feet in depth, filled with oil, which we bail out with buckets. To this end the iron hooks are again attached to the cutting-in tackles, and are inserted in the white horse of the sides. The end of the case is then hauled up to keep the seas from reaching the opening made in it for bailing. A whip-block is placed directly over the opening; a long narrow bucket is attached to the end of the fall; and a man stands on the square-cut end, with a long, slender pole to push the bucket into this well of flesh.

On being withdrawn, the bucket is filled with transparent spermaceti, mixed with the soft, silky integuments, and possessing the odor of the new-drawn milk of our home dairies. With our hands blistered yesterday by the oar, and all on fire today by the harsh friction of the handspike, it was luxurious to wade deep in the try-pots filled with this odorous unguent, in order to squeeze and strain out the fibres, which, if allowed to remain, would char with the heat, and darken the oil.

A case has been known to yield twenty-three barrels of this purest of spermaceti—equal to nearly three tons. As it constitutes less than one-sixth the mass, a case may be estimated at eighteen tons' weight. Add to this the weight of the junk, the skull, and jaws, and an idea may be gathered of the head of a sperm-whale. I would remark that in modern ships the increased power of the patent windlass enables the fortunate possessors to heave the case inboard and bail it on deck by opening it longitudinally, thus saving much precious oil. By our system of bailing, the depth of the bucket was left in the bottom of the well. However, the utmost power of the *Chelsea* could not have brought this case on to the deck. When the case is bailed, the hold is cut away, and, with a solemn plunge, the great mass sinks into the sea, the white-marble surface changing to a purest azure until it sinks from sight.

Now the try-works are brought into play. The boat-crew's watch of yesterday gives way to starboard and larboard watches, and the watches on deck and below are prolonged to six hours each. The works are started on the oil of the head, which is termed "head matter." As this was our first whale, it was necessary to use wood as fuel, until we could get the brown doughnut-looking "scraps" out of the remains of the blubber after the oil is boiled out. These scraps are the proper fuel of the try-works, and are always more than sufficient to cook the oil of the whale, so that a quantity remains, and is carried forward to start the works on the next. At six bells in the evening, one watch of tired men hurry below, to sleep, and the other, just as wearied, have before them six hours of labor. The mainyard is aback, mainsail furled, topsails reefed, and the ship rolls lazily on a drifting course to leeward. The duties of the watch are thus divided: One man is in the blubber-room with knife and spade to cleanse the skinny parts of flesh from the blanket, and to reduce it into long narrow pieces, say six by twenty-four inches, termed "horse-pieces." These are tossed to the deck above, and conveyed by another man to the "mincing-horse," where they are sliced into leaves, which adhere by the tough inner integument, and are called "books." In this form the blubber passes to the try-pots. The duty of the boat-steerers and the mate, who heads the watch, is to attend to this boiling, as the value of the oil is materially affected by the care used in preserving its light color.

The night scene on the deck of a whaler while she is engaged in trying-out is weird-like in the extreme. The black smoke from the burning scraps, lighted by the red flames which issue from the flues; the tracery of masts, spars, and sails, sometimes brightly lit up as in the roll of the ship the boiling oil overflows into the furnaces, and sends a broad flame half-mast high; the blood-red reflections from the sea-caps; the diabolical appearance of the stokers and deck-hands make a picture which might grace a vision of Dante's "Inferno"! Oh, the horrible memory of that first night's trying-out! The soreness and fatigue of the long hours of extreme toil; the deathly drowse that comes over one while standing, or mechanically performing some monotonous duty; the sliding of the bare feet over the greasy deck in pools of greasy and foul water; the dirty clothes, cold and clammy from the saturating oil; the glare

of the fierce flames, with the impenetrable gloom of the night beyond, the acrid, choking smoke; the sooty deposit in nostril and on palate; the harsh commands of officers, and the fierce imprecations of overtaken men—all tended to fill six hours with wretchedness greater than I have ever since experienced.



WHALING IN '48

By CAPTAIN JOHN D. WHIDDEN

TEN or twelve days out we sighted our first whales. "There she blows!" came from the lookout stationed at the royal masthead, while to the demand: "Where away?" came the response: "Four points off the lee bow, sir!" Instantly all was excitement. Captain Turner, seizing a powerful marine glass, sprang into the rigging, and quickly



ascended to the lookout, from whence in a few moments came the order:

"Keep her off four points!"

This was speedily done, and the yards checked in.

There were many hands to do the work, the ship having a crew of thirty-six, exclusive of officers. Shortly we could see from the deck a large school of sperm-whales, heading eastward, swimming slowly along, little anticipating the reception being made ready for them. Meantime the officers, with their respective crews, were seeing that the whaling gear in each boat was in readiness for lowering. In fact, the gear of a whale-boat when on whaling ground is looked after daily. Harpoons and lances are as bright and sharp as razors. Line-tubs are overhauled, and every kink and turn taken out of the line before being coiled down in the tub, when it is as supple as silk.

Water "breakers" are kept filled, and a lantern keg, with a small supply of biscuit, etc., always ready.

When we were but a short distance from them, the school sounded. The main topsail was now thrown aback, and all made ready for lowering. Though intensely exciting, everything was done very quietly, so as not to alarm the whales. Presently the school broke water about an eighth of a mile astern, and in less than three minutes every boat was in the water, and headed for the whales, while every pound of strength that was in the muscles of the crews was thrown into the oars, until the boats fairly flew through the water.

Just before we reached them, our boat being in the lead, the school again sounded. Lying on our oars, a sharp lookout was kept for their appearance. In fifteen or twenty minutes they again broke water. No sooner were they sighted than the boats were after them, and shortly the harpooner was ordered to stand up. I could now hear the "choo'o, choo'o, choo'o", as they spouted from their blow-holes.

Fairly quivering with excitement, and turning around to get a good look, I suddenly received a tap alongside the head from the mate at the steering oar, that caused me to see more stars than I ever imagined were made, with a quiet admonition that it was contrary to rules to turn the head to look, when pulling on to a whale.

We were right now between two big whales, at least eighty barrels each. The boat being, in whaling parlance, "wood and black skin" *i.e.*, the wood of the boat touching the skin of the whale, by

reaching over I could have placed my hand upon one, when the mate shouted to let him have it.

The boat-steerer, who is the harpooner, became gallied (dazed or frightened) for some unaccountable reason. He was too close for darting, and instead of driving, or setting, his iron into him solid, he drove it at him, cutting him down the side, but not fastening securely. Catching up his second iron, he fairly pitch-poled it over him.

It is a singular fact that, as soon as one whale in a school is struck, all the rest know it. In an instant there was not an earthquake, but a waterquake around us, a seething mass of white water, with heads, flukes, and fins in every direction.

Supposing we were fast, the mate roared, "To stern all!" and all the crew thinking the same, the order was obeyed with a will. In less time than it takes to write it, the whole school, having become gallied, were off to wind'ard, going "fin out", like mad.

When the mate discovered that Fred, the Portuguese boat-steerer, had missed his whale, he was furious, and acted for a while like an insane man. Catching up a paddle, he threw it at Fred's head, and dashing his hat into the bottom of the boat, jumped up and down upon it, in the meanwhile cursing him, and the whole boat's crew. Then, starting on another track, the boat's head was turned, and we were ordered to row to wind'ard after the whales, the mate offering everything he possessed, if we could only overhaul the school. Standing there bareheaded, with one hand on the steering oar, with the other he would set against my oar with a force that almost threw me over the line-tub at each stroke, while the crew pulled as if for their lives. But it was of no avail, and after an hour's hard work the school was about out of sight, and the ship nearly hull down. The boat's head was then pulled round, and, reluctantly, we returned on board, where poor Fred was "broken", and turned forward among the crew. According to his story, he had only been right-whaling, and was accustomed to a long dart. The manner of approaching a right whale differs from that of going on to a sperm-whale. With the former you approach the fore shoulder, and, after fastening, back off, out of the way of his flukes, that he invariably sweeps from one side to the other, and woe betide the boat that gets within reach of that tail, his fighting weapon. A dart

with a harpoon is made from a distance of one to five fathoms. In the latter case, a sperm-whale fights with his head, and rarely sweeps, but when struck with the iron, fans, *i.e.* raises his tail and brings his flukes down with a crack equal to ten thousand coach-whips. In fastening, the boat is run by the corner of his flukes, and alongside, and a dart made from two or three fathoms' distance, but when Fred found himself so close, he lost his head.

It was a bitter disappointment to the captain and officers, as well as the crew, for if he had fastened solid, probably every other boat would have fastened, also, as where one whale is fast the school will hang around generally, giving each boat a chance, and we should have filled up the balance of our casks. The loss of these whales put Captain Turner, officers and crew in bad humor, that dropped out on every occasion. What made it worse, we did not raise another school of sperm-whales, not even a single one, although lookouts were at both fore and main mastheads. Nothing more than a few schools of blackfish were sighted, which we lowered for, and took enough oil to give us twenty barrels, at the expense of a stove boat. These blackfish are lively fellows, and sometimes give a lot of trouble. They are apt to breach out of water over a boat, and will run one for a short time at a lively gait. They yield, if in good condition, from three to five barrels of oil, according to size, and, unless whales are around, are always taken, as the oil brings a good price.

Thus two weeks passed, and no whales, while gloom hung o'er the ship, and life on the *Samuel Robertson* was anything but "one glad sweet song."

About this time, it was discovered that our fore topmast was badly sprung, and as our water casks needed filling, Captain Turner decided to call in at Papetee, Otaheite, get a spar for the carpenter to make into a fore topmast, and fill water. The ship, being but a short distance from the island, was headed for the port, and the following morning was off the reef with the town in sight, the hills and the mountains of Otaheite showing up grandly in the morning light. Passing through the passage in the reef, we came to anchor off the town, with its white beach, waving cocoa palms and its small huts peeping out from the orange groves.

Captain Turner was afraid of desertion, and orders were given that no liberty on shore would be allowed. A picked boat's crew

to carry Captain Turner back and forth was chosen, I being so fortunate as to be one of the number. We took him ashore each morning, returning at noon; again after dinner, remaining until nightfall, then returning on board for the night.

Native canoes were allowed alongside during the day, while natives, male and female, swarmed over the ship, trading with the officers and crew, but when night fell they were ordered off.

On the third morning after our arrival, my chum, Jim Foote of Syracuse, N. Y., "turned up missing," having deserted during the night in some way, probably by one of the canoes, eluding the vigilance of the officers. This desertion very much incensed Captain Turner, and a double watch was ordered, the officers succeeding each other in turn.

I had fully made up my mind to run away if opportunity offered, but not until the last night did I see a chance. The port regulations were very strict, no sailors or officers, of any ship being allowed on shore after gun-fire at eight o'clock at night, without a special permit. Any one caught between that hour and gun-fire at 3 A. M. was picked up and locked in the calaboose. The native police (*kikos*) were on the alert for Jack, as it meant a reward. The beach was patrolled by French soldiers until the morning gun. All this made it pretty difficult to escape, but one thing was in my favor. I had picked up the language, during my former visit here, and in Honolulu, and was able to talk Kanaka like a native.

The last day of the ship's stay was spent on shore by the boat's crew, and about dark, Captain Turner, having finished his business, came down to go on board. It was now about 8 P. M.; all the canoes had left the ship, having been ordered off, save one which was lying under the fore channels, the owner of which, a big Kanaka, with his little *whyenee* (girl), being down in the boat-steerer's quarters, trading with them. Seeing the canoe, a thought that I might get ashore in her flashed across my mind, and I slipped into the fo'c'sle, pulled on an extra shirt, and returning, stood by the rail to await his coming. As he passed me I asked in low tones if he would take me ashore, and quickly comprehending the situation, he answered in the affirmative. Slipping through an open port-hole and grasping a rope hanging over the side, I slid down into the canoe, lying flat on the bottom, and was followed in a moment by the *whyenee* and

himself. Casting off, and seizing his paddle, a few vigorous strokes set him clear from the ship, and although the officers were watching as well as they could see in the gathering darkness, I was unobserved, and knew that I should not be missed until morning. Passing the guard-boat rowing about in the harbor, which came close to us, the guard speaking the Kanaka, but failing to see me, we ran alongside some boats moored a stone's throw from the beach. The Kanaka having told me, on my way in, that I must slip into one of these boats and remain until he came for me, I acted on his instructions, and rolled into a small rowboat and lay down to await his coming, and having dropped asleep, was awakened by a rubbing along the boat's side. Looking up I saw my Kanaka standing in his canoe signing for silence and for me to get in.

A few strokes sent us to the beach. Leaving the boat drawn up a little, we crawled on our hands and knees, the native leading, up past the sentry, who was sitting on the beach, with his musket beside him, sound asleep. Having got a short distance past him, we arose to our feet, continuing on until we came to several huts, one of which, the roof partly off, was in a dilapidated condition, and nearly filled with leaves fallen from the grove in which it stood. Into this shelter I crept, and covered myself with the leaves, the Kanaka telling me he would come back after gun-fire, about 3 o'clock in the morning. Promptly, on time to the minute, he made his appearance, and, taking the lead and telling me to follow, he struck into a path leading to the hills. Two hour's brisk travel brought us to an elevation, where we could look over the town, harbor, and reef. As far as the eye could reach were spread the shining blue waters of the Pacific. The view at this elevation was magnificent. Turning in from the path through a thicket of guava bushes, we emerged into a beautiful grove of orange trees. Here he told me to stop, adding that he would go down and bring me up some food.

As there was an abundance of fruit around, and it was not at all likely that I should remain long, this movement of his appeared singular, and the thought came to my mind that when he returned he would not be alone. No doubt a small reward would be offered for me, and having hidden, he would know where to find me. In short, I felt that he was going to betray me, and give me up for the reward, and acting on this belief, I went a short distance and climbed a tree

having a very dense foliage, making openings through the leaves where I could command a view of the path leading to the grove, as well as one looking over it. I then settled back, and waited.

Two hours passed, when, hearing voices, I glanced through the opening, and saw my Kanaka, accompanied by two French soldiers, coming up the path. Leaving them outside, he entered alone, and not seeing me, called softly, but receiving no response, finally called them in. Beating the bushes, they hunted everywhere, but at last came to the conclusion that I had vacated my quarters, for they gave up the search and returned towards the town.

After becoming satisfied that they had gone for food, I descended from the tree, and struck into a path that brought me out on the seaward side of Point Venus. Here, hidden in the bushes, I could see the ship lying outside the reef, with her main topsail aback, which meant that Captain Turner was still on shore, waiting for me to be brought to the boat and taken on board, and I inwardly chuckled to think that the *Samuel Robertson* would not have me this time!

At last the boat went on board, and the ship filled away. I watched her until she was hull down, and then, feeling that the chances were very small that she would return, I left my hiding-place and walked boldly into the town, and turning into the American consul's store, I accosted the captain of the barque *George*, of Stonington, Connecticut, a whaler, telling him, frankly, I had deserted from the *Samuel Robertson*, and asking if he would ship me.

After being badgered awhile, I signed the articles for ten dollars a month, and to help take oil if we saw whales, instead of a regular lay, as the barque was bound home around the Cape, but would lower for whales if we saw any.

The *George* had been out forty-seven months and had had very poor luck, having taken only twelve hundred barrels of oil in all that time and most of that a poor quality taken in Magdalena Bay, California. She was short-handed, only four of her original company remaining by her.

Having received my advance (\$10), I started for the beach, but had not proceeded far when I was arrested as a runaway from the *Samuel Robertson*, so, instead of landing on the *George* in a half-

hour, I found myself an inmate of the calaboose in company with my chum Jim Foote, who had been picked up an hour before.

The following morning Captain George Taber, finding I had not gone on board, came to look me up. This was fortunate for Jim, as the captain not only obtained my release, but his also, shipping him as one of the crew. We had taken our departure from duress almost famished, I having had nothing but fruit for two days and Jim for almost a week. So we made a line for a restaurant just off the beach kept by a Frenchman and largely patronized by the officers of the men-of-war and captains of vessels in port.

With my month's advance in my pocket, we entered boldly, signifying to the waiter in Kanaka—not being well up in French—that we wished dinner for two. Our appearance was against us, and the waiter viewed us with suspicion, but the jingle of the silver dollars soon set everything right. Cleaning off every dish that was brought on, we finished two bottles of wine with our repast, then lay back in our chairs, calling for the best cigars, and finally, as the day was waning, the bill. It was brought. Passing over the items, we glanced at the sum total, forty-five francs—my whole month's advance, with the exception of five francs, that we magnanimously handed the waiter, who bowed us out, salaaming to the floor, and we went on board, without a cent, but happier than we had been in a long, long time.

Needless to say, the memory of that dinner lingered with us for many weeks to come.

With the exception of one whale, we took no more oil. We were very short-provisioned, and the desire seemed to be more to get home than to see whales. We made a favorable run around Cape Horn and were again in the south Atlantic. Our provisions were getting short indeed, when we were fortunate in speaking the ship *Martha* of Newport, R. I., also a whaler, and procuring from her two casks of bread, with other stores, although there was no tobacco to be had, much to the disappointment of our crew who had been without it for over a month.

Taking a pilot, we entered the port of Stonington. The following day all who had shipped in the Islands were paid off, myself among the number. Paying no heed to flattering inducements held out to me to proceed to New Bedford and join the ship *Betsey Wil-*

liams, just fitting out for a three year's cruise in the Pacific—having had all I wanted of whaling—I took the train for Boston, where I joined the barque *Tiberias*, bound for San Francisco and the gold fields.



TRUE WHALE STORIES

By HERMAN MELVILLE

I HAVE personally known three instances where a whale, after receiving a harpoon, has effected a complete escape; and, after an interval (in one instance of three years), has been again struck by the same hand, and slain; when the two irons, both marked by the same private cypher, have been taken from the body. In the instance where three years intervened between the flinging of the



two harpoons; and I think it may have been something more than that; the man who darted them happening, in the interval, to go in a trading ship on a voyage to Africa, went ashore there, joined a discovery party, and penetrated far into the interior, where he traveled for a period of nearly two years, often endangered by serpents,

savages, tigers, poisonous miasmas, with all the other common perils incident to wandering in the heart of unknown regions. Meanwhile, the whale he had struck must also have been on its travels; no doubt it had thrice circumnavigated the globe, brushing with its flanks all the coasts of Africa: but to no purpose. This man and this whale again came together, and the one vanquished the other. I say I, myself, have known three instances similar to this; that is in two of them I saw the whales struck; and, upon the second attack, saw the two irons with the respective marks cut in them, afterwards taken from the dead fish. In the three-year instance, it so fell out that I was in the boat both times, first and last, and the last time distinctly recognized a peculiar sort of huge mole under the whale's eye, which I had observed there three years previous. I say three years, but I am pretty sure it was more than that. Here are three instances, then, which I personally know the truth of; but I have heard of many other instances from persons whose veracity in the matter there is no good ground to impeach.

It is well known in the Sperm Whale Fishery, however ignorant the world ashore may be of it, that there have been several memorable historical instances where a particular whale in the ocean has been at distant times and places popularly cognizable. Why such a whale became thus marked was not altogether and originally owing to his bodily peculiarities as distinguished from other whales; for however peculiar in that respect any chance whale may be, they soon put an end to his peculiarities by killing him, and boiling him down into a peculiarly valuable oil. No: the reason was this: that from the fatal experiences of the fishery there hung a terrible prestige of perilousness about such a whale as there did about Rinaldo Rinaldini, insomuch that most fishermen were content to recognize him by merely touching their tarpaulins when he would be discovered lounging by them on the sea, without seeking to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance. Like some poor devils ashore that happen to know an irascible great man, they make distant unobtrusive salutations to him in the street, lest if they pursued the acquaintance further, they might receive a summary thump for their presumption.

But not only did each of these famous whales enjoy great individual celebrity—nay, you may call it an ocean-wide renown; not

only was he famous in life and now is immortal in fore-castle stories after death, but he was admitted into all the rights, privileges, and distinctions of a name; had as much a name indeed as Camby-ses or Cæsar. Was it not so, O Timor Tom! thou famed leviathan, scarred like an iceberg, who so long did'st lurk in the Oriental straits of that name, whose spout was oft seen from the palmy beach of Om-bay? Was it not so, O New Zealand Jack! thou terror of all cruis-ers that crossed their wakes in the vicinity of the Tattoo Land? Was it not so, O Morquan! King of Japan, whose lofty jet they say at times assumed the semblance of a snow-white cross against the sky? Was it not so, O Don Miguel! thou Chilean whale, marked like an old tortoise with mystic hieroglyphics upon the back! In plain prose, here are four whales as well known to the students of whaling History as Marius or Scylla to the classic scholar.

But this is not all. New Zealand Tom and Don Miguel, after at various times creating great havoc among the boats of different vessels, were finally gone in quest of, systematically hunted out, chased and killed by valiant whaling captains who heaved up their anchors with that express object as much in view, as in setting out through the Narragansett Woods, Captain Butler of old had it in his mind to capture that notorious murderous savage Annawon, the headmost warrior of the Indian King Philip.

I do not know where I can find a better place than just here, to make mention of one or two other things, which to me seem im-portant, as in printed form establishing in all respects the reason-ableness of the whole story of the White Whale, more especially the catastrophe. For this is one of those disheartening instances where truth requires full as much bolstering as error. So ignorant are most landsmen of some of the plainest and most palpable wonders of the world, that without some hints touching the plain facts, historical and otherwise, of the fishery, they might scout at Moby Dick as a monstrous fable.

First: Though most men have some vague flitting ideas of the general perils of the grand fishery, yet they have nothing like a fixed, vivid conception of those perils, and the frequency with which they recur. One reason perhaps is, that not one in fifty of the actual dis-asters and deaths by casualties in the fishery, ever finds a public record at home, however transient and immediately forgotten that

record. Do you suppose that that poor fellow there, who this moment perhaps caught by the whale-line off the coast of New Guinea, is being carried down to the bottom of the sea by the sounding leviathan—do you suppose that that poor fellow's name will appear in the newspaper obituary you will read to-morrow at your breakfast? No: because the mails are very irregular between here and New Guinea. In fact, did you ever hear what might be called regular news direct or indirect from New Guinea? Yet I will tell you that upon one particular voyage which I made to the Pacific, among many others we spoke thirty different ships, every one of which had had a death by a whale, some of them more than one, and three that had each lost a boat's crew. For God's sake, be economical with your lamps and candles! not a gallon you burn, but at least one drop of man's blood was spilled for it.

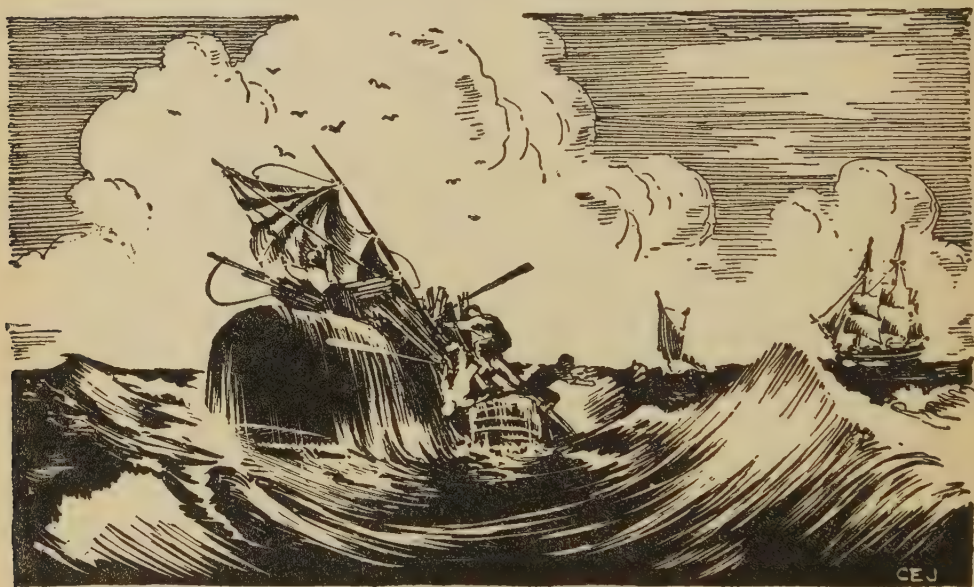
Secondly: People ashore have indeed some indefinite idea that a whale is an enormous creature of enormous power; but I have ever found that when narrating to them some specific example of this twofold enormousness, they have significantly complimented me upon my facetiousness; when, I declare upon my soul, I had no more idea of being facetious than Moses when he wrote the history of the Plagues of Egypt.

But fortunately the special point I here seek can be established upon testimony entirely independent of my own. That point is this: The Sperm Whale is in some cases sufficiently powerful, knowing, and judiciously malicious, as with direct aforethought to stave in, utterly destroy, and sink a large ship; and what is more, the Sperm Whale *has* done it.

First: In the year 1820 the ship *Essex*, Captain Pollard, of Nantucket, was cruising in the Pacific Ocean. One day she saw spouts, lowered her boats, and gave chase to a shoal of sperm whales. Ere long, several of the whales were wounded; when suddenly, a very large whale escaping from the boats, issued from the shoal, and bore directly down upon the ship. Dashing his forehead against her hull, he so stove her in that in less than ten minutes she settled down and fell over. Nor a surviving plank of her has been seen since. After the severest exposure, part of the crew reached the land in their boats. Being returned home at last, Captain Pollard once more sailed for the Pacific in command of another ship, but the gods ship-

wrecked him again upon unknown rocks and breakers; for the second time his ship was utterly lost, and forthwith forswearing the sea, he never tempted it again, but spent the rest of his days in Nantucket. I have Owen Chace, who was chief mate of the *Essex* at the time of the tragedy; I have read his plain and faithful narrative; I have conversed with his son; and all this within a few miles of the scene of the catastrophe.

Secondly: The ship *Union*, also of Nantucket, was in the year 1807 totally lost off the Azores by a similar onset, but the authentic



particulars of this catastrophe I have never chanced to encounter, though from the whale hunters I have now and then heard casual allusions to it.

Thirdly: In the year 1830 Commodore J —, then commanding an American sloop-of-war of the first class, happened to be dining with a party of whaling captains, on board a Nantucket ship in the harbor of Oahu, Sandwich Islands. Conversation turning upon whales, the Commodore was pleased to be sceptical touching the amazing strength ascribed to them by the professional gentlemen present. He peremptorily denied for example, that any whale could

so smite his stout sloop-of-war as to cause her to leak so much as a thimbleful. Very good; but there is more coming. Some weeks after, the Commodore set sail in this impregnable craft for Valparaiso. But he was stopped on the way by a portly sperm whale, that begged a few moments' confidential business with him. That business consisted in fetching the Commodore's craft such a thwack, that with all his pumps going he made straight for the nearest port to heave down and repair. I am not superstitious, but I consider the Commodore's interview with that whale as providential. Was not Saul of Tarsus converted from unbelief by a similar fright? I tell you, the sperm whale will stand no nonsense.

I will now refer you to Langsdorff's *Voyages* for a little circumstance in point, peculiarly interesting to the writer hereof. Langsdorff, you must know by the way, was attached to the Russian Admiral Krusenstern's famous Discovery Expedition in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Captain Langsdorff thus begins his seventeenth chapter.

"By the thirteenth of May our ship was ready to sail, and the next day we were out in the open sea, on our way to Ochotsh. The weather was very clear and fine, but so intolerably cold that we were obliged to keep on our fur clothing. For some days we had very little wind; it was not till the nineteenth that a brisk gale from the northwest sprang up. An uncommonly large whale, the body of which was larger than the ship itself, lay almost at the surface of the water, but was not perceived by any one on board till the moment when the ship, which was in full sail, was almost upon him, so that it was impossible to prevent its striking against him. We were thus placed in the most imminent danger, as this gigantic creature, setting up its back, raised the ship three feet at least out of the water. The masts reeled, and the sails fell altogether, while we who were below all sprang instantly upon the deck, concluding that we had struck upon some rock; instead of this we saw the monster sailing off with the utmost gravity and solemnity. Captain D'Wolf applied immediately to the pumps to examine whether or not the vessel had received any damage from the shock, but we found that very happily it had escaped entirely uninjured."

Now, the Captain D'Wolf here alluded to as commanding the ship in question, is a New Englander, who, after a long life of

unusual adventures as a sea-captain, spent his last days in the village of Dorchester near Boston. I have the honor of being a nephew of his. I have particularly questioned him concerning this passage in Langsdorff. He substantiates every word. The ship, however, was by no means a large one: a Russian craft built on the Siberian coast, and purchased by my uncle after bartering away the vessel in which he sailed from home.

In that up and down manly book of old-fashioned adventure, so full, too, of honest wonders—the voyage of Lionel Wafer, one of ancient Dampier's old chums—I found a little matter set down so like that just quoted from Langsdorff, that I cannot forbear inserting it here for a corroborative example, if such be needed.

Lionel, it seems, was on his way to "John Ferdinando," as he calls the modern Juan Fernandez. "In our way thither," he says, "about four o'clock in the morning, when we were about one hundred and fifty leagues from the Main of America, our ship felt a terrible shock, which put our men in such consternation that they could hardly tell where they were or what to think; but every one began to prepare for death. And, indeed, the shock was so sudden and violent, that we took it for granted the ship had struck against a rock; but when the amazement was a little over, we cast the lead, and sounded, but found no ground. . . . The suddenness of the shock made the guns leap in their carriages, and several of the men were shaken out of their hammocks. Captain Davis, who lay with his head on a gun was thrown out of his cabin!" Lionel then goes on to impute the shock to an earthquake, and seems to substantiate the imputation by stating that a great earthquake, somewhere about that time, did actually do great mischief along the Spanish land. But I should not much wonder if, in the darkness of that early hour of the morning, the shock was after all caused by an unseen whale vertically bumping the hull from beneath.

I might proceed with several more examples, one way or another known to me, of the great power and malice at times of the sperm whale. In more than one instance, he has been known, not only to chase the assailing boats back to their ships, but to pursue the ship itself, and long withstand all the lances hurled at him from its decks. The English ship *Pusie Hall* can tell a story on that head; and, as for his strength, let me say, that there have been ex-

amples where the lines attached to a running sperm whale have, in a calm, been transferred to the ship, and secured there; the whale towing her great hull through the water, as a horse walks off with a cart. Again, it is very often observed that, if the sperm whale, once struck, is allowed time to rally, he then acts, not so often with blind rage, as with wilful, deliberate designs of destruction to his pursuers; nor is it without conveying some eloquent indication of his character that upon being attacked he will frequently open his mouth, and retain it in that dread expansion for several consecutive minutes.

THE LOST POACHER

By JACK LONDON

BUT they won't take excuses. You're across the line, and that's enough. They'll take you. In you go, Siberia and the salt-mines. And as for Uncle Sam, why, what's he to know about it? Never a word will get back to the States. 'The *Mary Thomas*,' the papers will say, 'the *Mary Thomas* lost with all hands. Probably in a typhoon in the Japanese seas.' That's what the papers will say, and people, too. In you go, Siberia and the salt-mines. Dead to the world and kith and kin, though you live fifty years."

In such manner John Lewis, commonly known as the "sea-lawyer," settled the matter out of hand.

It was a serious moment in the forecabin of the *Mary Thomas*. No sooner had the watch below begun to talk the trouble over, than the watch on deck came down and joined them. As there was no wind, every hand could be spared with the exception of the man at the wheel, and he remained only for the sake of discipline. Even "Bub" Russell, the cabin-boy, had crept forward to hear what was going on.

However, it was a serious moment, as the grave faces of the sailors bore witness. For the three preceding months the *Mary Thomas*, sealing schooner, had hunted the seal pack along the coast of Japan and north to Bering Sea. Here, on the Asiatic side of the sea, they were forced to give over the chase, or rather, to go no farther; for beyond, the Russian cruisers patrolled forbidden ground, where the seals might breed in peace. And here, on the very edge of the line, the *Mary Thomas* had hunted back and forth, picking up the laggards which had not gone on with the pack.

A week before she had fallen into a heavy fog accompanied by calm. Since then the fog-bank had not lifted, and the only wind had been light airs and catspaws. This in itself was not so bad, for

the sealing schooners are never in a hurry so long as they are in the midst of the seals; but the trouble lay in the fact that the current at this point bore heavily to the north. Thus the *Mary Thomas* had unwittingly drifted across the line, and every hour she was penetrating, unwillingly, farther and farther into the dangerous waters where the Russian bear kept guard.

How far she had drifted no man knew. The sun had not been visible for a week, nor the stars, and the captain had been unable to take observations in order to determine his position. At any moment a cruiser might swoop down and hale the crew away to Siberia. The fate of other poaching seal-hunters was too well known to the men of the *Mary Thomas*, and there was cause for grave faces.

"Mine friends," spoke up a German boat-steerer, "it vas a pad piziness. Shust as ve make a big catch, und all honest, somedings go wrong, and der Russians nab us, dake our skins and our shooner, and send us mit der anarchists to Siheria. Ach! a pretty pad piziness!"

"Yes, that's where it hurts," the sea-lawyer went on. "Fifteen hundred skins in the salt piles, and all honest, a big pay-day coming to every man Jack of us, and then to be captured and lose it all! It'd be different if we'd been poaching, but it's honest work in open water."

"But if we haven't done anything wrong, they can't do anything to us, can they?" Bub queried.

"It strikes me as 'ow it ain't the proper thing for a boy o' your age shovin' in when 'is elders is talking," protested an English sailor, from over the edge of his bunk.

"Oh, that's all right, Jack," answered the sea-lawyer. "He's a perfect right to. Ain't he just as liable to lose his wages as the rest of us?"

"Wouldn't give thruppence for them!" Jack sniffed back. He had been planning to go home and see his family in Chelsea when he was paid off, and he was now feeling rather blue over the highly possible loss, not only of his pay, but of his liberty.

"How are they to know?" the sea-lawyer asked in answer to Bub's previous question. "Here we are in forbidden water. How do they know but what we came here of our own accord? Here we are, fifteen hundred skins in the hold. How do they know

whether we got them in open water or in the closed sea? Don't you see, Bub, the evidence is all against us. If you caught a man with his pockets full of apples like those which grow on your tree, and if you caught him in your tree besides, what'd you think if he told you he couldn't help it, and had just been sort of blown there, and that anyway those apples came from some other tree—what'd you think, eh?"

Bub saw it clearly when put in that light, and shook his head despondently.

"You'd rather be dead than go to Siberia," one of the boat-pullers said. "They put you into the salt-mines and work you till you die. Never see daylight again. Why, I've heard tell of one fellow that was chained to his mate, and that mate died. And they were both chained together! And if they send you to the quicksilver-mines you get salivated. I'd rather be hung than salivated."

"Wot's sailivated?" Jack asked, suddenly sitting up in his bunk at the hint of fresh misfortunes.

"Why, the quicksilver gets into your blood; I think that's the way. And your gums all swell like you had the scurvy, only worse, and your teeth get loose in your jaws. And big ulcers form, and then you die horrible. The strongest man can't last long a-mining quicksilver."

"A pad piziness," the boat-steerer reiterated, dolorously, in the silence which followed. "A pad piziness. I vish I vas in Yokohama. Eh? Vot vas dot?"

Every face lighted up. The *Mary Thomas* heeled over. The decks were aslant. A tin pannikin rolled down the inclined plane, rattling and banging. From above came the slapping of canvas and the quivering rat-tat-tat of the after-leech of the loosely stretched foresail. Then the mate's voice rang down the hatch, "All hands on deck and make sail!"

Never had such summons been answered with more enthusiasm. The calm had broken. The wind had come which was to carry them south into safety. With a wild cheer all sprang on deck. Working with mad haste, they flung out topsails, flying jibs and staysails. As they worked, the fog-bank lifted and the black vault of heaven be-spangled with the old familiar stars, rushed into view. When all

was shipshape, the *Mary Thomas* was lying gallantly over on her side to a beam wind and plunging ahead due south.

"Steamer's lights ahead on the port bow, sir!" cried the lookout from his station on the forecastle-head. There was excitement in the man's voice.

The captain sent Bub below for his night-glasses. Everybody crowded to the lee-rail to gaze at the suspicious stranger, which already began to loom up vague and indistinct. In those unfrequented waters the chance was one in a thousand that it could be anything else than a Russian patrol. The captain was still anxiously gazing through the glasses, when a flash of flame left the stranger's side, followed by the loud report of a cannon. The worst fears were confirmed. It was a patrol, evidently firing across the bows of the *Mary Thomas* in order to make her heave to.

"Hard down with your helm!" the captain commanded the steersman, all the life gone out of his voice. Then to the crew, "Back over the jib and foresail! Run down the flying jib! Clew up the foretopsail! And aft here and swing on to the main-sheet!"

The *Mary Thomas* ran into the eye of the wind, lost headway, and fell to curtesying gravely to the long seas rolling up from the west.

The cruiser steamed a little nearer and lowered a boat. The sealers watched in heartbroken silence. They could see the white bulk of the boat as it was slacked away to the water, and its crew sliding aboard. They could hear the creaking of the davits and the commands of the officer. Then the boat sprang away under the impulse of the oars, and came toward them. The wind had been rising, and already the sea was too rough to permit the frail craft to lie alongside the tossing schooner; but watching their chance, and taking advantage of the boarding ropes thrown to them, an officer and a couple of men clambered aboard. The boat then sheered off into safety and lay to its oars, a young midshipman, sitting in the stern and holding the yoke-lines, in charge.

The officer, whose uniform disclosed his rank as that of second lieutenant in the Russian navy, went below with the captain of the *Mary Thomas* to look at the ship's papers. A few minutes later he emerged, and upon his sailors removing the hatch-covers, passed down into the hold with a lantern to inspect the salt piles. It was

a goodly heap which confronted him—fifteen hundred fresh skins, the season's catch; and under the circumstances he could have had but one conclusion.

"I am very sorry," he said, in broken English to the sealing captain when he again came on deck, "but it is my duty, in the name of the Tsar, to seize your vessel as a poacher caught with fresh skins in the closed sea. The penalty, as you may know, is confiscation and imprisonment."

The captain of the *Mary Thomas* shrugged his shoulders in seeming indifference, and turned away. Although they may restrain all outward show, strong men, under unmerited misfortune, are sometimes very close to tears. Just then the vision of his little California home, and of the wife and two yellow-haired boys, was strong upon him, and there was a strange choking sensation in his throat, which made him afraid that if he attempted to speak he would sob instead.

And also there was upon him the duty he owed his men. No weakness before them, for he must be a tower of strength to sustain them in misfortune. He had already explained to the second lieutenant, and knew the hopelessness of the situation. As the sea-lawyer had said, the evidence was all against him. So he turned aft, and fell to pacing up and down the poop of the vessel over which he was no longer commander.

The Russian officer now took temporary charge. He ordered more of his men aboard, and had all the canvas clewed up and furled snugly away. While this was being done, the boat plied back and forth between the two vessels, passing a heavy hawser, which was made fast to the great towing-bitts on the schooner's forecastle-head. During all this work the sealers stood about in sullen groups. It was madness to think of resisting, with the guns of a man-of-war not a biscuit-toss away but they refused to lend a hand, preferring instead to maintain a gloomy silence.

Having accomplished his task, the lieutenant ordered all but four of his men back into the boat. Then the midshipman, a lad of sixteen, looking strangely mature and dignified in his uniform and sword, came aboard to take command of the captured sealer. Just as the lieutenant prepared to depart, his eyes chanced to light upon Bub. Without a word of warning, he seized him by the arm

and dropped him over the rail into the waiting boat; and then, with a parting wave of his hand, he followed him.

It was only natural that Bub should be frightened at this unexpected happening. All the terrible stories he had heard of the Russians served to make him fear them, and now returned to his mind with double force. To be captured by them was bad enough, but to be carried off by them away from his comrades, was a fate of which, with a parting wave of his hand, he followed him.

"Be a good boy, Bub," the captain called to him, as the boat drew away from the *Mary Thomas's* side, "and tell the truth!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" he answered, bravely enough by all outward appearance. He felt a certain pride of race, and was ashamed to be a coward before these strange enemies, these wild Russian bears.

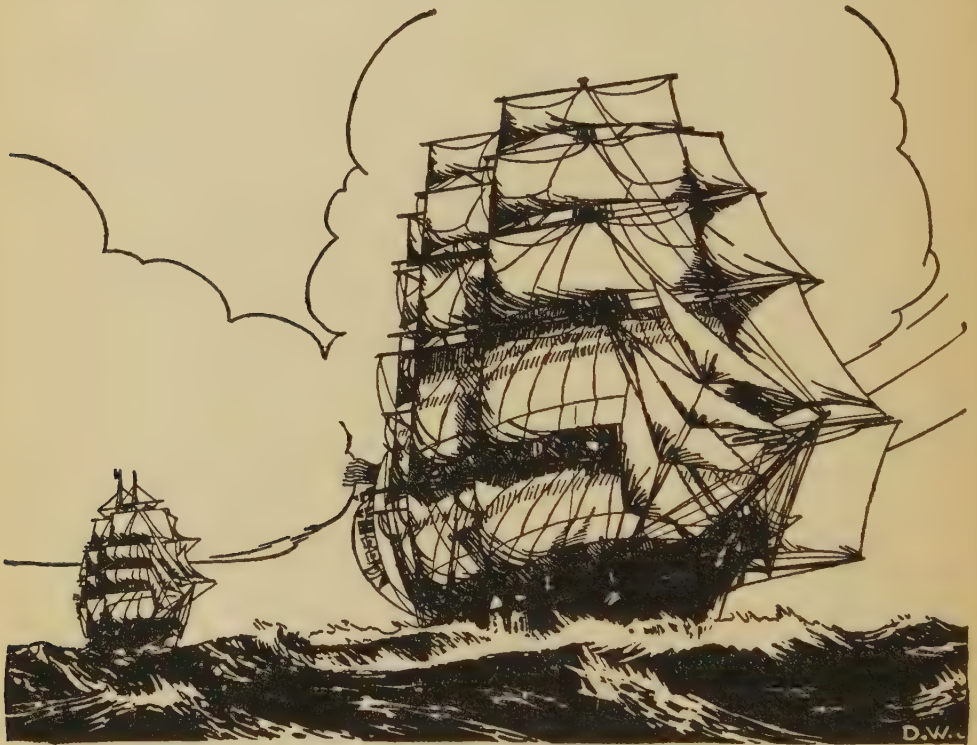
"Und be politeful," the German boat-steerer added, his rough voice lifting across the water like a fog-horn.

Bub waved his hand in farewell, and his mates clustered along the rail as they answered with a cheering shout. He found room in the stern-sheets, where he fell to regarding the lieutenant. He didn't look so wild or bearish, after all—very much like other men, Bub concluded, and the sailors were much the same as all other man-of-war's he had ever known. Nevertheless, as his feet struck the steel deck of the cruiser, he felt as if he had entered the portals of a prison.

For a few minutes he was left unheeded. The sailors hoisted the boat up, and swung it in on the davits. Then great clouds of black smoke poured out of the funnels, and they were under way—to Siberia, Bub could not help but think. He saw the *Mary Thomas* swing abruptly into line as she took the pressure of the hawser, and her side-lights, red and green, rose and fell as she was towed through the seas.

Bub's eyes dimmed at the melancholy sight, but—but just then the lieutenant came to take him down to the commander, and he straightened up and set his lips firmly, as if this were a very commonplace affair and he were used to being sent to Siberia every day in the week. The cabin in which the commander sat was like a palace compared to the humble fittings of the *Mary Thomas*, and the commander himself, in gold lace and dignity, was a most august personage, quite unlike the simple man who navigated his schooner on the trail of the seal pack.

Bub now quickly learned why he had been brought aboard, and in the prolonged questioning which followed, told nothing but the plain truth. The truth was harmless; only a lie could have injured his cause. He did not know much, except that they had been sealing far to the south in open water, and that when the calm and fog came down upon them, being close to the line, they had drifted across. Again and again he insisted that they had not lowered a boat or shot



a seal in the week they had been drifting about in the forbidden sea; but the commander chose to consider all that he said to be a tissue of falsehoods, and adopted a bullying tone in an effort to frighten the boy. He threatened and cajoled by turns, but failed in the slightest to shake Bub's statements, and at last ordered him out of his presence.

By some oversight, Bub was not put in anybody's charge, and wandered up on deck unobserved. Sometimes the sailors, in pass-

ing, bent curious glances upon him but otherwise he was left strictly alone. Nor could he have attracted much attention, for he was small, the night dark, and the watch on deck intent on its own business. Stumbling over the strange decks, he made his way aft where he could look upon the side-lights of the *Mary Thomas*, following steadily in the rear.

For a long while he watched, and then lay down in the darkness close to where the hawser passed over the stern to the captured schooner. Once an officer came up and examined the straining rope to see if it were chafing, but Bub cowered away in the shadow undiscovered. This, however, gave him an idea which concerned the lives and liberties of twenty-two men, and which was to avert crushing sorrow from more than one happy home many thousand miles away.

In the first place, he reasoned, the crew were all guiltless of any crime, and yet were being carried relentlessly away to imprisonment in Siberia—a living death, he had heard, and he believed it implicitly. In the second place, he was a prisoner, hard and fast, with no chance of escape. In the third, it was possible for the twenty-two men on the *Mary Thomas* to escape. The only thing which bound them was a four-inch hawser. They dared not cut it at their end, for a watch was sure to be maintained upon it by their Russian captor; but at his end, ah, at his end —

Bub did not stop to reason further. Wriggling close to the hawser, he opened his jack-knife and went to work. The blade was not very sharp, and he sawed away, rope-yarn by rope-yarn, the awful picture of the solitary Siberian exile he must endure growing clearer and more terrible at every stroke. Such a fate was bad enough to undergo with one's comrades, but to face it alone seemed frightful. And besides, the very act he was performing was sure to bring greater punishment upon him.

In the midst of such somber thoughts, he heard footsteps approaching. He wriggled away into the shadow. An officer stopped where he had been working, half-stooped to examine the hawser, then changed his mind and straightened up. For a few minutes he stood there, gazing at the lights of the captured schooner, and then went forward again.

Now was the time! Bub crept back and went on sawing. Now two parts were severed. Now three. But one remained. The tension upon this was so great that it readily yielded. Splash! the freed end went overboard. He lay quietly, his heart in his mouth, listening. No one on the cruiser but himself had heard.

He saw the red and green lights of the *Mary Thomas* grow dimmer and dimmer. Then a faint hallo came over the water from the Russian prize crew. Still nobody heard. The smoke continued to pour out of the cruiser's funnels, and her propellers throbbed as mightily as ever.

What was happening on the *Mary Thomas*? Bub could only surmise; but of one thing he was certain: his comrades would assert themselves and overpower the four sailors and the midshipman. A few minutes later he saw a small flash, and straining his ears heard the very faint report of a pistol. Then, oh joy! both red and green lights suddenly disappeared. The *Mary Thomas* was retaken!

Just as an officer came aft, Bub crept forward, and hid away in one of the boats. Not an instant too soon. The alarm was given. Loud voices rose in command. The cruiser altered her course. A searchlight began to throw its white rays across the sea, here, there, everywhere; but in its flashing path no tossing schooner was revealed.

Bub went to sleep soon after that, nor did he wake till the gray of dawn. The engines were pulsing monotonously, and the water, splashing noisily, told him the decks were being washed down. One sweeping glance, and he saw that they were alone on the expanse of ocean. The *Mary Thomas* had escaped. As he lifted his head, a roar of laughter went up from the sailors. Even the officer, who ordered him taken below and locked up, could not quite conceal the laughter in his eyes. Bub thought often in the days of confinement which followed, that they were not very angry with him for what he had done.

He was not far from right. There is a certain innate nobility deep down in the hearts of all men, which forces them to admire a brave act, even if it is performed by an enemy. The Russians were in nowise different from other men. True, a boy had outwitted them; but they could not blame him, and they were sore puzzled as to what to do with him. It would never do to take a

little mite like him in to represent all that remained of the lost poacher.

So, two weeks later, a United States man-of-war steaming out of the Russian port of Vladivostok, was signaled by a Russian cruiser. A boat passed between the two ships, and a small boy dropped over the rail upon the deck of the American vessel. A week later he was put ashore at Hakodate, and after some telegraphing, his fare was paid on the railroad to Yokohama.

From the depot he hurried through the quaint Japanese streets to the harbor, and hired a sampan boatman to put him aboard a certain vessel whose familiar rigging had quickly caught his eye. Her gaskets were off, her sails unfurled; she was just starting back to the United States. As he came closer, a crowd of sailors sprang upon the forecastle-head, and the windlass-bars rose and fell as the anchor was torn from its muddy bottom.

"Yankee ship come down the ribber!" the sea-lawyer's voice rolled out as he led the anchor song.

"Pull, my bully boys, pull!" roared back the old familiar chorus, the men's bodies lifting and bending to the rhythm.

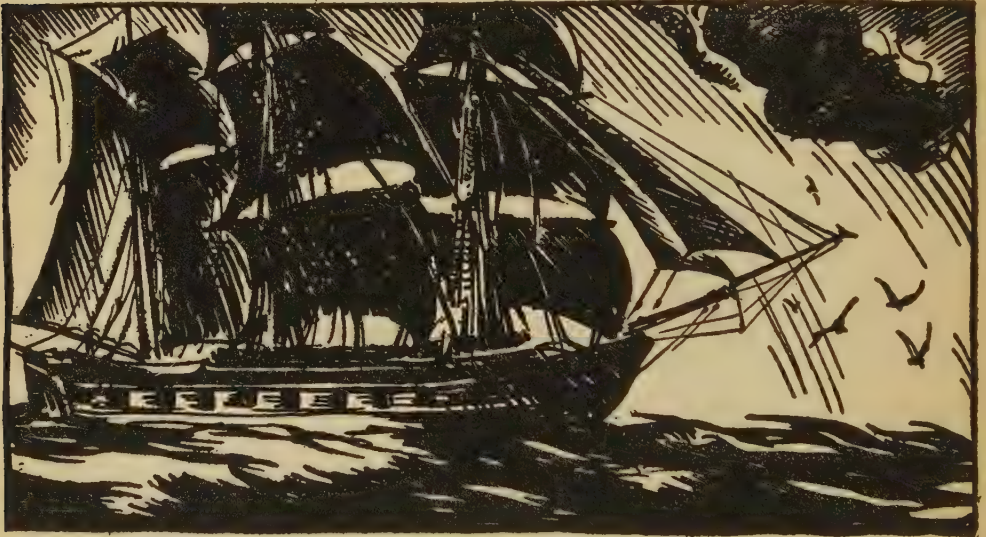
Bub Russell paid the boatman and stepped on deck. The anchor was forgotten. A mighty cheer went up from the men, and almost before he could catch his breath he was on the shoulders of the captain, surrounded by his mates, and endeavoring to answer twenty questions to the second.

The next day a schooner hove to off a Japanese fishing village, sent ashore four sailors and a little midshipman, and sailed away. These men did not talk English, but they had money and quickly made their way to Yokohama. From that day the Japanese village folk never heard anything more about them, and they are still a much-talked-of mystery. As the Russian government never said anything about the incident, the United States is still ignorant of the whereabouts of the lost poacher, nor has she ever heard, officially, of the way in which some of her citizens "shanghaied" five subjects of the Tsar. Even nations have secrets sometimes.

NANTUCKET

By HERMAN MELVILLE

NANTUCKET! Take out your map and look at it. See what a real corner of the world it occupies; how it stands there, away offshore, more lonely than the Eddystone lighthouse. Look at it—a mere hillock, and elbow of sand; all beach, without a background. There is more sand there than you would use in twenty years as a substitute for blotting paper. Some gamesome wights will tell you



that they have to plant weeds there, they don't grow naturally; that they import Canada thistles; that they have to send beyond seas for a spile to stop a leak in an oil cask; that pieces of wood in Nantucket are carried about like bits of the true cross in Rome; that people there plant toadstools before their houses, to get under the shade in

summer time; that one blade of grass makes an oasis, three blades in a day's walk a prairie; that they wear quicksand shoes, something like Laplander snowshoes; that they are so shut up, belted about, every way inclosed, surrounded, and made an utter island of by the ocean, that to their very chairs and tables small clams will sometimes be found adhering, as to the backs of sea turtles. But these extravagances only show that Nantucket is no Illinois.

Look now at the wondrous traditional story of how this island was settled by the red-men. Thus goes the legend. In olden times an eagle swooped down upon the New England coast, and carried off an infant Indian in his talons. With loud lament the parents saw their child borne out of sight over the wide waters. They resolved to follow in the same direction. Setting out in their canoes, after a perilous passage they discovered the island, and there they found an empty ivory casket,—the poor little Indian's skeleton.

What wonder, then, that these Nantucketers, born on a beach, should take to the sea for a livelihood! They first sought crabs and quohogs in the sand; grown bolder, they waded out with nets for mackerel; more experienced, they pushed off in boats and captured cod; and at last, launching a navy of great ships on the sea, explored this watery world; put an incessant belt of circumnavigations round it; peeped in at Bering's Straits; and in all seasons and all oceans declared everlasting war with the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood; most monstrous and most mountainous! That Himmalehan, salt-sea Mastadon, clothed with such portentousness of unconscious power, that his very panics are more to be dreaded than his most fearless and malicious assaults!

And thus have these naked Nantucketers, these sea hermits, issuing from their ant-hills in the sea, overrun and conquered the watery world like so many Alexanders; parcelling out among them the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, as the three pirate powers did Poland.

Let America add Mexico to Texas, and pile Cuba upon Canada; let the English overswarm all India, and hang out their blazing banner from the sun; two-thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer's. For the sea is his; he owns it, as Emperors own empires; other seamen having had a right of way through it. Merchant ships are but extension bridges; armed ones but floating

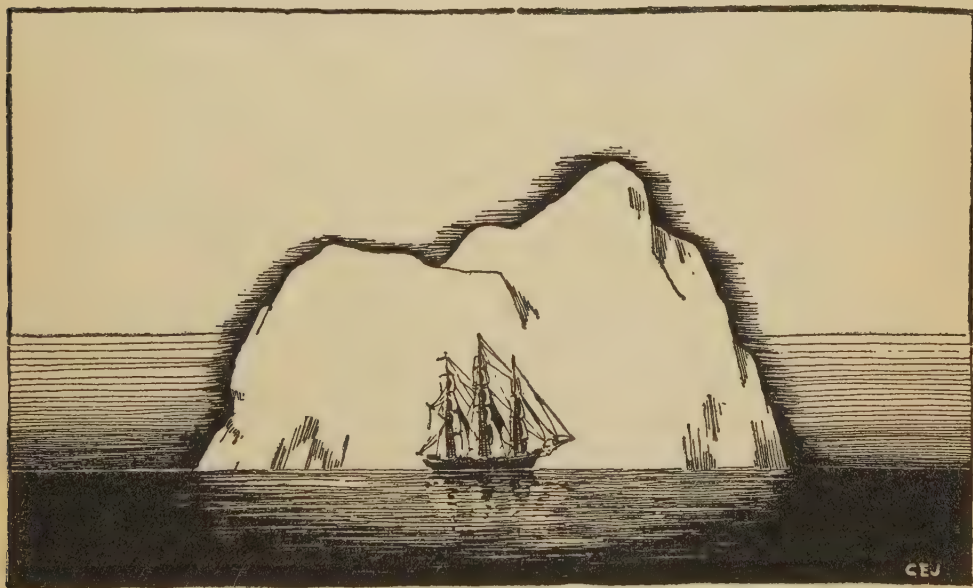
forts; even pirates and privateers, though following the sea as highwaymen the road, they but plunder other ships, other fragments of the land like themselves, without seeking to draw their living from the bottomless deep itself. The Nantucketer, he alone resides and riots on the sea; he alone, in Bible language, goes down to it in ships; to and fro ploughing it as his own special plantation. *There* is his home; *there* lies his business, which a Noah's flood would not interrupt, though it overwhelmed all the millions in China. He lives on the sea, as prairie cocks in the prairie; he hides among the waves, he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the Alps. For years he knows not the land; so that when he comes to it at last, it smells like another world, more strangely than the moon would to an Earthsman. With the landless gull, that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows; so at nightfall, the Nantucketer, out of sight of land, furls his sails, and lays him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales.



THE GREAT WHALING FLEET DISASTER

By ARTHUR C. WATSON

IN THE annals of whaling there is no disaster greater in its scope or more dramatic in its surrounding than the one which befell thirty-two vessels in the ice-wastes of the Arctic in 1871. The large whaling fleet that pushed northward from the Pacific in the summer of that year, thirty-nine ships and barks all told, was full of hope. Whales were known to be plentiful off Point Barrow, and the move-



ments of the ice-packs gave a comparatively easy passage through Bering Strait and up into the Arctic Ocean. The ill luck that followed, which doomed the greater part of this fleet to destruction, was undreamed of by the host of experienced captains, masters of their craft, whose knowledge of Arctic conditions was unexcelled,

and whose combined judgment could evoke no dispute. Yet the treacherous forces of nature, in the form of a moving ice-pack, were too much for human plannings, and 1,200 men, women and children were driven across the cold waters in tiny boats. Fortunately indeed it was for this host that seven vessels of the fleet had been laggards, remaining far behind the others, and were ready to receive the refugees. Thus not a life was lost, though the financial sufferings of ship owners were overwhelming.

During the late spring of 1871 the fleet was engaged in whaling in Bering Strait, and was forging ahead toward the north as fast as the ice permitted. Toward the latter part of June the shifting of the ice allowed the vessels to round Cape Lisburne, and a little later they were in the neighborhood of Icy Cape. Here the greater part of the fleet lay at anchor, waiting for a favorable time to continue their journey. Point Barrow, where whales abounded, was their objective, an objective that they were never to reach. By August 6th, the ice, which had been closely packed into the shore, receded, and a channel was opened that enabled the vessels to make Blossom Shoals. Eight vessels, which were leading the fleet, cast their anchors or moored to the ice off Wainwright Inlet. Here the chase for whales was resumed with enthusiasm, the whalers making the best of their time, though still awaiting the opportunity of sailing farther to the northeast, as soon as the ice-pack should part from the shore.

This ice-pack was vividly described by Mr. William F. Williams, who was a boy at the time and on board the bark *Monticello*, of New London. His description, which is in Pease's *History of New Bedford*, reads as follows: "The pack ice is an enormous accumulation of cakes or floes of snow-covered, sea-frozen ice, of all sizes and shapes, but containing very few whose highest points are more than ten feet above sea level, and those have been formed by the crowding of one floe on top of another. There are very few level spots of any extent, the general effect being very rough. There are no icebergs, as there are no glaciers in these northernmost parts of either America or Asia. The pack is not, therefore, in its individual parts imposing, grand or beautiful. . . . When you stop to consider that it represents ages of accumulation, and that there is beneath the surface nearly ten times more bulk than what you can

see, you realize that there is something to be considered beside beautiful effects, that there is within it a power which cannot be expressed and can only be partially comprehended."

It was this great Arctic ice-pack that the whaling masters had to reckon with in their visits to the whaling grounds beyond Cape Lisburne. In the warm summer months, the pack would separate itself from the shore and recede northward, but the winds would sometimes interfere with the ordinary course of events and cause the pack to shift about in sudden and unexpected movements. With the fleet lying in the neighborhood of Blossom Shoals, waiting for the next retreat of the ice-pack, the passages will now be quoted from the log-book of the bark *Senaca*, of New Bedford, whose captain, Edmund Kelley, was one of the unfortunates in the disaster.

"MONDAY, *August 7th*. Commences with fresh breezes from the N.E., and clear weather. The ship under all sail working along between the land and ice to the N.E., the distance of clear water between land and ice being about six miles wide. At 10 A.M., we commenced boiling out walrus oil. Saw the ship *Gay Head* get a whale. Several other ships in sight working to the N.E. At 6 P.M., thick fog. Came up the solid ice barrier and got out the cutting hooks and falls and made the ship fast to the ice and furled all sail. At 7 P.M., four bowheads came out of the ice. We lowered the boats, but saw them no more, it still remaining a dense fog. The ship three or four times to the N. E. of Wainwright Inlet.

"TUESDAY, *the 8th*. Commences with fresh breezes from the N. E. with fog. The ship still fast to the ice, and the boats off from the ship cruising along the ice for whales. Saw the ship *Contest*, of New Bedford, get a whale. At 6 P.M., the boats returned to the ship. At 8 P.M., the *Gay Head* and *Reindeer* got whales. A large fleet of ships in sight, most of them at anchor off the ice."

The *Senaca*, with her companion ships, continued whaling operations off Wainwright Inlet for several days. They met with good success, for bowheads were fairly plentiful. But they still had the intention to push onward, thinking only of the large catches they wanted to get to the northeast, and by no means anticipating the perils that were in store for them. On August 11th, the wind shifted to the westward, driving the ice landward, and the *Senaca's* log entry for that date reads:

"FRIDAY, *the 11th.* Commences with fresh breezes from the N.W. and fine weather, the ship still fast to the ice floe, and the boats in chase of the whales. The larboard boat struck and got one. At 7 P. M., got the whale to the ship and commenced cutting. At midnight, finished cutting. The wind from the S. W. The ice came down on the ship and closed her in the ice. A large number of boats off from the fleet of ships unable to get out the ice. Capt. Kelley and a boat's crew are off from the ship fast in the ice.

"SATURDAY, *the 12th.* Commences with fresh breezes from the S. W., the ship lying fast in the ice. At 8 A. M., Capt. Kelley and his boat's crew got on board, after hauling the boat over the ice a long distance, leaving the whale-line and sail on the ice. At one P. M., he started again with more men to get his line and sail. The hands on board employed in getting ready to bail out the whale.

"SUNDAY, *the 13th.* Commences with light winds from the N. W., the ship lying fast in the ice. Employed on board in bailing out oil. At 8 A. M., got out lines and blubber hooks and tried to warp and press with all sail on the ship to clear the ice, but found it packed too close.

"MONDAY, *the 14th.* At 8 A. M. the ice loosened around the ship, and at noon got the ships in clear water and came to anchor in six fathoms."

There was now only a narrow belt of clear water between the ice and the shore, a belt that extended east to Point Belcher. The ships were confined in this belt, and the work of whaling continued with all vigor, since every one confidently expected that a smart northeaster would soon drive away the pack.

"TUESDAY, *the 15th.* Commences with fine weather, the ship still at anchor to the south of Cape Belcher; the boats off from the ship in chase of whales. At 9 P. M., the boats returned to the ship without success."

Again the ice was driven close to the fleet, forcing the vessels to go close to the beach, some of them slipping their cables in order to avoid entanglement in the rapidly approaching pack. The fleet now lay scattered in a line twenty miles long and within a strip of clear water not over half a mile wide at its widest part, and from fourteen to twenty-four feet deep. The ice was in every direction, except at the rear. The crews still went in pursuit of the giant bow-

heads off Sea Horse Islands and Point Franklin, although they were obliged to drag their boats and the whale-blubber across the ice for long distances.

"FRIDAY, *the 18th*. At 5 P. M., took the anchor and steered into four fathoms of water on account of the main body of the ice setting in from the West.

"MONDAY, *the 21st*. Commences with fresh breezes from the N. E. with thick weather. The ship still at anchor. The mate and second mate off from the ship with two boats from the *Carlotta* as far as the Sea Horse Islands. The larboard boat of the *Senaca* struck and got a whale. Took the anchor to the ice and got the blubber and bone, and anchored it for the present. The boats cruising for more whales, but saw nothing.

"WEDNESDAY, *the 23rd*. The boats cruising 25 miles to the Northeast of the ship. At 6 P. M., took the blubber of the whale that was anchored and started for the ship. At midnight anchored the blubber and camped on the shore for the remainder of the night for the men to cook their supper and get sleep.

"THURSDAY, *the 24th*. Commences with light winds from the N. E. and fine weather, the boats towing the blubber of a whale to the ship. Mated with the *Carlotta*. At 5 P. M., got the blubber to the *Carlotta*.

"FRIDAY, *the 25th*. Commences with strong winds from the N. E., the ship still at anchor to the south of Point Belcher, distant ten miles. At 6 A. M. started from the ship with four boats provisioned for four days to go as far as Sea Horse Islands to look for whales. At 10 P. M., the boats camped for the night on the shore about half way from the ship to the islands."

With the great disaster approaching fast, the calmness of the writer of the *Senaca's* log-book seems indeed inconsistent with the danger that the whalers were facing. Complacently the whale-ships sent out their boats to chase whales, which were numerous, and of which they were reaping a good harvest. In the above entry of the 25th, the "strong winds from the N. E." are mentioned, and these winds pushed the sea field eastward, opening a lane of from four to nine miles in width off the land. Here was the opportunity to escape from the dangers that threatened, and the native Esquimaux, predicting that the clear laneway would soon be reclosed,

advised the whaling masters to return, while there was opportunity, to the open sea.

But the temptation afforded by a rich whale ground was too great for the fearless whalers, who, disregarding the advice, continued their successful hunt. The wind soon shifted; the disaster came, continuing its destructive work from the 29th of August through to the middle of September.

"TUESDAY, *August 29th.* Commences with fresh breezes from the W. N. W., with thick weather. The ship still at anchor to the



S. W. of Point Belcher. Employed on board in boiling out oil, the ice setting in from the west. The bark *Elizabeth Swift*, in getting under way, grounded a shoal. We sent a boat's crew to assist her. At 6 P. M., we hove up the anchor and got the ship under the lee of a large floe of grounded ice, and made her fast to it to clear the lighter ice.

"WEDNESDAY, *August 30th.* Commences with fresh breezes from the S. E. with snow, the ship lying fast to the ice in three and a half fathoms of water. Employed on board, in boiling out oil and fitting the gear for a starboard bow boat. Thirty ships in sight,

all of them hemmed in between the land and the ice in shoal water, several of them boiling. Point Belcher beating N. E. distant eight miles.

"SATURDAY, *September 2nd*. Commences with light baffling winds. The ship lying fast to the ice eight miles S. W. of Point Belcher. . . . The ship *Roman*, Captain Jernegan, is crushed by the ice and abandoned, and also the brig *Comet*, of Honolulu, Captain Sylvia, and sold at auction."

The loss of these vessels was the first real indication of the danger that surrounded the fleet. The freakish movements of the ice pack might direct their strength against the rest of the vessels at any time; no ship's chance was better than another's. The log-book of the bark *Henry Taber*, of New Bedford, Capt. Timothy C. Packard, also of the fleet, thus records the first damage done by the Ice:

"REMARKS, SATURDAY, *September 2nd*. Strong westerly winds and thick snowstorm. The ship fast to a piece of grounded ice. Middle and latter parts, light winds and fine weather. At 3 A. M., the Hawaiian brig *Comet*, lying near us, set her ensign half-mast. We boarded her, and found her crushed between two pieces of ice. Captain Packard brought from the brig one cask of bread, one of flour, and one whale-boat, Captain Sylvia of the brig takes passage with us, and we have shipped two men from the *Roman*."

Continuing with the bark *Senaca's* record:

"SUNDAY, *September 3rd*. Commences with light winds from the S. W., with thick weather, the ship still lying fast to the grounded ice. Thirty ships in sight at anchor and fast to the grounded ice and closed in between the land and the ice with no possibility of getting out for the present unless with strong N. E., winds to open the ice off the land—a poor prospect."

Though the ships frequently had to change their positions owing to the oncoming ice pack, yet still the whaling kept on.

"MONDAY, *the 4th*. At 9 A. M., lowered two boats in chase of whales. At 7 P. M., the boats returned to the ship without success. Got a cask of bread from the bark *Navy*.

"TUESDAY, *the 5th*. Lowered two boats in chase of whales. The starboard boat struck and got one. At 9 A. M., got the whale to the

ship and commenced cutting. At 2 P. M., finished, and kedged the ship clear of the ice and anchored in three fathoms of water.

"THURSDAY, *the 7th*. At 6 A. M., lowered two boats in chase of whales. A large fleet of ships in sight and shut in between the land and the ice. The bark *Emily Morgan* lost her second mate this day by the accidental discharge of a bomb gun, the bomb passing through his head while fast to a whale—a sad affair. At 6 P. M., let go from the ice and kedged the ship in shore and anchored.

"FRIDAY, *the 8th*. Thirty ships in sight, and all crowded into shoal water by the ice with every prospect of being drove ashore. In standing in shore to clear the ice, the bark *Elizabeth Swift* grounded, but hauled off in a few hours. Eight ships in sight to the S. W. of Wainwright Inlet one of them with her masts cut away—a wreck. Suppose she has drove on shore by the ice. The rest of them in perilous condition from the ice and the land."

The log-book of the bark *Henry Taber* records further news on September 8th:

"REMARKS, FRIDAY, *the 8th*. All the fore part of this day, southerly winds with rain. At 9 A. M., the piece of ice we were fast to broke up and drifted. Set a little sail, ran into three fathoms of water, and anchored. Saw the *Awashonks* a complete wreck, about six miles south of us. Our captain went on board of the bark *E. Swift* to assist about getting off when she ran ashore near by us. Succeeded in doing so about 4 P. M. Captain Bliven of the *E. Swift* is very sick. All the masters are planning to get news to the ships south, which are in clear water, of our direction. It certainly looks now that the ships here can never reach clear water and must become in each case, a total loss."

To return to the log-book of the *Senaca*:

"SATURDAY, *the 9th*. The ships still all closed in between the land and the ice with no prospects of getting out. At 4 A. M., sent a boat in company with several other boats from the ships to sound and find a channel to get out the brig *Kohola* to find the outside fleet of ships, in order that they might stop and get the men from the ships in case of not being able to get the ships out. Found only 5½ feet of water off Wainwright Inlet.

"SUNDAY, *the 10th*. Every prospect of having to winter, as the ships cannot be got to clear water. At 4 A. M., Captain Kelley and

Captain Williams, of the *Monticello*, left the ship with their boats to go towards Wainwright Inlet to try to get out the brig *Victoria*, of San Francisco, Captain Redfield, to go and look up the remainder of the fleet that are in clear water to take the crews from the ships as soon as possible, as the new ice is making. Employed on board in fitting the boats to leave the ship. At 11 P. M., Captain Kelley returned on board.



"MONDAY, the 11th. Making preparations to leave the ship, getting the boats ready and provisions. Some of the ship's boats have gone to Icy Cape with provisions, to land in case the ships have to be abandoned."

The following day, September 12th, the captains of the fleet held their final conference and decided that there was nothing to do but abandon their vessels. The ice-pack had advanced with irresistible

power, threatening to crush each ship or to ground the vessels on the shoals that fringed the shore. To spend the winter in the Arctic was impossible, as the fleet did not have sufficient provisions to last until the following spring. There was little hope that a northeast wind would come soon enough to drive the ice pack out and so save the remaining vessels. The decision of the conference was arrived at with sorrow, and, following it, orders were given for the ships to fly their ensigns union down, and for the crews to make preparations to leave.

The *Senaca's* record of this trying period follows:

"WEDNESDAY, *the 13th.* Three boats away with provisions trying to reach clear water. The whole fleet of ships have their boats doing the same. As yet there is no report from the boats, and it is not known that there are any ships of the whole Arctic fleet in clear water. Every effort has been made to find water enough to get the ships out but without success, as there are banks to cross that have only five feet of water on them. At 11 P. M., two boats returned to the ship, having landed the provisions on board of the bark *Lagoda* of New Bedford, Captain Swift.

"THURSDAY, *the 14th.* Commences with light winds from the N. E., and fine weather, the ship still closed between the land and the ice in company with twenty-nine other ships, and all making preparations to abandon ship, as there are no prospects of getting out this year. The ice at present is crowding in on the land. The ship, as she swings to her anchor, the rudder touches the ice. The wind at 10 A. M., shifts to the S. E., with a falling barometer. At 1 P. M., we abandoned the ship the wind veering to the S. W., and the barometer still continuing to fall with every indication of a S. W. gale. The boats steering along the land towards the Icy Cape. At 3 P. M. on Friday the 15th, two boats' crews with the captain and mate arrived on board the ship *Daniel Webster*, Captain Marvin, the other boats going to other ships."

The log-writer of the *Senaca*, in his account of the happenings of September 14th, his last entry, does not describe fully the journey taken by the crews from their abandoned vessels to the rescuing ships. His bitter sufferings, inevitable on such an occasion, must have prevented him from going into much detail. But the story told

by Mr. William F. Williams, written many years afterwards gives this account:

"I doubt if I can adequately describe the leave-taking of our ship. It was depressing enough to me, and you know a boy can always see possibilities of something novel or interesting in most any change; but to my father and mother it must have been a sad parting, and I think what made it still more so was the fact that only a short distance from our bark lay the ship *Florida*, of which my father had been master eight years, and on which three of his children had been born. The usual abandonment of a ship is the result of some irreparable injury and is executed in great haste; but here we were leaving a ship that was absolutely sound, that had been our home for nearly ten months, and had taken us safely through many a trying time.

"The colors were set and everything below and on deck was just left as though we were intending to return the next day. Our boat contained, in addition to its regular crew, my mother, sister and I, and all our clothing, bedding and provisions, so that we were loaded nearly to the gunwales. We got an early start on the morning of the 14th, and by rowing and sailing, the water being very smooth all the way, we finally reached Icy Cape and landed on the beach just as darkness was setting in. A tent was erected for the ladies and children, and great fires were built for the men and for cooking. We still had several miles to go to reach the ships, and as it was in the open ocean outside the ice, there were some fears as to our ability to make it with our boats loaded so deep. To add to our discomforts, mental and physical, it commenced to rain and blow, so that, taken in all, it was a night that few of its participants will ever forget.

"By morning it had stopped raining, and although there was a good fresh breeze blowing it was decided to start out as soon as we had taken our breakfast. Our boat made the trip under sail, and although we put in several reefs, it was a hair-raising experience. My father had decided to go aboard the *Progress*. She was still at anchor and pitching into the heavy seas that were then running in a way that would have made you wonder how we could ever get the men aboard, let alone a woman and two children; but it was accom-

plished without accident, or even the wetting of a foot. As fast as the boats were unloaded they were cast adrift to be destroyed against the ice pack a short distance under our lee, where the waves were breaking mast-head high."



WHALE SHIP ETIQUETTE

By WILLIAM M. DAVIS

THE etiquette of meals on board a whale ship is very amusing to the landsman. The order of procedure for dinner is somewhat in this wise: The sun's altitude has been taken, and eight bells struck. The captain is pacing the weather and the mate the lee quarter deck. The second mate is somewhere or other, but surely to windward of the third mate. All hands are as hungry as wolves. The steward comes up the companion-way, and touching his greasy Scotch cap, announces, "Captain B ——, dinner is on," "All right"; and the captain takes a turn by the binnacle, if we are running a course, and peeps at the compass. Then in the companion-way, on his way down he stops, takes a long look at the sails, and, as it were, a last farewell of the light of heaven. "Mr. F ——, dinner is on." "Ay, ay, sir," says the mate, as he strolls to weather-deck. Now Mr. F —— takes a shorter peep at the compass, and, pausing in the companion, he, too, takes his upward survey. The two other mates go through precisely the same performance, only according to their respective ranks they take yet shorter peeps at the compass and glance heavenward. They then arrive simultaneously at the table, to find the captain and Mr. F —— leisurely in their second plateful. Now, the misery of the arrangement is in this: the officers must come up in reversed order—third, second, first mate, and lastly the captain. A third mate has thus only about seven and a half moments to dispose of his grub. The old man last of all appears on deck, picking his satisfied teeth in the most tantalizing manner, and the four boat-steerers next make a dash for the table, and make clean sweep of the remnants.

With the men there is less formality—in fact, no formality at all. A tub, called the meat-kit, is provided; one for each watch.

Into this is dumped the boiled pork and beef, and into another similar tub, the unpeeled potatoes, rice, beans, and whatever dessert there is. With fingers for forks and a belt sheath-knife, each fellow pitches in, mauls, turns, picks, and cuts for the choicest bit, transfers the mess to his tin plate, and sitting on hatch, windlass, terrapin's back, or bread-kit, proceeds to discuss his grub, ungratefully swearing all the while at owner, captain, and cook. The coffee in the morning, and the tea at night is served in buckets, and a quart cup is a usual allowance, unless the man be thirsty, when a half-gallon is not denied. The difference between the tea and coffee is less discernible by the taste, than by the difference in the texture of the grounds. I always thought that the tea most resembled a weak vegetable soup, floating grease being somewhat more apparent on it than on the coffee. But both decoctions are dished boiling hot, and this is their chief recommendation, inasmuch as the heat is pretty sure to dislodge any of the white bread-worms, say an inch long, which may lurk in the soaking biscuit. Its after-warmth, moreover, softens the bread, so as to save teeth in the eating. After meals each fellow slips his plate into the netting over his berth, and the cockroaches see to it that his crockery is clean for next meal.



FISHING ON THE GRAND BANKS

By CAPTAIN JOHN D. WHIDDEN

I HAD just returned from a whaling cruise and happened to be stopping at Marblehead, my old home, for a few weeks where I passed the time in watching the fishermen fitting out their schooners for a "fall fare" to the Grand Banks and Quereau. They were taking aboard stores and water, and while in conversation with them I chanced to remark that I had never taken a trip to the Banks, but that I should very much like to go.



The next afternoon, which happened to be a Sunday, there came a knock at the front door just after tea. There were no electric bells

in those days, and we used the big old-fashioned brass knockers. Opening the door, I was confronted by Skipper Joshua Nickerson, of the good old schooner *Ceres*. I asked him in, and he stated that he understood that I would like a trip to the Banks, and that he would be pleased to have me go with him as navigator. Although in the art of cod-fishing he was a past master, he had not mastered the science of navigation. Considering a few moments, I quickly made up my mind, and asked the skipper what there would be in it.

"A full share, and half the skipper'ship," said he.

This last was an extra remuneration of \$75.

I replied, "Well, skipper, I'll go," and the bargain was made.

After a short conversation as to what I would require, this being a new business for me, he took his leave, and the following morning I went to work on board the *Ceres*, as one of her crew.

Fishing on the Banks at that time was very different from what it is today. Then, all fishing was done from the vessel and not with trawls and dories, as it is now carried on; the big moses boat at the stern davits, and perhaps a single dory on deck, were all the boats carried. I am now referring only to the Marblehead men; the French vessels on the Banks were all trawlers.

The "catch" was divided into shares, the vessel taking three-eighths, while the remaining five-eighths were divided among the skipper and crew. In fitting out, the vessel found what was called the "big general," consisting of beef and pork, bread, flour, bait, salt and water barrels; while each man furnished his small stores, known as the "small general,"—his tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, vinegar, and whatever his fancy dictated, in addition to his fishing gear.

The day for sailing having arrived, sweethearts and wives were bidden goodbye and with colors flying, we rounded Point Neck Light, the men glancing lingeringly back for a final look at the old town, and, perchance, a last look at those dear homes, where wives or mothers would anxiously wait the passing of the sad, weary days, ere they would again see their loved ones. For Bank fishing, especially "fall fares" with the September gales, was a dangerous calling, as the town records of old Marblehead will show.

We passed Marblehead Rock and Half-way Rock, the latter near enough to enable each man to throw on it a few copper cents, for good luck, a custom religiously observed, in those days, by every

Bank fisherman sailing from Marblehead. This was supposed to guarantee a successful trip.

Arrived on Quereau, we sighted the fleet, coming to anchor just at sundown, and throwing over the lines, found the fish were biting well.

The decks, when on the Banks were fitted with kids, or receptacles in which to hold the fish when caught. There were three on



a side, level with the rail, extending to the deck, and they would each hold two or three hundred fish.

Fishing was done mostly at night unless they were very sharp in the daytime; we improved the daylight to change our berth and throw over the gurry (refuse). The night watches consisted of two men at the lines, each pair staying on duty for three hours and twenty minutes, at the end of which time they were relieved by two more.

The cook was called at four A. M. At six o'clock, all hands breakfasted while the cook tended the lines, after which came "dressing down."

In the waist were high planks in squares, to hold the fish caught during the night, that were taken from the kids. These squares prevented the fish from slipping about the deck, and in them were sta-

tioned one or two men with sharp knives who cut the throats, and split the fish, passing the same to the heading and splitting table, which extended about four feet from the rail to which it was attached. On one side stood the "header," whose business it was to sever the head and remove the refuse, dropping the livers in the baskets placed underneath to receive them, from which, when full, they were emptied into the cod liver butt lashed alongside the rail just forward of the main rigging. Here they were left to dry out in the sun for the cod liver oil, a fine odorous compound after standing a month or so, but not unpleasant after one became accustomed to it.

The fish having been passed across the table to the splitter, he, with two cuts, removed the backbone, sending it to the main hatch to the man who shot them down the hold to the salter. This position was only held by an experienced hand, as too free use of salt would waste it, while not enough would cause the fish to burn or turn red, something that would hurt its market value. The tongues and sounds were generally cut out and cleaned by any of the men who wanted them for home use, as a delicious food supply for the family during the winter months. They packed them down in kegs or kits in their off hours.

Great halibut were often caught, and besides furnishing a food supply, the "napes" were always saved by the crew, for smoking, after being cured. They hung them in the network under the deck of the forepeak. On the *Ceres* we had taken a new departure in having a stove in the cabin, all hands living aft, where all the cooking was done. This innovation was the death-blow to the old-fashioned Marblehead smoked halibut, although adding to the comfort of the crew.

The old-fashioned forepeak, which was the fo'c'sle, was fitted with a fireplace built of brick directly under the fore scuttle, from whence the smoke escaped, or was supposed to, but as a matter of fact, the forepeak was generally so filled with smoke that one could not see across it. Above the fireplace hung a heavy iron crane, from which was suspended a huge iron pot in which all the cooking was done. The tea and coffee were made in it, the chowder and meat were boiled in it, and it was put to every other use required in the culinary art. To get up and down one had to clamber over the steps

made directly over the fire, as best he could. An unlucky slip might land him in the pot, but it was an ideal place to smoke halibut, as any old Marbleheader can testify.

Saturday nights at six o'clock the lines were taken in, and not put out until six o'clock Sunday night, the cook being ordered to prepare a pot of rice chocolate. The big kettle was filled two-thirds full of water in which rice was boiled, with chocolate added. It was sweetened with molasses, and imbibed hot, during the evening, as a great treat, the occasion being a gala one, interspersed with song and story. Sunday was a day for general visiting among the fleet if the weather was good, as no fishing was carried on.

For awhile the fishing continued good, and we were doing fine work, then it fell off, and we changed our berth almost daily. Gales and rough weather followed, and we thought longingly of home.

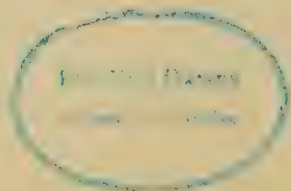
At the end of three months we had salted down nearly sixteen thousand fish. By this time we had lost all our fishing-anchors, and as the snow was beginning to make its appearance in the squalls, it was decided by Skipper Nickerson to bend "Big Ben" (the large mainsail) and head for home. With strong northeast winds the *Ceres* scudded before the gale for two days. Pleasant weather followed, with variable winds. On the way we spoke the American



ship *Esther Barnby*, bound for New York, with passengers for Liverpool, supplying her with fish and firewood, in return for which the captain sent on board two cases of assorted liquors, which were divided up among the crew and taken home for household use.

Sighting Boston Light, we bore away for Marblehead Harbor, which we entered early in the morning, home again!

Not stopping to wash out the fish, but employing a man in my place, I left my account to be settled with the owner, later receiving about \$300 as my share of the profits on this my last trip aboard a Marblehead fisherman.





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